★ May 11, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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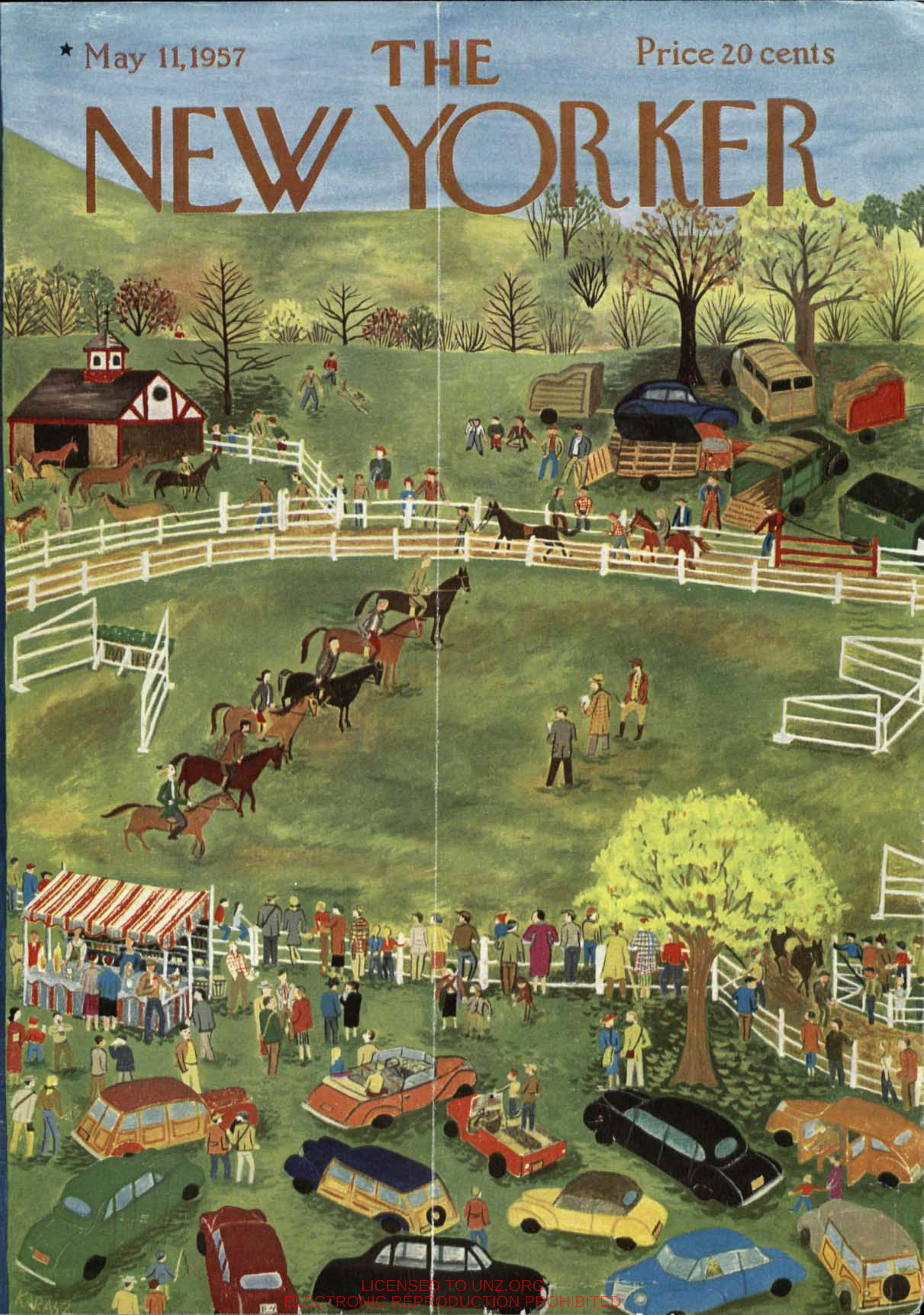

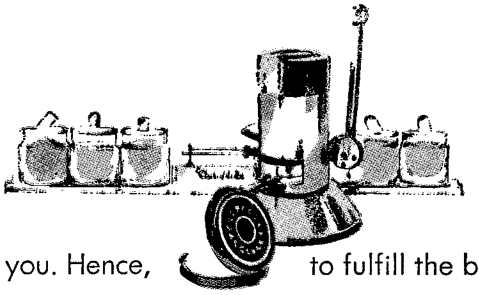

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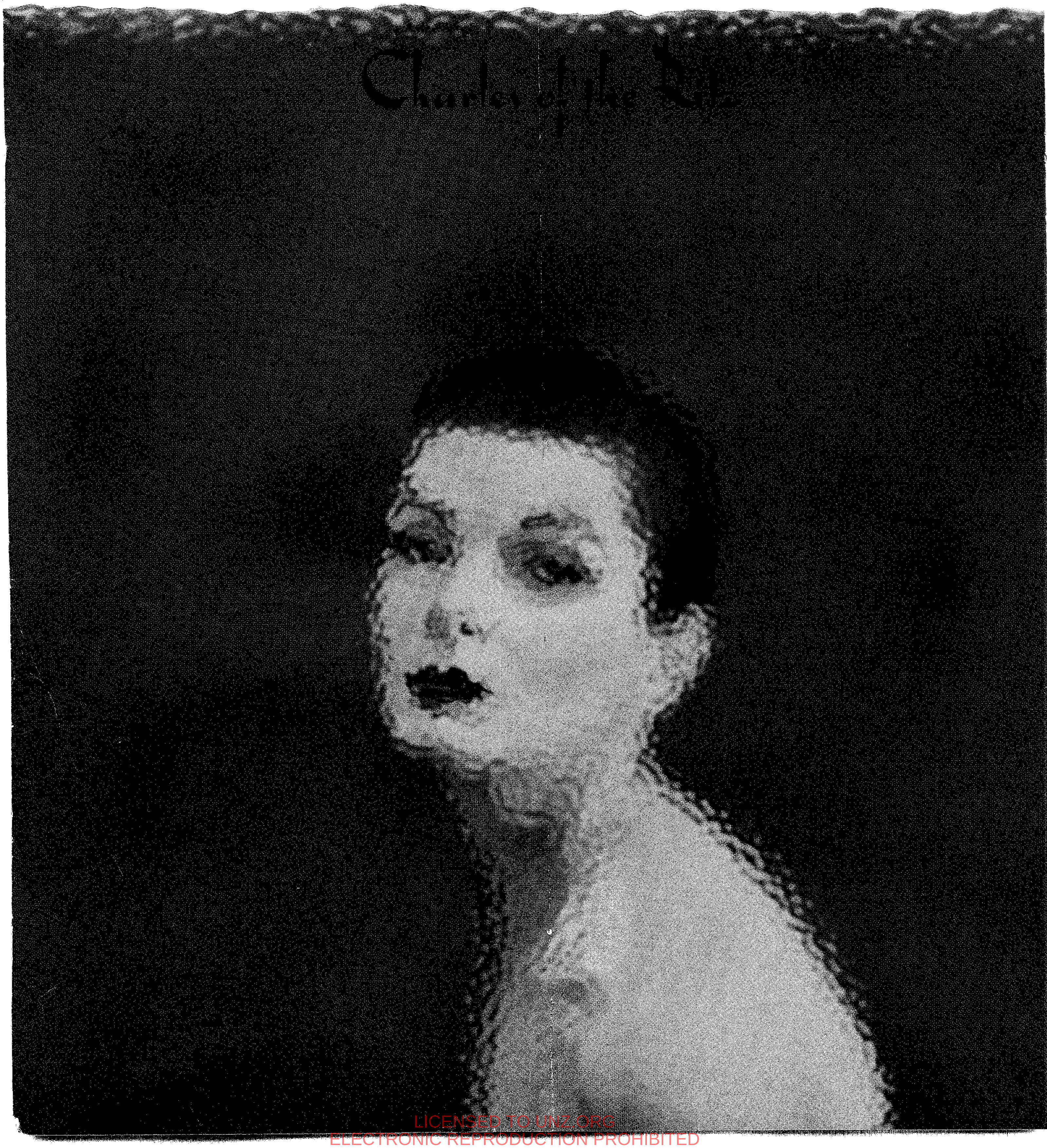

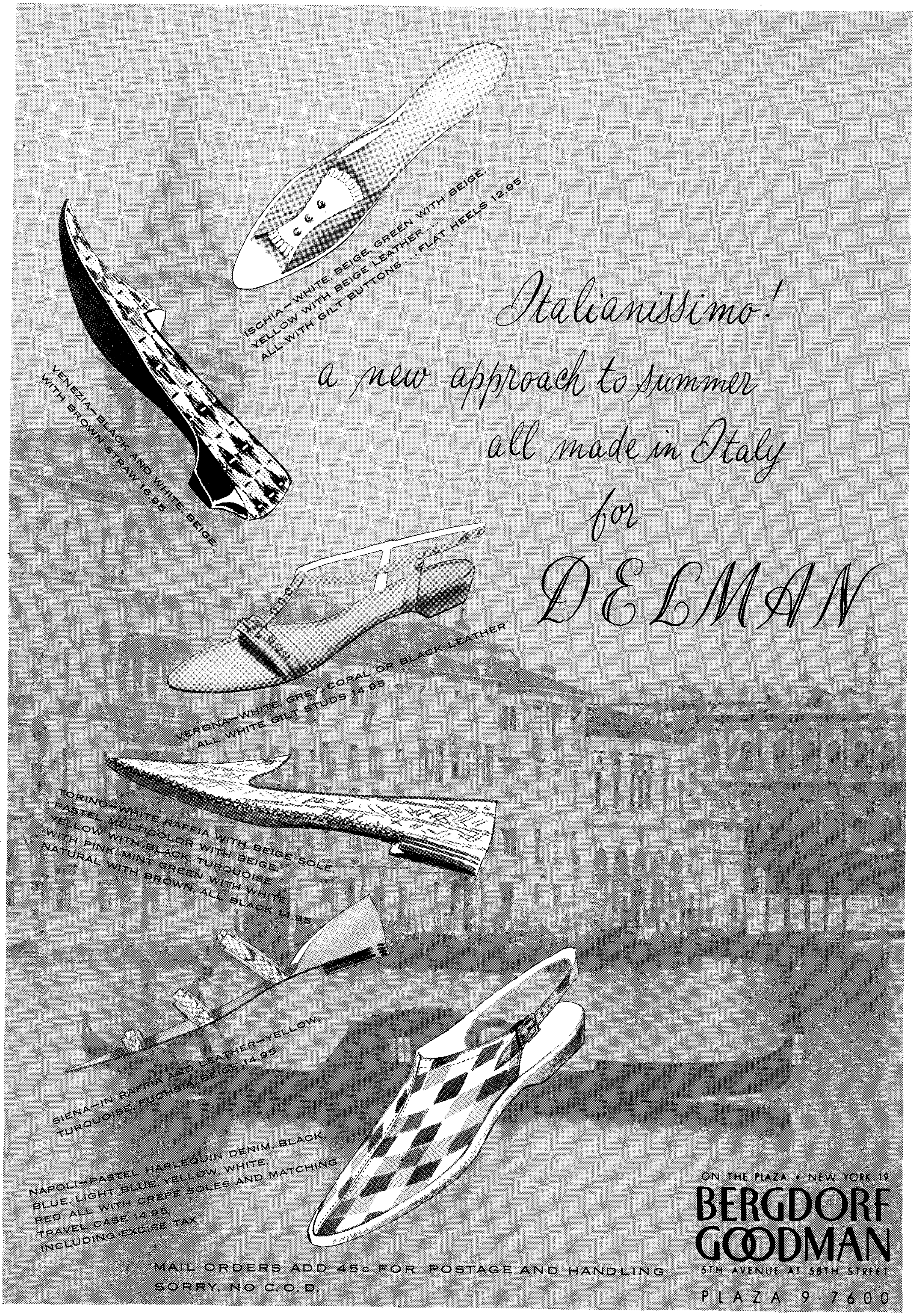

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Anyone who delights in comedies about bizarre relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. For those who may conceivably find themselves dismayed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast includes Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The First Gentleman—Walter Slezak makes a fine, disreputable Regent in Norman Ginsbury's history of England in the final years of George III, but the play itself is a fairly exasperating mixture of farce and tragedy. With Isobel Elsom, Inga Swenson, Peter Donat, and Maud Scheerer. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of the biography of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle that he wrote in collaboration with Cordelia Drexel Biddle. Dealing with the eccentric head of an eccentric household, the play isn't as rewarding as "Life with Father" by a long shot, but it has its amusing moments. Walter Pidgeon plays Mr. Biddle and has the support of Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas is playing a remarkably engaging bum in Arnold Schulman's not very credible comedy about the twin problems of operating a bankrupt hotel and bringing up a little boy. David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White appear in the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Holiday for Lovers—A bumpy ride around the tourist centers of Europe, with Don Ameche, Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews as the principal sightseers. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 5-5639. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 11.)

Hotel Paradiso—Bert Lahr is superb in this frantic and generally uproarious farce that Peter Glenville has adapted from Georges Feydeau's and Maurice Desvallieres's French original. The excellent supporting cast includes Angela Lansbury, John Emery, Vera Pearce, and Douglas Byng, and Osbert Lancaster designed the highly ingenious sets. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero, and beautifully enacted by Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see this season. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—Shaw's provocative item about poverty considered as a crime has been given a stunning production, with Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Anne Jackson, and Eli Wallach in the most prominent roles. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Eugene O'Neill's play about a hopeless drunkard and the farm girl who tries to comfort him carries on the story of the doomed Tyrones from about where "Long Day's Journey Into Night" left off, but it is a considerably less effective work. Franchot Tone, Wendy Hiller, and Cyril Cusack do all they can with the leading roles; Carmen Capalbo directed; and William Pitkin designed the set. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Orpheus Descending—Tennessee Williams' tragedy is about a young man and a sex-starved woman, and it is unlikely to enthrall many of his admirers. The production, however, is first-rate, with Maureen Stapleton and Cliff Robertson in the leading roles, a persuasive set by Boris Aronson, and suitable Southern costumes by Lucinda Ballard. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Potting Shed—Graham Greene's new play, a contemporary variation on the miracle of Lazarus, comes out, as you might expect, in favor of orthodox faith over rationalism. Regardless of your own affiliation, you can enjoy it purely as literate detective-story writing. All the performances are fine, especially Robert Flemyng's, Frank Conroy's, and Sybil Thorndike's. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 11.)

Separate Tables—Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are extremely efficient in both the plays that make up this Terence Rattigan double bill. The plays themselves vary in quality, the first being just about acceptable and the second very good indeed. The cast includes Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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The Tunnel of Love—A bunch of Westport cut-ups carrying on about adultery. Joseph Fields and Peter DeVries wrote the script, after the novel by Mr. De Vries, and the cast, which includes Tom Ewell, is estimable. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 12.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Cyril Ritchard is a miracle of style as a caller from outer space, and he is nobly abetted by Eddie Mayehoff, as an overstuffed Pentagon general, in Gore Vidal's excellent fantastic comedy. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—Jean Anouilh's play about an aging French general and all the ladies in his life is undoubtedly the season's most civilized comedy. Ralph Richardson is splendid in the leading role, and Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, and John Stewart support him admirably. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 11.)

Long Runs—**The Diary of Anne Frank:** A Dutch girl's chronicle of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis. With Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Dina Doronne. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Inherit the Wind:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **Middle of the Night:** Paddy Chayefsky's play about a man who falls in love with a girl half his age. Edward G. Robinson has a leading role, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 25.) . . . **No Time for Sergeants:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Right now, Charles Hohman is the hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

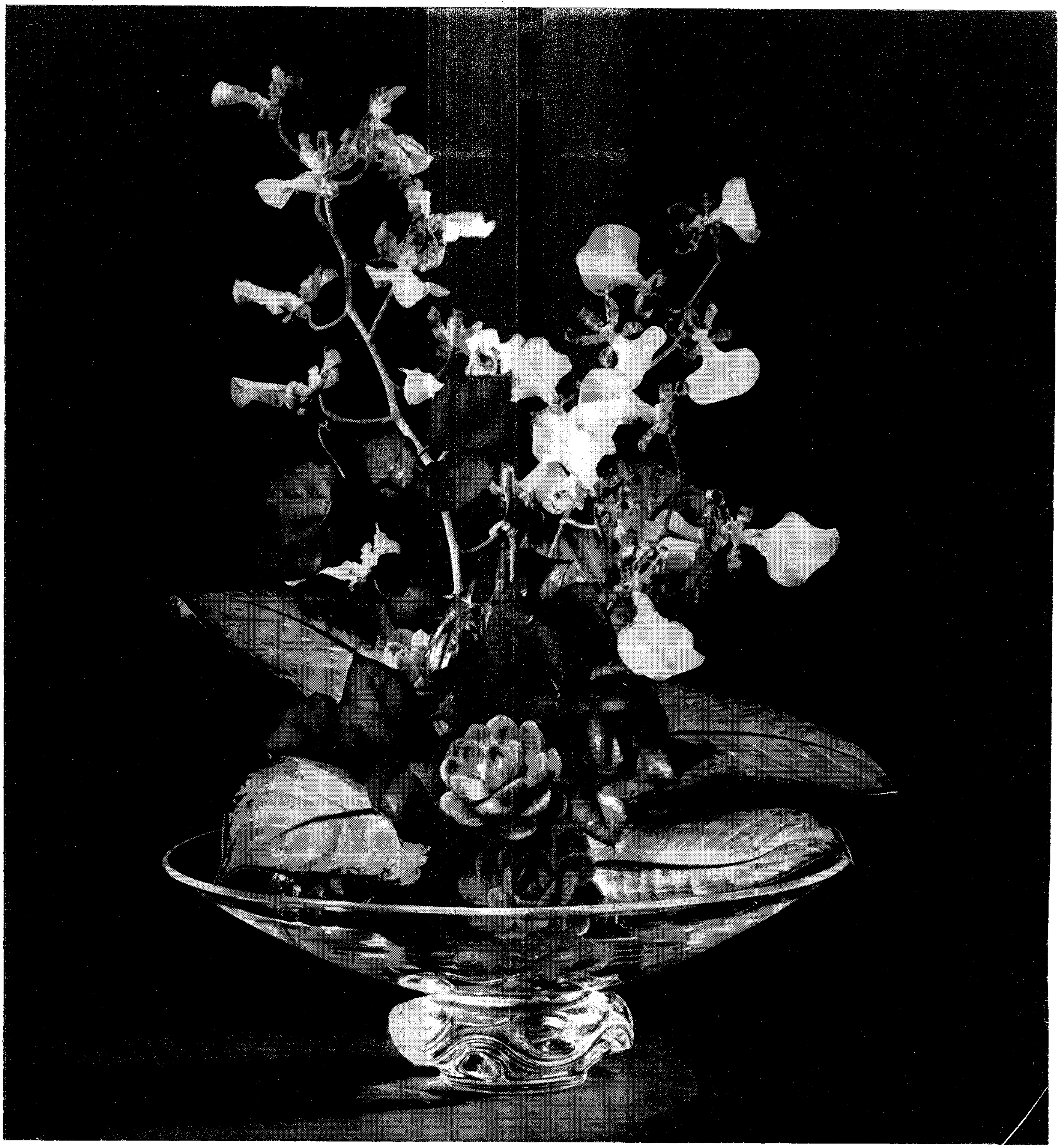
The Greatest Man Alive!—Dennis King in a comedy by Tony Webster. Staged by Elliott Nugent and presented by Frederick Fox, in association with Mr. Nugent and John Gerstad. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good and so is the score by Jule Styne. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman's return to Broadway after a four-and-a-half-year ab-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 12, May 11, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE UPON REQUEST

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sence is a fine thing for the local scene, even if her vehicle, something about love in Philadelphia and Monaco, doesn't amount to much. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse wrote the book; Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs; and the supporting cast, directed by Abe Burrows, includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LI'L ABNER—The dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip are well and truly represented here, but the musical can't be recommended to anyone who isn't an authority on the doings in Dogpatch. Written by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the comedy has lyrics by Johnny Mercer and music by Gene de Paul, and was directed by Michael Kidd, who has done nicely with several dance interludes. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SHINBONE ALLEY—Don Marquis's famous Archie and Mehitabel have been transmigrated into a musical comedy that would probably give their creator very little pleasure. However, Eartha Kitt makes a fine, handsome, and dissolute cat, and Eddie Bracken is occasionally quite appealing as the cockroach. Joe Darion wrote the lyrics and collaborated with Mel Brooks on the book, and George Kleinsinger composed the music. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Beatrice Lillie has had more inspired material, but she is still wonderfully funny and may be enough to make your evening endurable. Other performers include Billy De Wolfe, who assists her heroically with what comedy there is; Harold Lang and Helen Wood, who contribute some lively dances; and Micki Marlo and Carol Lawrence, who sing their routine songs with commendable spirit. Raoul Pène duBois has designed some settings and costumes that will probably remind you, for better or worse, of the good old days. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**DAMN YANKEES:** About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gretchen Wyler, Stephen Douglass, and Howard Caine. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison plays Professor Higgins and Julie Andrews is Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

NEW GIRL IN TOWN—A musical by George Abbott, based on Eugene O'Neill's play "Anna Christie." Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter head the cast, and the music and lyrics are by Bob Merrill. Directed by Mr. Abbott and presented by Frederick Brisson, Robert E. Griffith, and Harold S. Prince. Opens Tuesday, May 14. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"South Pacific," with Mindy Carson, Robert Wright, and Juanita Hall, will play through Sunday, May 12. . . . ¶ The last in this season's series of five musicals will be "The Pajama Game," with Jane Kean, Larry Douglas, and Paul Hartman. Preview Tuesday, May 14, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 15, and will run through Sunday, May 26. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, May 10: "Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

JAN HUS HOUSE—Josh White, Jr., heads the cast in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 5:30 and 9:15; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—"Livin' the Life," a musical version of Mark Twain's Mississippi River stories. Stephen Elliott, Alice Ghostley, and James Mitchell head the cast; Dale Wasserman and Bruce Geller wrote the book; Mr. Geller is responsible for the lyrics; and Jack Urbont did the music. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Seventh Avenue South, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9205. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

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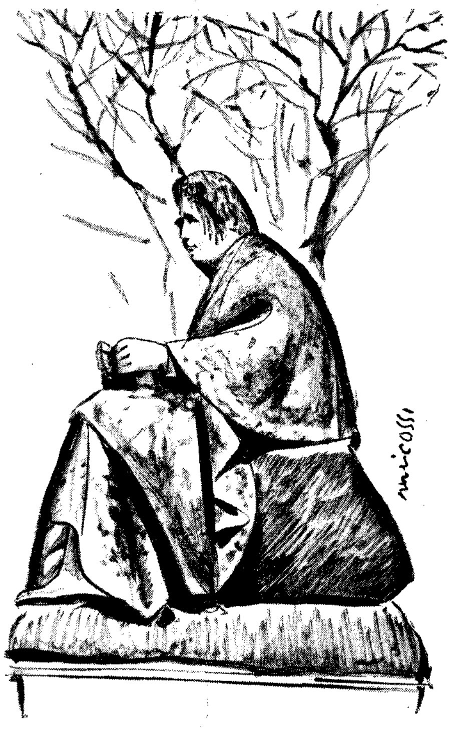

STATUES OF CENTRAL PARK

Sir Walter Scott

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—Presenting the American Savoyards in a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. Through Sunday, May 12: "The Pirates of Penzance." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 14-19: "The Mikado." (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE EAST—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The show will be put on the road following the evening performance on Sunday, May 12. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 7. Matinées daily at 2. . . . ¶ The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sunday at 1 and 6, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

BALLET THEATRE WORKSHOP—The first of two programs of new ballets, this one made up of works by Fernand Nault, Herbert Ross, Donald Saddler, and Anna Sokolow, performed by their groups with supplemental dancers from the Ballet Theatre School. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Monday, May 13, at 8:30.)

ROBERTO IGLESIAS—With his company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, May 18, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a landscape of almost awesome splendor, has dinner music until ten, at which time Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band come aboard. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—No matter how glum things may be in Hollywood, the stars on this lot are working in all-night shifts on new pictures. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band buzz like mad hour after hour.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—At dinner and again at supper in the stately Cotillion Room, Celeste Holm, the picture of health, wealth, and elegance, sings now coyly, now impishly, now waspishly. In between, an orchestra headed by Joseph Sudy chortles away with grace and agility whenever Alan Logan's rumba group takes a breather. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Margarita Sierra, the small and admirable Spanish flamenco singer, does her final dinner and supper sessions in the Persian Room on Saturday, May 11. Ted Straeter's high-spirited orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's clutch of musicians will remain at their posts to greet, on Monday, May 13, the arrival of Dorothy Shay, the *soi-disant* hillbilly specialist. The place is closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, there is Leo LeFleur's string group at the cocktail hour. No dancing. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group is again in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's dance band, though on the whole inclined not to frighten the

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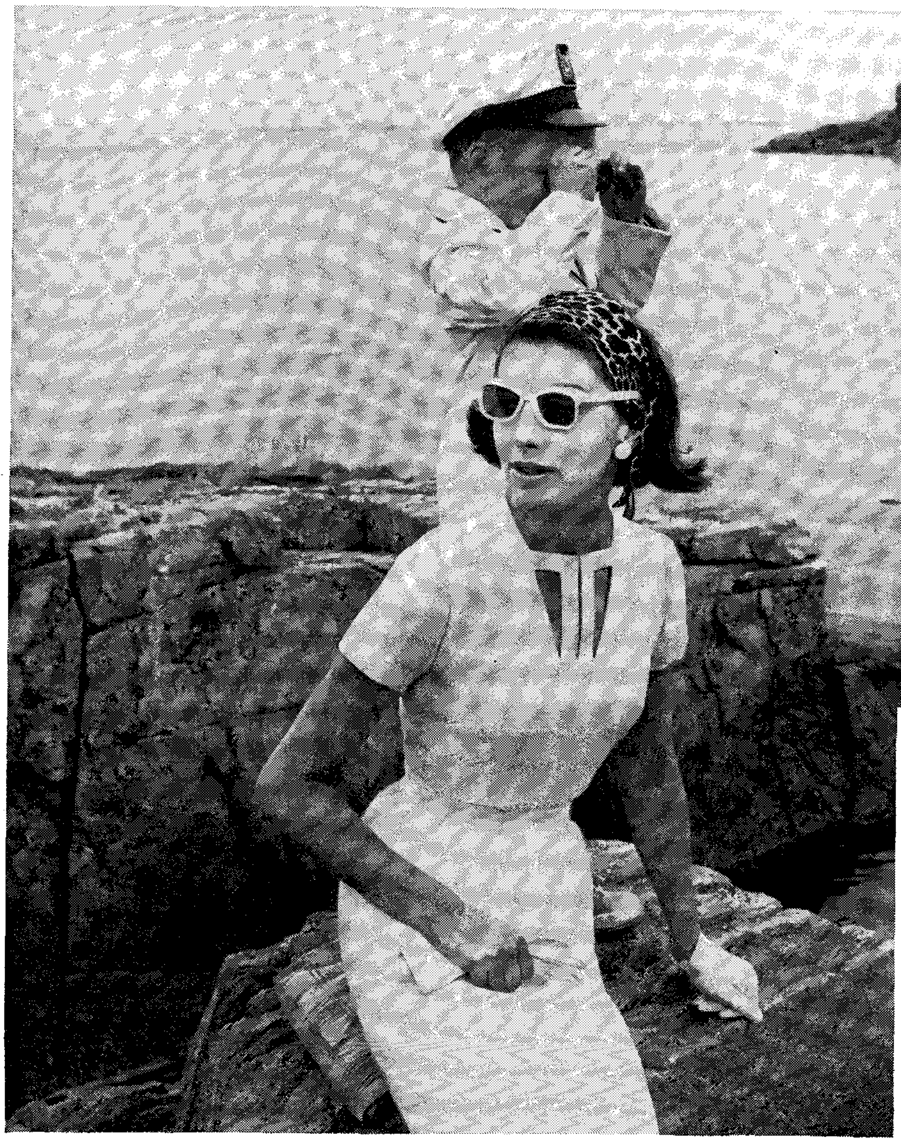

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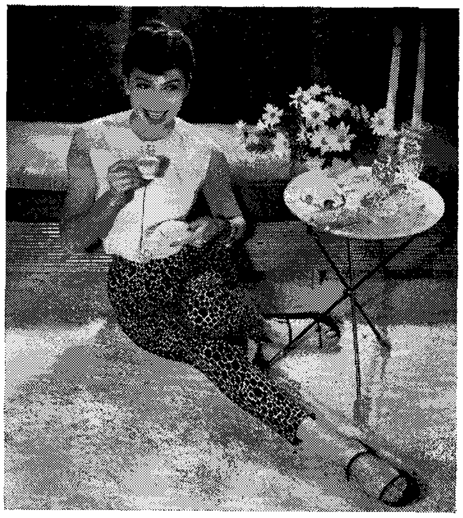

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dancers in the Grill, occasionally backslides into moments of pure Dixie. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Junoesque Julie Wilson, once again slithering around the opulent Maisonette at dinner and supper, sings songs that would have us believe she's the root of all evil, though anyone can see at a glance that she's no such thing. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their galloping dance music, which starts at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The divertissement in the ample Café Rouge involves Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, temporarily without the old Maestro. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Johnnie Ray in (for him) a wholly green pasture, the Empire Room, giving his latter-day evangelism a good workout. He's around at dinner and supper; Emil Coleman's orchestra and Mischa Borr's band function vigorously all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari and the trio belonging to Bernie Leighton concoct sitting-down music from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one; Mr. Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—The not too dizzying height known as the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and swatches of non-dance music, you can look down, if you have a window table, on everyone else. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

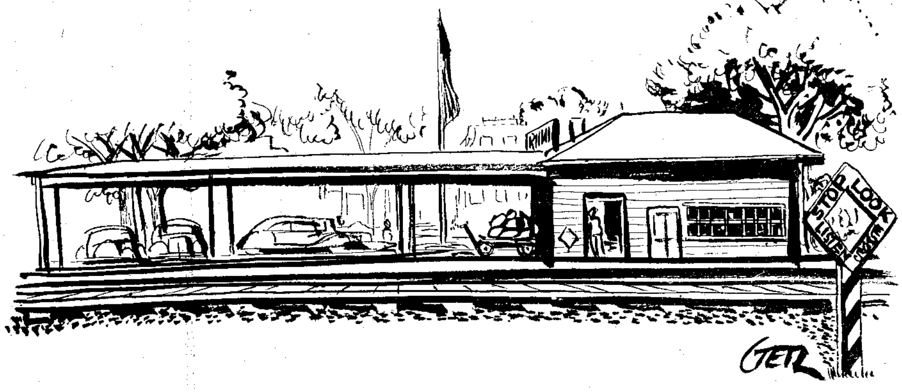
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

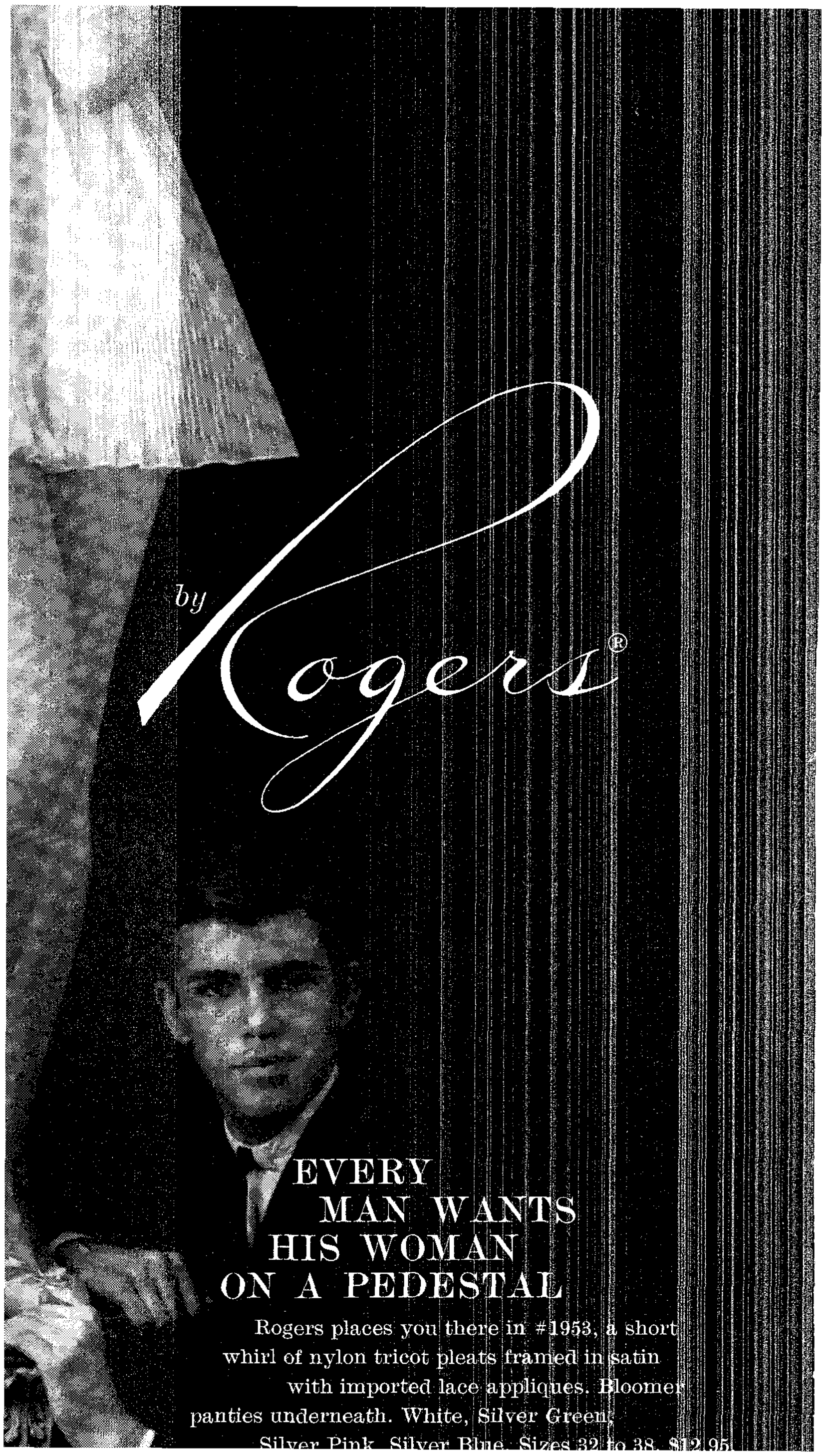
(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A stylized Forest of Arden, evergreen and comfortable as can be, where Addison Bailey's sedate piano is audible at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Paul Morse subs for him Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Kurt Maier does a dinner-and-supper piano obbligato. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host, pianist, and news vender, performs in the midst of the Southern-style country fair that occupies his neat restaurant. Wayne Sanders is his alter ego at the instrument. The music starts early and lasts late. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Almost like being in Rome and dining as the Romans do. The strolling gypsies (Teo Fanidi is their ringleader) on the premises are a tidy lot, wholeheartedly devoted to the art of the violin rather than to fortune-telling. The music begins at seven and goes on until one, or even later. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Jo Hurt, whose throne is just a simple high chair, holds court late in the evening, singing the warmhearted ballads she's always sung and a lot of more recent acquisitions. Also in residence are Don Evans, whose suppertime piano is rife with handsome airs and graces, and Don Carey, the cocktail and dinner keeper of the keys, who afterward alternates with Mr. Evans. Miss Hurt and Mr. Carey are at liberty Sundays, and Mr. Evans is off Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The conversations on some of the tableside telephones make it seem like a capital-gains conference room, but there are also victuals, wine, and Renato Rossini's guitar, which is murmurous from nine to eleven and fiery Andalusian from then until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Three million dollars' worth of décor, in the middle of which Maxine Thomas, a circumspect newcomer, plays calm piano and sings calm songs. She does the dinner and supper stint every night but Sunday, which is curfew. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle, now converted (with very little change) into a restaurant, is the home of Norbert Faconi and his violin, which operate in the best tableside manner after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The older inhabitants of this bar-and-grill all smile (in anticipation) when Cy Walter sits down at the piano, which he does from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): A segment of life upon the not so very wicked stage. Events here, which are on the posh side, begin at dinner; after ten, Hubbell Pierce joins in with polite words and music from behind his Mason & Hamlin, and the Lee Evans trio fills in his idle moments. Mr. P. is away Mondays; the trio is away Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The permanent picnic (Latin-American style) includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Just the sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the strolling music, is French and environs. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted with piano. This begins at dinner and goes through supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music with every course, and sounding most dulcet when a six-man band is tootling Lehár. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation instead of mass participation. Someone or other is always at the piano.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Wednesday, May 15, is the last night for Sammy Davis, Jr., an exhausting experience





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SUPPER CLUBS

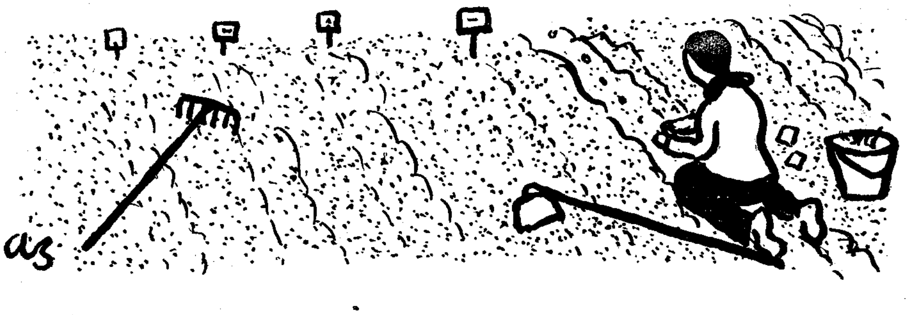
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean, who by now must be considered one of the Harvard Classics, talks about the shaggy Vermonters, shaggy Chinamen, and shaggy Martians he has lived with, and Dorothy Loudon, a wayward sprite who will take no nonsense from even our most popular Hit Parade songs, roars like a wounded soprano. The sweetness and light are provided by the lyrics of Diahann Carroll, the memorable innocent lamb of "House of Flowers," and by the folk tunes of the earnest young Bob Gibson. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard make everything sound its best. . . . ¶ In the front room, except Sundays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's also a session, from 2 to 4 A.M., by the Lyonses. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, a tower of strength and a tower of Babel, is still whaling the daylights out of her ditties. There are also songs by Lurlean Hunter, a striking little Chicago oriole, and a passel of merriment by Luc Poret, a Parisian (known hitherto only as a guitarist) who has a real gift of gab, American as well as French. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Words of wisdom, spoken almost entirely in jest. They were mostly written by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery, and they are spoken by June Ericson, a pearl of great price, and her precocious playmates—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews. The occasion is the latest of Julius Monk's portmanteau revues, for which the pit band is the pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Three ladies of odd but beguiling quality in the shade of an astonishing new banana tree. They are Stella Brooks, conjurer of words and treader on clay feet; Blossom Dearie, home at last from Paris, with her artfully artless way of singing jazz; and Daphne Hellman, a lass with some delicate airs on the harp. The *padrone* is Julius Monk, of the Downstairs Room. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Bibi Osterwald, girl calliope and girl chatterbox, and Phil Leeds, a humorist who fortunately believes that easy does it, supply the major merriment. There are also the volcanic blues of Sylvia Syms, a one-of-a-kind stylist, and the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels. It's best to go late and be prepared to stay late. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Matt Dennis, who writes and sings the sweetest stories ever told (the likes of "Violets for Your Furs"), plays fairly puissant piano and gets off a few neat witticisms, too. This protean performance is accompanied by two adept sidemen. Sam Hamilton, the household's perpetual pianist, begins at nine-thirty, an hour before Mr. D. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Bobby Short, whose songs, piano, and trio have made the nights warmer and brighter than usual, brings his season of good cheer to an end on Saturday, May 11. On Monday, May 13, Kitty White, for a long, long time the amiable canary of the Hob Nob, in far Hollywood, will take her first Manhattan bow. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Familiar faces on the barroom floor. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from their twin pianos, which are in action while the sopranos and jokesmiths are having their coffee breaks. Sundays there are silent movies, and Mondays are amateur nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Hot news from the Sunny South, presented in the customary rough-and-ready fashion. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon are involved. In between times, the venerable Cliff Jackson is the professor. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The trio of Don Shirley, who can't always be sure whether he's Debussy, Scarlatti, or Gershwin, unlimbers at nine, along with the Johnny Costa trio, of the Pittsburgh school. There's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, extra hands occupy the podium. You'd better sit down front, or you'll get lost in other people's anecdotes. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A few durable friends of the Chattanooga Choo-Choo assemble, under the jurisdiction of Billy Maxted, to talk over the good old days. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris (temporarily minus his leader, Wilbur de Paris) is keeping the home fires burning hot with the help of Cecil Scott, Vic Dickenson, Eddie Gibbs, and Herbie Nichols. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the rumbling bar out front; the important thing is the back-room music. Some is by the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano is glittering Surrealism; the rest is by the threesome of Jimmy Smith, the lively young jazz organist. The first group is off Monday, the second Sunday. The Smith group will leave on Wednesday, May 15, and the triad of Hampton Hawes will arrive the following evening. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Herb Pomeroy's big band from Boston and the quintet called Les Modes will be at work through Wednesday, May 15. The next night, Oscar Pettiford's band and Sal Salvador's quartet take over. The regulars are around except Mondays, when guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is a trio led by Bobby Scott, a pianist adept at several interesting aspects of the newest cast of thought, but one who can also contribute rich and nourishing blues. It begins at ten. No action Mondays. . . . **THE PLAYROOM,** 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): The littlest music room of them all, and devoted mainly to the proposition that the old order is dead, long live the new. Cy Coleman, the music master of the establishment, and his trio are frequently in session after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie, even in its most unreconstructed form, could never have been quite as unruly as this. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the prime movers in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. week-



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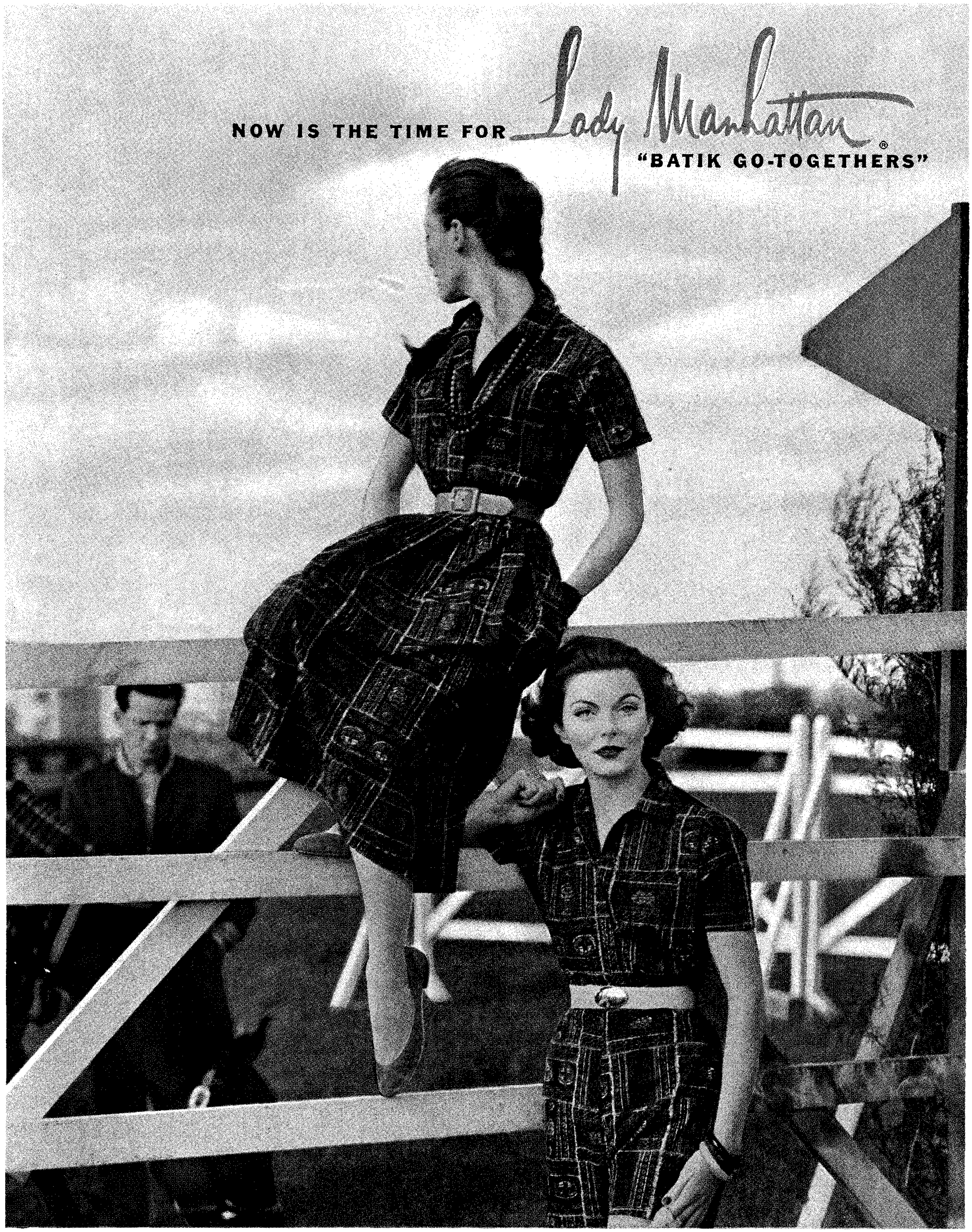
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days. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend contact with early times. Among the Old Guardsmen due on Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, are the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Johnny Windhurst, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, Danny Barker, and Henry Goodwin. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): This fraction of the Henry Hudson Hotel is dedicated, between nine and one, to Early Americana. The satisfying racket is the work of Bobby Hackett, that silver-tongued orator, and his five-man posse (Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres are among the deputy sheriffs). The intermission pianist is Teddy Roy. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The experiments conducted here sometimes go off with a bang, sometimes fizzle. The Jazz Lab quintet will depart on Sunday, May 12, but the trio headed by Ronnie Bright will stay on. Next evening, J. J. Johnson's quintet is expected. Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, Jackie Paris, a singer rarely available in person, should be doing a stint, too. Closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GEORGE BELLOWS—Landscapes and figures mostly; through May 31. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St.)

CARLYLE BROWN—Bottles, goblets, fruit, and other objects, in a new set of Sicilian still-lifes; through Saturday, May 11. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

DONALD CARRICK—Semiabstract landscapes of Spain and Greece. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 11. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

LYNN CHADWICK—Work by this modern British sculptor. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 11. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

ANDRÉ DERAIN—Drawings, most of them never shown before in America; through May 25. (Galerie Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

MAX ERNST—New paintings and sculptures, revealing interesting changes in his general approach; through Friday, May 17. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

SHOLAM FARBER—Large, sensuously colorful nudes; through Saturday, May 11. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

LÉONOR FINI—Paintings, gracefully Surrealist in mood; through Wednesday, May 15. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St.)

JOHNNY FRIEDLAENDER—Etchings by a Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through May 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

VINCENT GLINSKY—A retrospective exhibition of sculptures; through Saturday, May 18. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 7:30.)

WILLIAM GROPPER—New oils, ranging from the playfully satiric to the caustic, plus a series of fifty "capriccios" in lithograph; through Saturday, May 11. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

J. M. HANSON—Cool, almost geometrically precise figure paintings and other studies; through May 25. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

JOHN HELIKER—Abstract Impressionist landscapes of New York and Nova Scotia, and portraits; through Saturday, May 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JACK LEVINE—Paintings and drawings, none of them previously exhibited here; through May 25. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Bronzes and other works by a leading Italian sculptor. First one-man show in New York; through May 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES—An exhibition of paintings that has travelled to nine European cities dur-

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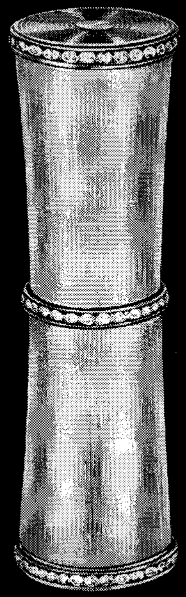

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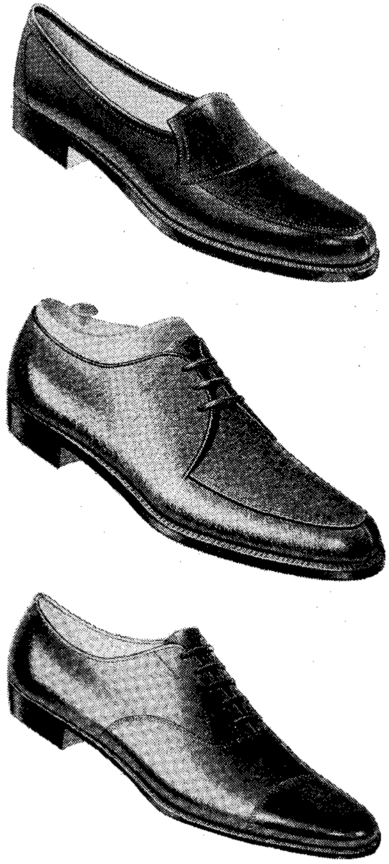

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ing the past two years; through June 4. (Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman—A small memorial show of sculptures and drawings in various mediums, plus etchings; through Saturday, May 18. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

Arthur Osver—Abstractions derived from nature; through Friday, May 17. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jules Pascin and the School of Paris—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Pascin (1885-1930), supplemented by oils by Vlaminck, Dufy, Picasso, and others; through Saturday, May 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Luis Quintanilla—Paintings by this Spanish-born artist; through Saturday, May 11. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Charles Henri Royer—Oils, a bit reminiscent of Rouault, by a contemporary Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 11. (Zodiac, 123 E. 55th St.)

Gordon Russell—Oils and drawings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 18. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Giuseppe Santomaso—Luminously colorful abstract oils and gouaches. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Sennhauser—Neatly patterned, abstract collages and water colors; through May 31. (Zabriskie, 835 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

Chris Shelton—Fancifully stylized figure studies and other oils. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 11. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Joseph Stefanelli—Large, dramatically colorful Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, May 11. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Jean Xceron—Abstract paintings, clean and economical in pattern; through Saturday, May 11. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

American Abstract Artists—A compact, lively exhibition of oils, sculptures, and other works; their twenty-first annual. Through Saturday, May 11. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

National Association of Women Artists—Their sixty-fifth annual, made up of oils, water colors, sculptures, graphics, and miniatures; through May 26. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 18, from 1 to 5. On Wednesday, May 15, from 8 P.M. to 11 P.M., admission will be charged for the benefit of the School Art League of New York City.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Three young painters and two sculptors—David Lund, Alex Katz, Burton Hasen, Raymond Rocklin, and Israel Levitan; through June 1. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Drawings by Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin, and others; through June 1. . . . GREENWICH, 71 Washington Pl.: The gallery's opening exhibition, consisting of fifty paintings and sculptures by as many living artists, ranging from Milton Avery to William Zorach; through May 31. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.). . . MELTZER, 38 W. 57th St.: Oils by, among others, Sigmund Menkes and George Constant; through Saturday, May 18. . . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: A twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, comprising paintings on loan from museums and collections, by Paul Cadmus, Isabel Bishop, Dong Kingman, and others; through June 8. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Adolf Dehn, Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and other painters; through May 31. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The May offering contains about fifty oils chosen by Herbert Katzman and Louis Bouché; through May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . STABLE, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Among those represented in the sixth annual invitation exhibition are Willem and Elaine de Kooning, Robert Motherwell, and Franz

Kline; through June 1. . . . **WHITE,** 42 E. 57th St.; New paintings and sculptures by gallery members, including Jan Gelb, Charles E. Martin, and William Stipe; through June 1. (Weekdays 11 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CRESPI,** 232 E. 58th St.: Oils by Alvin Sella, Carlotta Petrina, Pachita Crespi, and others; through May 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.). . . **DAVIS,** 231 E. 60th St.: Oils, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, and Corot; through May 31. . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Drawings in various mediums by twentieth-century artists, including Marin, Picasso, and Klee; through June 14. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by French and American artists, including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **GALERIE HERVÉ,** 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Lorjou, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Modern paintings and sculptures by twenty-two artists, from Brancusi to Giacometti; through Saturday, May 11. . . . **KOOTZ,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Several paintings apiece by Soulages, Mathieu, Dubuffet, and three other artists; through June 1.

SCULPTURES—Works by Barbara Lekberg, Juan Nickford, Robert Cook, George Cerny, and Nina Winkel; through May 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

ABSTRACT ART BEFORE COLUMBUS—Seventy-five architectural ornaments, urns, and other objects of clay, stone, gold, and jade dating from 1500 B.C.; through May 31. (Emmerich, 18 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

AFRICAN ART—A show entitled "Abstract Forms in African Art;" through June 1. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **CONTEMPORARIES,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Daniel Serra Badue; starting Monday, May 13. . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Marsden Hartley; starting Tuesday, May 14. . . . **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Robert Motherwell; starting Monday, May 13. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Mirko; starting Monday, May 13. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **BARONE,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; starting Monday, May 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES,** 41 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, May 13. **SAIDENBERG,** 10 E. 77th St.; starting Monday, May 13.

MUSEUMS

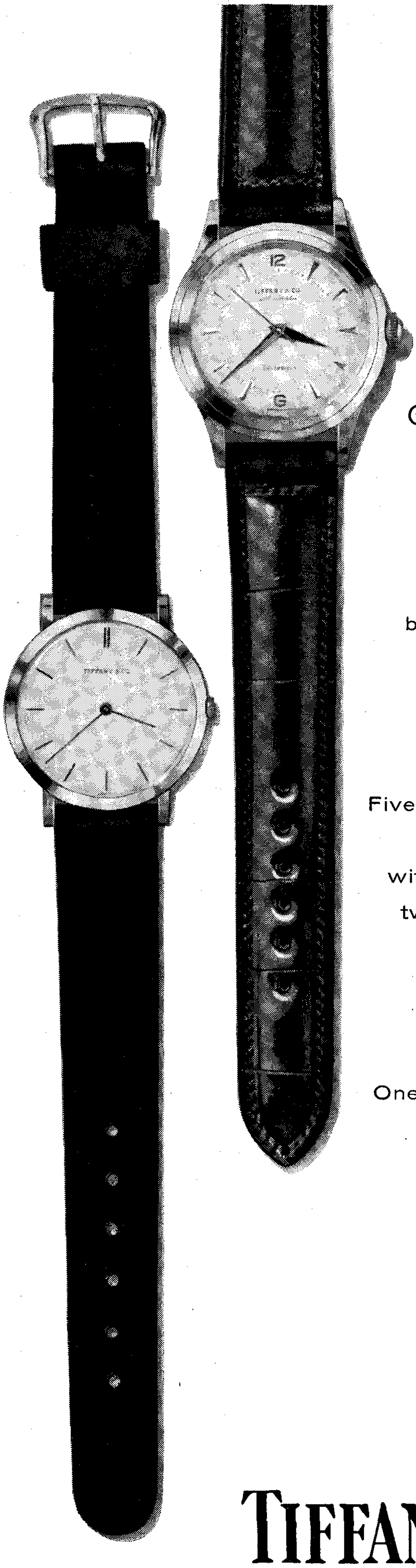
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Some seventy masterpieces of European art (by, among others, Titian, Goya, Cézanne, van Gogh, and Modigliani), lent by the São Paulo Museum of Art, in Brazil; through June 2. . . . ¶ Sixty-five Greek vases (principally Attic and ranging in date from the early sixth to the late fourth century B.C.) from the Hearst collection, purchased last fall by the Museum. . . . ¶ From the Museum's collection, sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin, a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, and works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—No special exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The nineteenth biennial international water-color exhibition is devoted to Italian and American artists; through May 26. . . . ¶ Modern drawings and prints by European artists, including van Gogh, Matisse, and Miró, from the Museum's collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The third selection of 1956 Guggenheim International Award candidate paintings, plus eighteen regional winners and the international winner, Ben Nicholson's "August 56 (Val d'Orcia);" through May 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective exhibition of oils, water colors, and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann; through June 16. . . . ¶ Eighty-eight new acquisitions, comprising twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures, with examples by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Adolph Gottlieb, and



GRADUATION
PRESENT

The traditional gift expressed in newest terms by Movado. Left: Wafer thin watch with eighteen karat gold case and hands, seventeen jewel movement. Black suede strap. Five hundred twenty five dollars. Right: Automatic watch with fourteen karat gold case, twenty eight jewel movement and sweep second hand. Anti-magnetic, shock and water-resistant. Alligator strap. One hundred ninety five dollars. Prices include federal tax.

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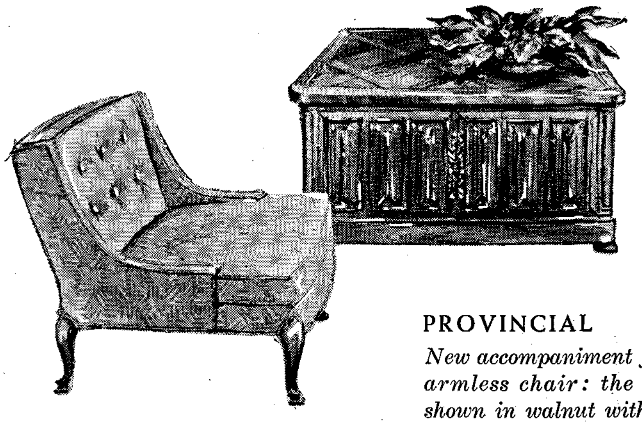
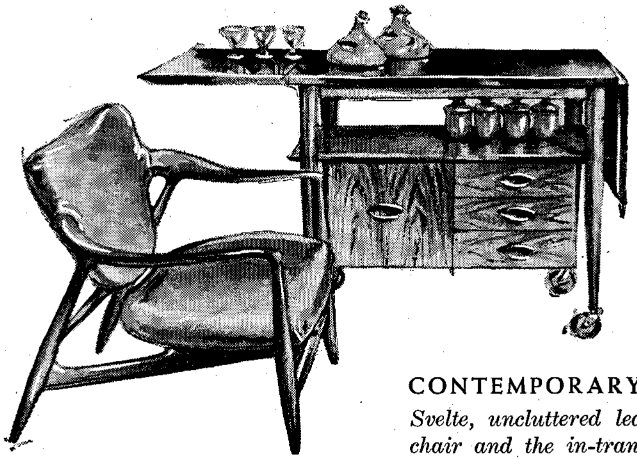


PROVINCIAL

New accompaniment for the upholstered armless chair: the seat-height chest shown in walnut with a parquetry top. Both from our Mediterranea Collection.



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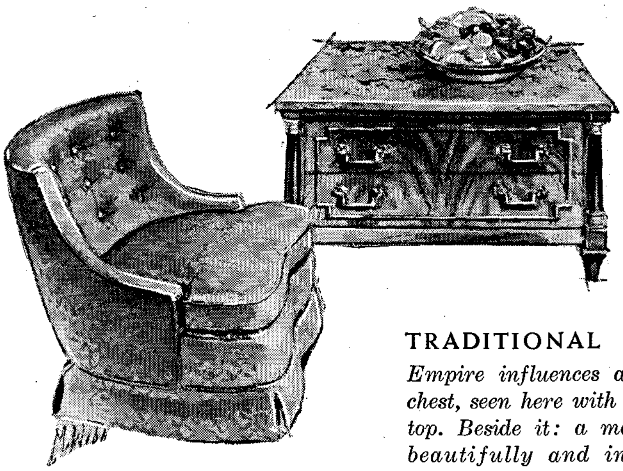
Svelte, uncluttered leather-and-walnut chair and the in-transit cart with expandable spillproof top for today's gourmet. From famous Circa '60 Collection.



TRADITIONAL

Empire influences another seat-height chest, seen here with an Italian marble top. Beside it: a mobile barrel chair, beautifully and invitingly curved.

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HERITAGE

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Louise Nevelson; through June 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

"Panfilo and Lauretta"—The Columbia Theatre Associates and the Music Department of Columbia University presenting a new opera by Carlos Chavez, with a libretto by Chester Kallman. Howard Shanet is the musical director and Bill Butler the stage director. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Thursday and Friday, May 9-10, at 8:40; Saturday, May 11, at 2:40 and 8:40; and Monday through Saturday, May 13-18, at 8:40.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Workshop—The first performances here of two operas staged by Rose Landver and produced by John Brownlee, under the musical direction of Hugh Ross: "The Ruby," by Norman Dello Joio, and "Rita," by Donizetti. A benefit for the Manhattan School of Music Scholarship Fund. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14-15, at 8:15. For tickets, call EN 9-2202.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos directing the final performances of the season—Thursday, May 9, at 8:45; Friday, May 10, at 2:30; and Sunday, May 12, at 2:30 (all with David Lloyd, tenor; Giorgio Tozzi, bass; and the Schola Cantorum).

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing, with William J. Cummings, tenor, and Pearse P. Meagher, bass. (Town Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8:30.)

The College Sound—Barbershop to calypso, sung by groups from Bowdoin, Brown, Colgate, Columbia, Connecticut College, Cornell, Princeton, Smith, Vassar, and Yale. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8:30.)

Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 12, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Calypso Programs—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 11, at 8:40 and at midnight.)

Music for Moderns—The second in a series of four programs, this one entitled "Symbolic Sounds of Impressionism" and involving the Modern Jazz Quartet; William Masselos, piano; and Virgil Thomson, narrator. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 12, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, May 10, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 11-12, at 2. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, May 14, at 8:15, and Wednesday, May 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, May 17, at 8:15, and Saturday, May 18, at 2.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 11.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 11.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Princeton. Saturday, May 18.)

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City, L.I. Saturday, May 18.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial. (Seawane Harbor Club, L.I. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12.)

Horse Shows—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Thursday through Saturday, May 9-11.) . . . ¶ Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington, L.I. Sunday, May 12.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 11.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 18.)

Racing—At **jamaica:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, May 28. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, May 11, and the Wilson Handicap, Saturday, May 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, June 1. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 18.

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, May 10, at 9 and 1; Saturday, May 11, at 9; and Sunday, May 12, at 10.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Final children's concert of the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Ruth and Naomi Segal, pianos. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, May 11, at 11.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Sun in Action," deals with the power and influence of our nearest star. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) ... ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

CHILDREN'S ZOO—Where the little ones may roam at will among the tame animals. New additions, this year, include twin black lambs and five kittens. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

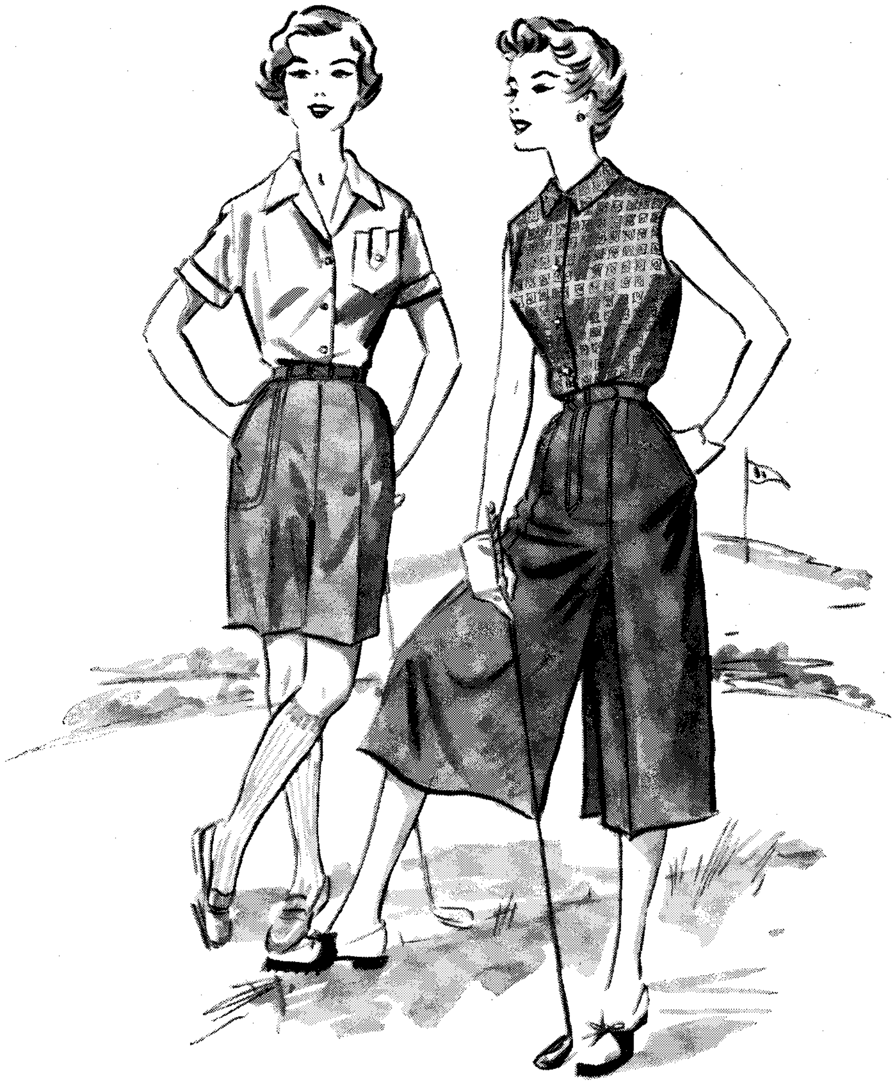
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Monday, May 13), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

GARDENS—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 14, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. Those on display belong to Mrs. Ralph J. Hines, 237 E. 61st St.; Dr. and Mrs. Hans Zinsser, 242 E. 62nd St.; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Palmer Loening, 1 E. 66th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Madison H. Lewis, 12 E. 73rd St.; Minister and Mme. Jayme de Barros, 1016 Fifth Ave.; and the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service, 6 E. 94th St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 1 and 2 to 4.)

CURRIER & IVES EXHIBIT—Some three hundred and fifty lithographs representing the varied output of the firm. Among the prints are such familiar subjects as country and farm life, clipper ships, trotting and race horses, and Mississippi River scenes. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 9, at 1:45: Prints and drawings by such artists as Matisse, Degas, Picasso, Braque, and Toulouse-Lautrec; from the estate of Ludwig Charell and from other sources.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, at 1:45: French and Biedermeier furniture, table porcelain and glass, a few pieces of silverware and cabinet porcelains, decorative paintings and drawings, Chinese semiprecious mineral carvings, and Oriental and other rugs. The property of Mrs. Anna D. Griscom and others.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, May 9, at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Baby Doll—Fun and games with some of the odd types who inhabit the backward areas of Mississippi. Written by Tennessee Williams, the picture was directed by Elia Kazan, and has splendid performances by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 14, tentative.)

Funny Face—A pleasant blend of song and dance in which Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn perform attractively as a jaunty fashion-magazine photographer and a model who is more interested in Existentialism than in clothes. Among its other virtues, the film includes some lush views of Paris and a parcel of lovely fashion girls. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Gold of Naples—The metaphorical metal in the title role is the resilient ability of Neapolitans to bounce back after spells of adversity, and it is displayed to great advantage in this Italian film, based on the stories of Giuseppe Marotta and directed by Vittorio De Sica. The movie consists of four episodes, ranging in style from broad slapstick to poignant drama, and the cast, a laudable one in all respects, includes Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—In this sardonic exploration of the past of a defunct broadcasting hero, José Ferrer is at the top of an estimable cast that includes Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, and Dean Jagger. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through May 14. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 15, tentative.)

Lust for Life—A superb review of Vincent van Gogh's career, in which excellent use is made of his paintings. Kirk Douglas is highly persuasive as van Gogh, and Anthony Quinn is a creditable Gauguin. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Red Balloon—The hero of this brief and pretty fantasy is a small French boy who is pursued all over Paris by a balloon that regards him as its master. Written, directed, and produced by Albert Lamorisse, the film has the valuable services of M. Lamorisse's son, Pascal, as its leading actor. It's rather too bad that "The Red Balloon" is exhibited with "The Lost Continent," a tiresome travelogue. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

La Strada—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but interesting. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Ten Commandments—This spectacular account of the life and times of Moses, as cooked up by Cecil B. deMille, makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

We Are All Murderers—A ruthless, exciting attack on the institution of capital punishment, incorporated into a French film directed by André Cayatte. Though somewhat diffuse, the picture gets down to hard cases when it describes life in the condemned cells of a French prison. The meritorious cast includes Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through May 11. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through May 11, tentative. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting May 15, tentative.)

Wee Geordie—A simple and diverting little British picture that builds up some amusing passages in the course of a tale about an undersized Scottish lad who takes a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the damnedest hammer thrower ever seen on earth. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are attractive as a covey of Scots, and the scenery in the background is beautiful to behold. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 12-14, tentative. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting May 15, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Animal Farm (1954)—A full-length animated cartoon, made in England, based on the George Orwell satire. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 14, tentative. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting May 15, tentative.)

Blackboard Jungle (1955)—Juvenile delinquency in an urban high school. Glenn Ford is an idealistic teacher trying to cope with the hooligans. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; May 13-14.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through May 11.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. A French film, with Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting May 15.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—Technicolored version of the Hemingway book. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

In Which We Serve (1942)—Noel Coward's picture about a British destroyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 9.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in a presentation of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through May 11.)

Marie du Port (1951)—A village barmaid helps a world-weary big-city fellow out of his ennui. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 9.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 15.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 14, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through May 11: "Desire" (1936), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ May 12-15: "Susan Lenox, Her Rise and Fall" (1931), with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
May 9: "The Strange One," Ben Gazzara.
From May 10: "Something of Value," Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Little Hut," Ava Gardner, David Niven, Stewart Granger.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through May 15 (tentative): "The Living Idol," Steve Forrest.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
May 9: "Dragoon Wells Massacre," Barry Sullivan, Mona Freeman.
From May 10: "Untamed Youth," Mamie Van Doren, Lori Nelson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
FUNNY FACE.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
May 9: "Abandon Ship!," Tyrone Power, Mai Zetterling.
From May 10: "The Way to the Gold," Jeffrey Hunter, Sheree North.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through May 14: "Boy on a Dolphin," Alan Ladd, Clifton Webb, Sophia Loren.
From May 15, at 8:30: "Desk Set," Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy. (Opening night will be a benefit for the National Urban League.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through May 13: "The Ride Back," Anthony Quinn.
From May 14: "This Could Be the Night," Jean Simmons, Paul Douglas.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Bachelor Party," Don Murray, E. G. Marshall.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Devil's General" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook.

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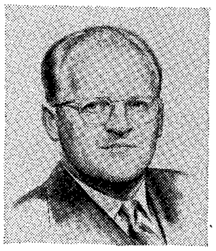
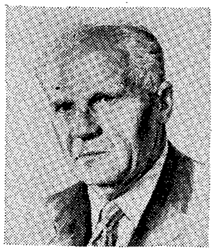
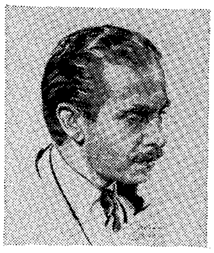

THOR JOHNSON

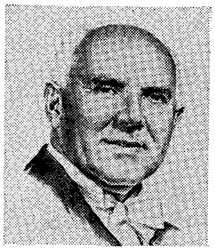
JORGE BOLET


WILHELM BACKHAUS

JOSEPH SZIGETI


CLAUDIO ARRAU

EZIO PINZA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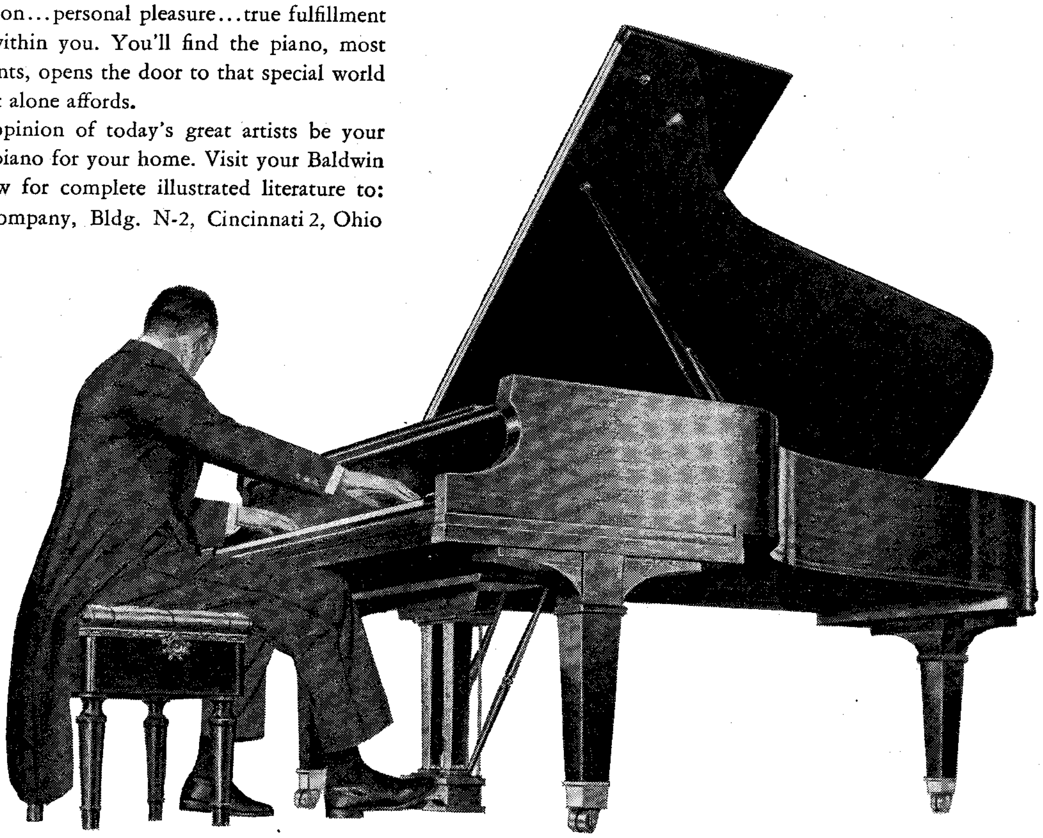

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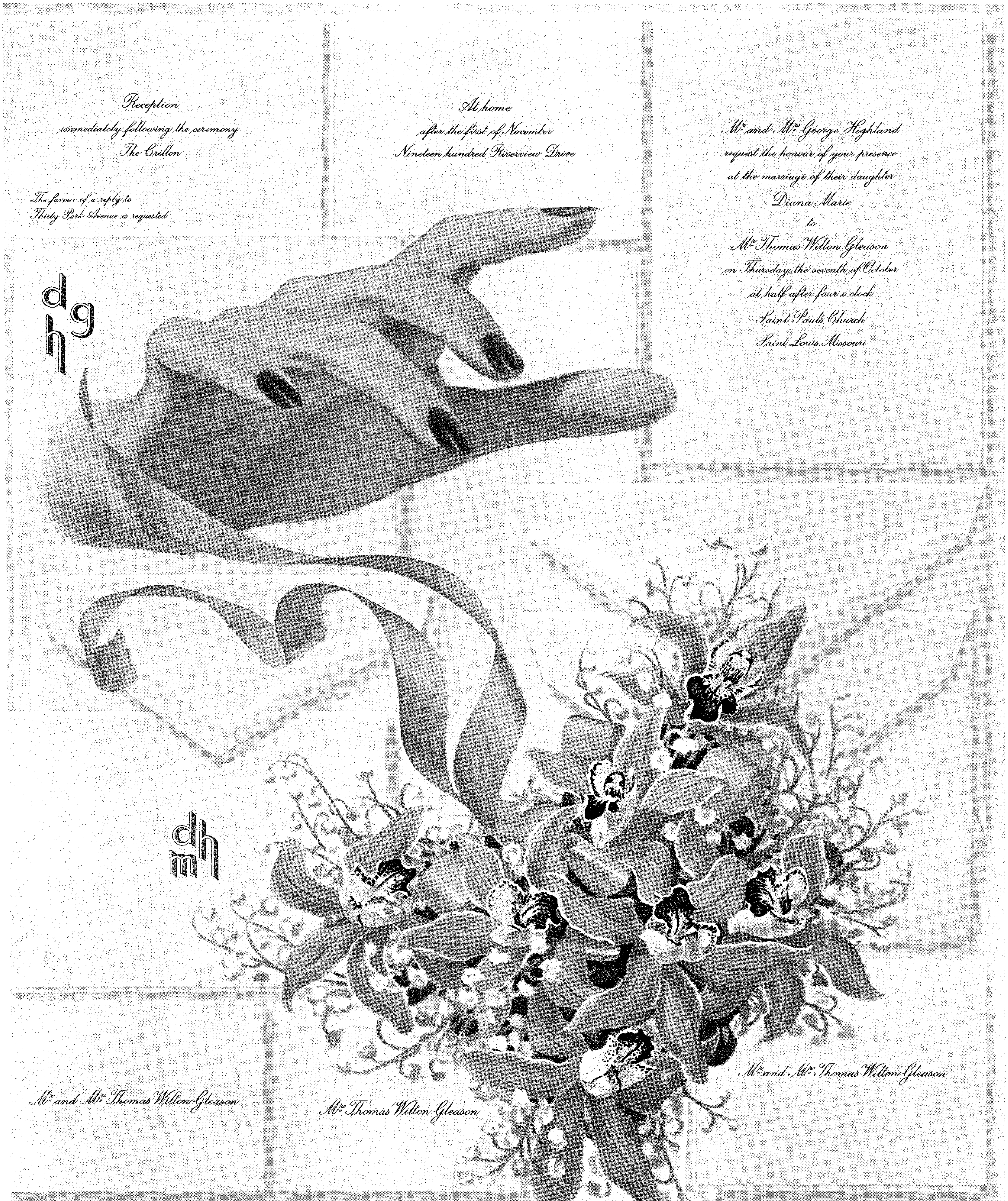
Reception
immediately following the ceremony
The Crillon
The favour of a reply to
Thirty Park Avenue is requested
At home
after the first of November
Nineteen hundred Riverview Drive
Mr and Mrs George Highland
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Diana Marie
to
Mr Thomas Wilton Gleason
on Thursday, the seventh of October
at half after four o'clock
Saint Paul's Church
Saint Louis, Missouri
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dhm
Mr and Mrs Thomas Wilton Gleason
Mrs Thomas Wilton Gleason
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Crane's — FOR YOUR PAPER TROUSSEAU

CRANE'S FINE PAPERS · MADE IN DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS · SINCE 1801

100% RAG PAPERS FOR SOCIAL AND BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE • CURRENCY • SECURITIES • CARBON • TRACING

by Dior for Cole

of California

Suddenly...your patch of beach becomes a Paris salon! For yours is a Dior suit...a swimsuit created just for Cole by Christian Dior of Paris. For his second Cole collection, Dior captures the elegance of an afternoon in town: the Empire bow, lastex, $29.95. The buttoned redingote, lastex, $35.00. Great design inside, too: both suits have Cole's Inner Strategy bra that works *wonders.*

© Cole of California

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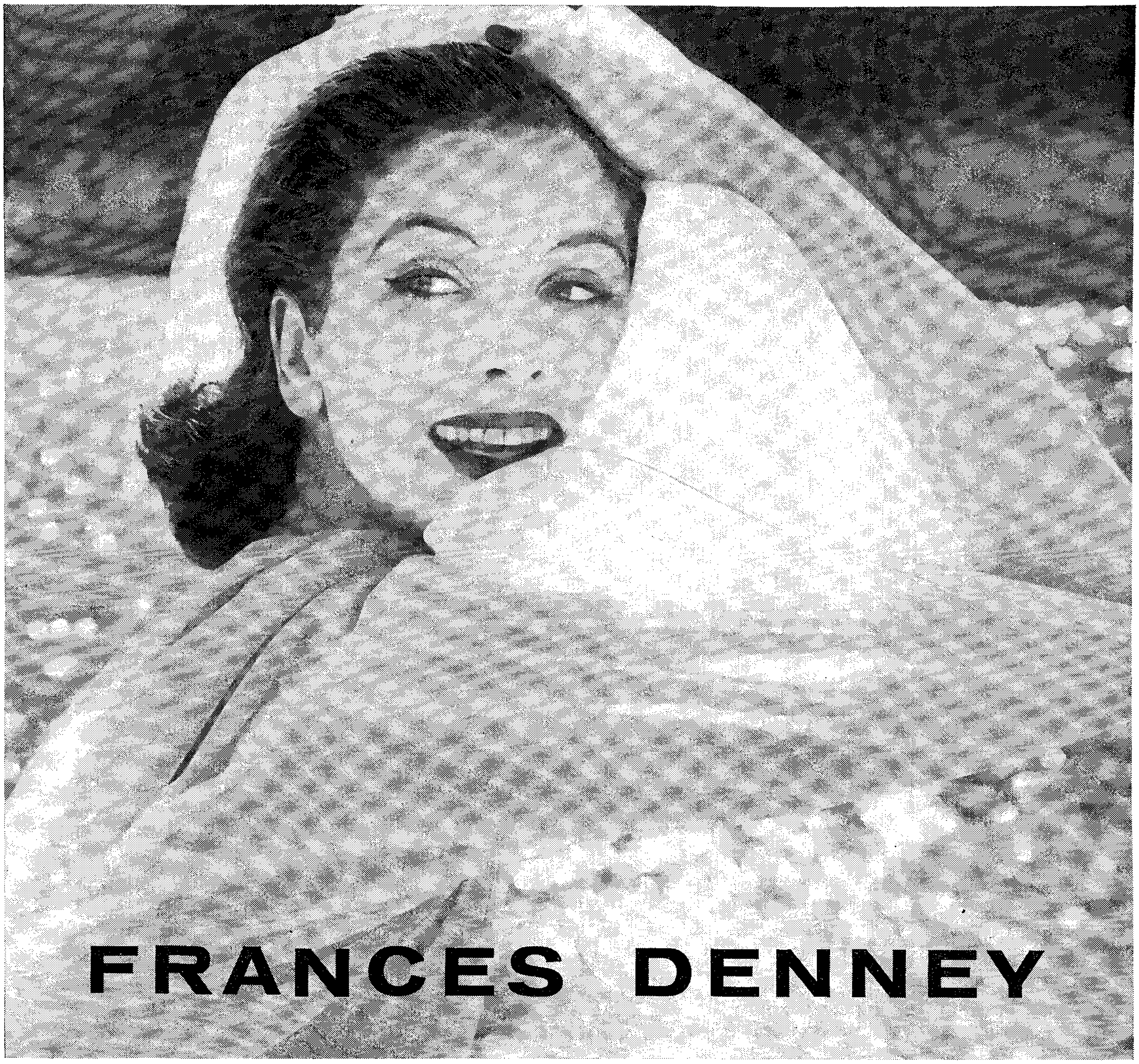
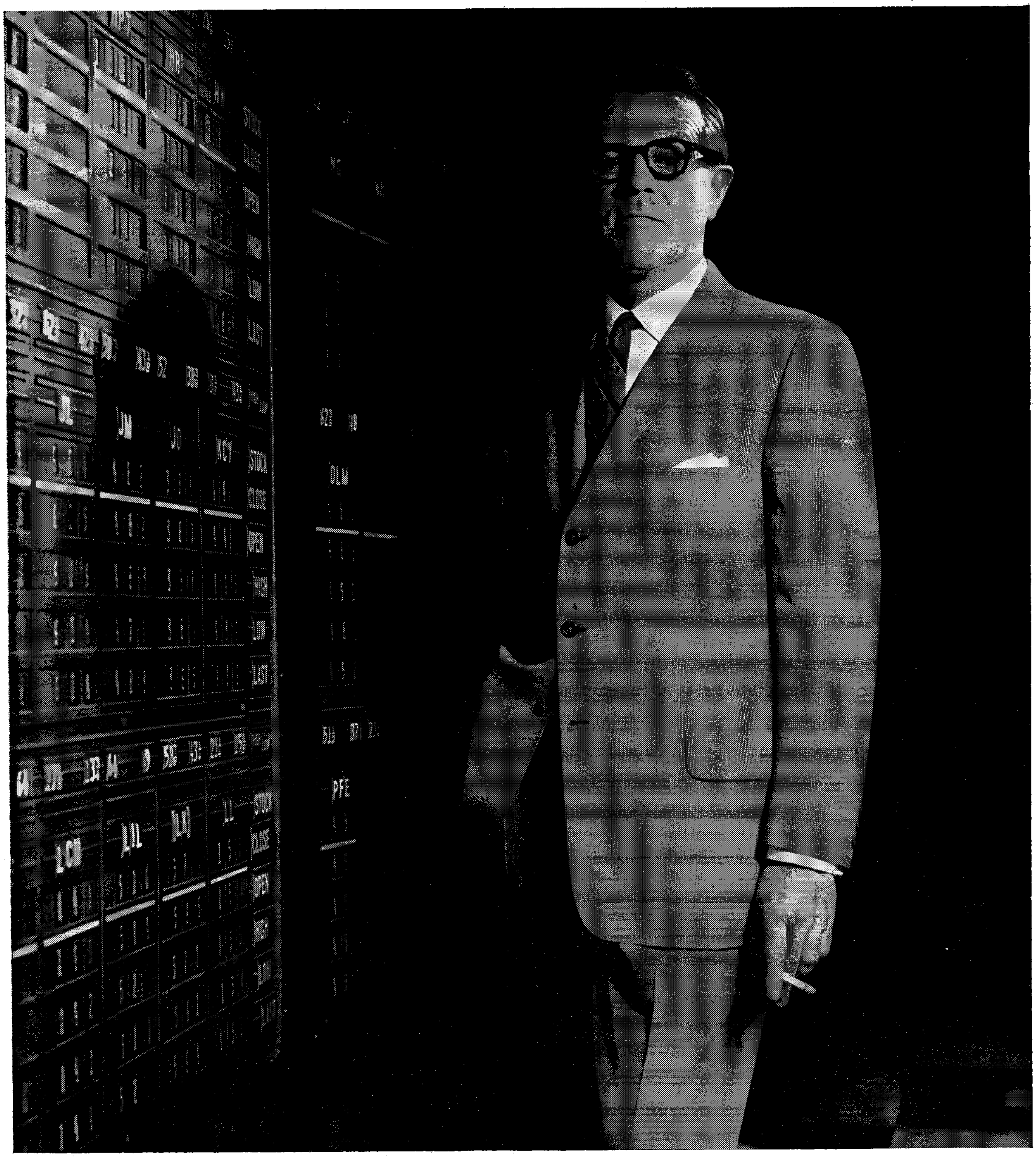
to your complexion with
VIVA FLUID MAKE-UP

● SOMETHING YOUNG HAPPENS the moment it touches your skin! It covers skin blemishes, tiny lines, leaves skin softer, flawlessly textured. Never streaks, never smears . . . smooths on so easily! Veils the complexion with a mist of color that lasts . . . and lasts!

● SOMETHING YOUNG HAPPENS because of two fabulous elements that are in no other foundation in all the world! One, a magnificent moisture element that gives your skin protection against drying, coarsening, aging. And, the other, incredible "Constant Color" that does not change, fade, or darken . . . remains constantly beautiful under the varying lights of night and day. 5.00 and 8.50 plus tax.



LEBOW tailors this handsome tropical in a lightweight blend of 55% "Dacron" and 45% worsted. See it in traditional glen plaids, shadow checks and good-looking stripes, in a variety of shades, at stores across the country where fine clothes are sold. About $90.



How the man on The Street keeps cool and neat

Cool tip: this handsome glen-plaid tropical is made with "Dacron"* to pay extra dividends in neatness and comfort. Blended with fine worsted, "Dacron" polyester fiber gives a lightweight suit the stability it needs to hang on to its press, to resist wrinkling, to look fresh and neat in defiance of New York's most wilting weather. The forthright glen plaid shown is available in the latest shades. So are many other patterns and styles in cool tropicals containing "Dacron".

DACRON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DU PONT

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

---

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or suit shown here.

FURNITURE BY PETER DU JARDIN, NEW YORK CITY • REK-O-KUT RONDINE TURNTABLE

SINATRA OR SIBELIUS

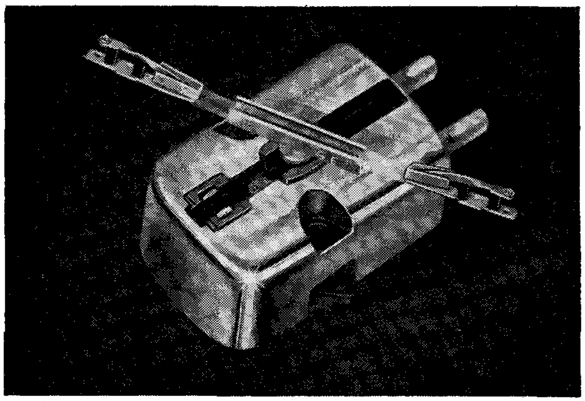
There seems to be some difference in the musical preference of our friends above . . . between the lyric nostalgia of her Sinatra ballads and the majestic sweep of his Sibelius symphony.

We don't know who'll win this tilt at the turntable, but we'll assure you that either Sinatra or Sibelius is a winner for full, brilliant reproduction on this particular hi-fi system.

That's because our friends, like other discriminating music lovers, use a General Electric "Golden Treasure" Cartridge, with a genuine G-E Diamond Stylus, to bring them the true, rich musical dimensions originally inscribed on every hi-fi recording.

THE G-E "GOLDEN TREASURE" CARTRIDGE—At the true heart of a hi-fi system, this G-E "Golden Treasure" Cartridge is precision engineered and built for faithful reproduction of a 15,000-cycle sound range . . . from a full bass response to the highest treble . . . with smooth blending of instruments at the correct volume level . . . and clean, low-distortion reproduction . . . plus many features for low record and stylus wear.

THE G-E DIAMOND STYLUS—Tracking over a half-mile while playing just one side of an LP record, this genuine G-E Diamond Stylus is your record's best friend . . . because its smooth, rounded diamond tip maintains its original form many playing hours longer for low record wear . . . protecting the microscopic playing grooves for greatly extended clear, full-dimension listening.


G-E "GOLDEN TREASURE" CARTRIDGE WITH CLIP-IN-TIP STYLUS

The G. E. Custom Music Ensemble, Available at Quality Hi-Fi Outlets Across the Country. For further information, write to section 197:
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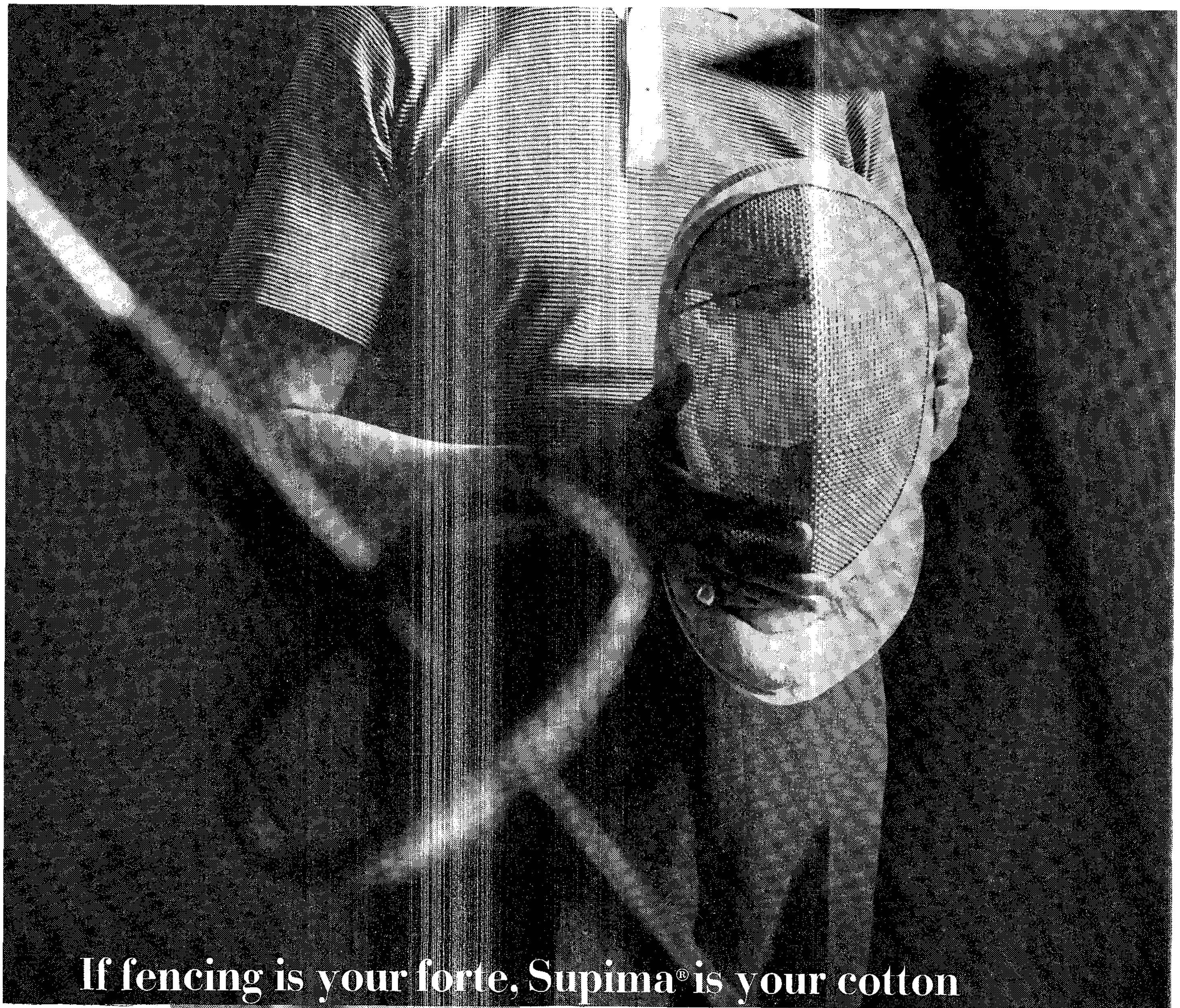
Like the dramatic progress in medical science, modern tree care bears little resemblance to the crude methods of only fifty years ago. No longer is it enough to repair damage—to cut away a limb that has died. Today, as always, we seek the answer "Why"—the cause of the damage or disease and apply every modern technique and curative treatment. Only in this way can America's rich heritage of shade trees be preserved.

Scientific tree care is available to you through your local Bartlett representative, a highly skilled technician backed by the knowledge and experience of the Bartlett Tree Research Laboratories. If you have trees which you value, it will pay you to consult him before you need him. No one knows better than a Bartlett client, that an ounce of scientific prevention is worth many many pounds of cure.

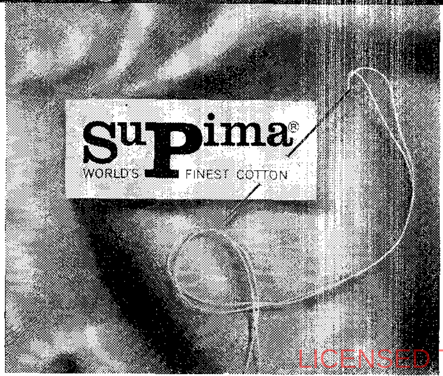
1907-1957
The Bartlett Way
50 years
Progress in Scientific Tree Care

BARTLETT TREE EXPERTS

Home Office, Research Laboratories and Experimental Grounds, Bartlett School of Tree Surgery, Stamford, Conn. Local Offices from Maine to the Carolinas, and West to Indiana. See your Local Telephone Directory for Local Address.

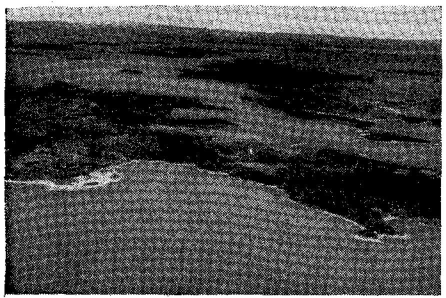


If fencing is your forte, Supima® is your cotton

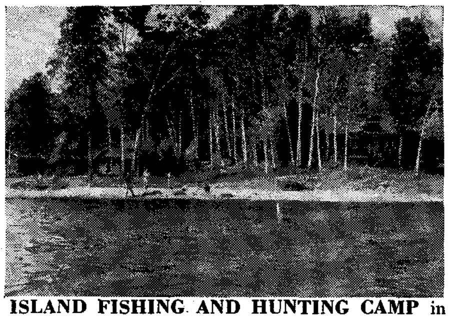


The sharp edge that danger gives to pleasure appeals especially to the man who fences. A man of subtle tastes, he is as sensitive to the fine points of a fabric as to the fine points of a game. For the likes of him has Supima been born and bred in Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. Supima is our own champagne of cottons that brings incredible strength, lustre and silkiness to fabrics. These exclusive characteristics are strikingly evident in this smart, full-fashioned, lisle Tee Shirt by **Activair.**

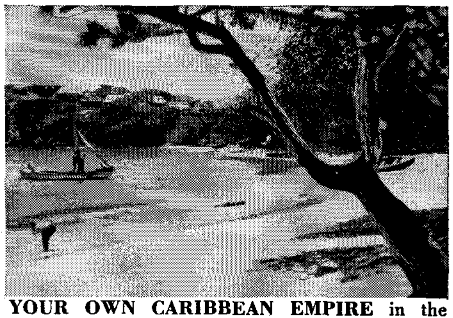
Supima Association of America, 112 W. 34th Street, New York 1.
Whitehouse & Hardy, New York and Detroit • Dayton's, Minneapolis
Pelletier's, Albuquerque • Marville Clothes, Philadelphia



BARTLETT ISLAND NEAR MT. DESERT, with sea views across to Maine's Blue Hills, is a "saddle back" island half the size of Manhattan, with miles of sand beaches, cliffs, safe anchorage, virgin spruce woods, rolling fields and a duck pond. Attractive 11-room, 3-bath residence, farmer's house, farm buildings, cottage, camp and a charming Revolutionary cottage. Ask for brochure YN-51202.

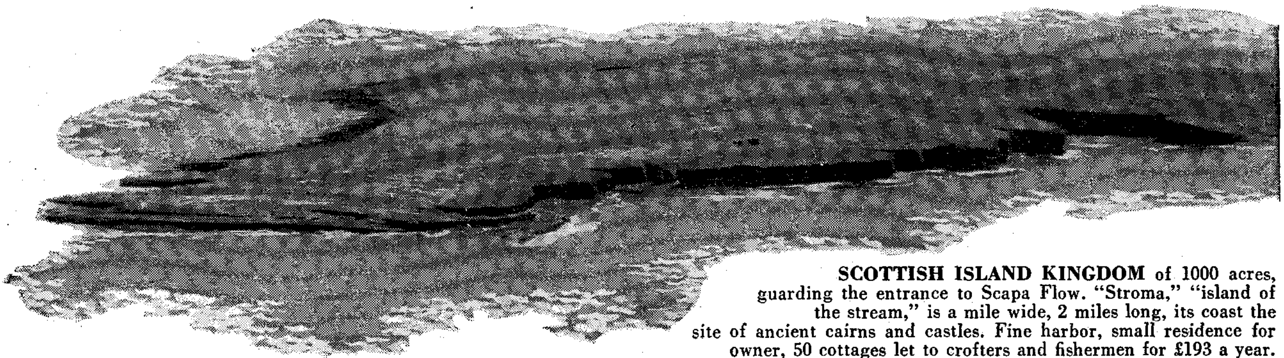


ISLAND FISHING AND HUNTING CAMP in Ontario's North Woods, in Abram Lake, gateway to newly opened territory with wall-eyes, northern pike, moose, bear, game birds. Timbered 5-acre island with lodge, cabins, electricity, phone, boats, pier, beaches. Equipped and operating paying camp, near airport, RR. Offered at $22,500 furn. Taxes $32. Ask for illustrated brochure YN-75098.



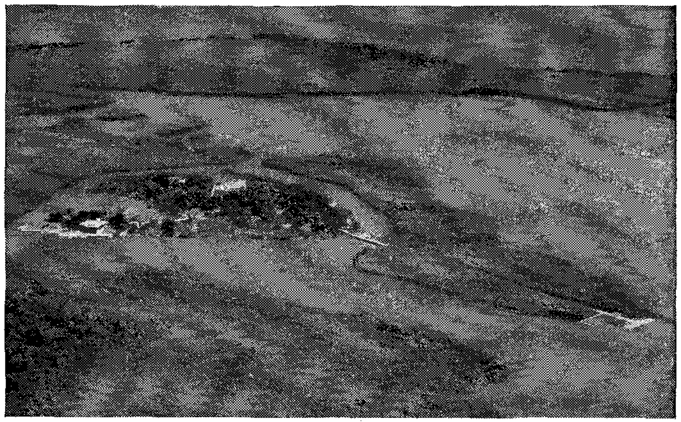
YOUR OWN CARIBBEAN EMPIRE in the Windwards . . . complete, self-sustaining, unexploited, with a native village, crops that gross $10,000 BWI annually ($5,000 BWI supports management and 3 servants). 20 houses include a 10-room residence. Landing strip, beaches, 12-mile coastline, 2 sturdy boats. Made to order for seclusion or a tourist resort. £65,000. Ask for YN-80277.

One sure way to get away from it all . . . live on Your Own Island

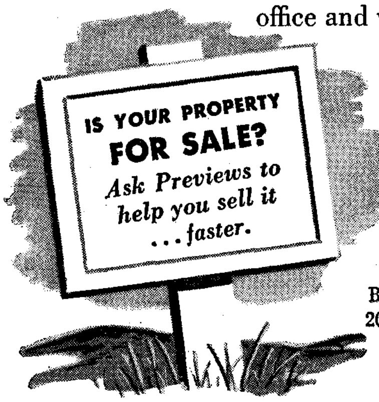


SCOTTISH ISLAND KINGDOM of 1000 acres, guarding the entrance to Scapa Flow. "Stroma," "island of the stream," is a mile wide, 2 miles long, its coast the site of ancient cairns and castles. Fine harbor, small residence for owner, 50 cottages let to crofters and fishermen for £193 a year. Lighthouse, church, school, post office. No snow or frost. Offered at £12,000. Ask for YN-20015.

An island is more than a piece of land surrounded by water. A private island, your island, is a world apart, where "I'll do as I please" is your order of the day, every day. Whether your four walls are a folding tent or a mansion — a pinch of imagination and you have your own moated castle, peopled only by the friends you enjoy. Your island may be pictured here, or it may be among the many others hidden in our files waiting for you. Drop in at your nearest Previews office and we'll show you pictures and complete details.



"LIARS' LAIR" OFF KEY LARGO in Florida's fabulous fishing waters . . . a superb, self-sufficient island estate with every luxury for the yachtsman, plus a beautiful 9-room home, guest and staff cottages, swimming pool and cabana. Offered to settle estate at $225,000 — a fraction of replacement value. Taxes $350. Near select Key Largo Anglers' Club, Ocean Reef Yacht Club, golf course. Ask for illustrated brochure YN-80262.



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LONDON, S.W. 1
153 Victoria St.

PARIS
52, Ave. des Champs Elysees

SEVEN DEADLY SINS

The enthusiastic reception given Lotte Lenya's first Columbia album, "Berlin Theater Songs of Kurt Weill," has prompted us to embark on a recording project which will encompass all Weill's major vocal works, sung by his greatest interpreter. Lotte Lenya, who is Weill's widow, is that rare combination her late husband's works demanded. She is a superb actress who can also sing. Weill once said, "My melodies always come to my inner ear in Lenya's voice." Every note, every phrase of "The Seven Deadly Sins" bears out his statement. A ballet-with-song, it was written expressly for her, in Paris in 1933. Bertolt Brecht (who also collaborated on "The Threepenny Opera") supplied its bitterly satiric text. Weill matched it with similarly bitter, yet intoxicatingly beautiful music. In the inevitable critical storm which greeted any Weill-Brecht product, Lotte Lenya won universal acclaim for her portrayal of Anna, heroine of the piece. She repeats her triumph in this first recording of Weill's haunting masterpiece.

WEILL: "The Seven Deadly Sins"—
Lotte Lenya, with Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg.
KL 5157 $5.98

COLUMBIA
RECORDS SOUND
BEST
ON A COLUMBIA
PHONOGRAPH

CALYPSO FOR 10

"Calypso Holiday" is the third lesson in a musical geography course currently being conducted by The Norman Luboff Choir. Having taken us west and south with their previous collections, Mr. Luboff's talented singers now turn their attention to the Calypso music of the West Indies. And once again it is a pleasure to discover what a marvelously flexible, expressive and warm-sounding instrument this choir can be. For these rhythmic, topical songs Mr. Luboff uses a relatively small force, never more than ten voices. He has searched the entire crescent-shaped string of islands for authentic arrangements of twelve of the best examples of Calypso music. The Choir, as always, is brilliantly adaptable to the music it sings, and fully deserving of its reputation as one of the foremost choral groups in America today.

CALYPSO HOLIDAY:
The Norman Luboff Choir.
CL 1000 $2.98 (May only)

JAZZ ODYSSEY

In addition to being one of the greatest blues singers still singing, Jimmy Rushing is unique in that he was a part of jazz in the four cities having most to do with its development: New Orleans, Kansas City, Chicago and New York. The Jazz Odyssey of James Rushing Esq. takes him to these jazz centers to sing the songs he associates with them. To make Jimmy feel perfectly at home, Buck Clayton presents the songs in arrangements and with musicians particularly associated with the style of jazz which prevailed when Rushing first worked in each place. Jimmy's history, you'll discover, is the history of jazz itself. He was around at the beginning and is still around—sounding better than ever, we might add.

THE JAZZ ODYSSEY OF JAMES RUSHING ESQ.
(with Buck Clayton and His Orchestra)
CL 963 $3.98

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THE SOUND OF GENIUS IS ON COLUMBIA R

A Division of CBS ® "Columbia" ℗ Marcas Reg.
Prices are suggested list.

Available in Canada at slightly higher prices.

MORE AND MORE AMERICANS FLY AIR FRANCE THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

BECAUSE AIR FRANCE PROVIDES—

The finest equipment, Super "G" Constellations. Soon, the even larger, faster Lockheed Super Starliners.

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Convenient departures, daily Tourist and Deluxe First Class flights, non-stop from New York to Paris. Regular service from Boston, Chicago, Montreal.

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Experience, the airline that was first with international commercial flight has a 38-year record of dependability.

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Luxury, Air France is France aloft, offering French comfort, personal service and cuisine.

Enjoy yourself—fly Air France!

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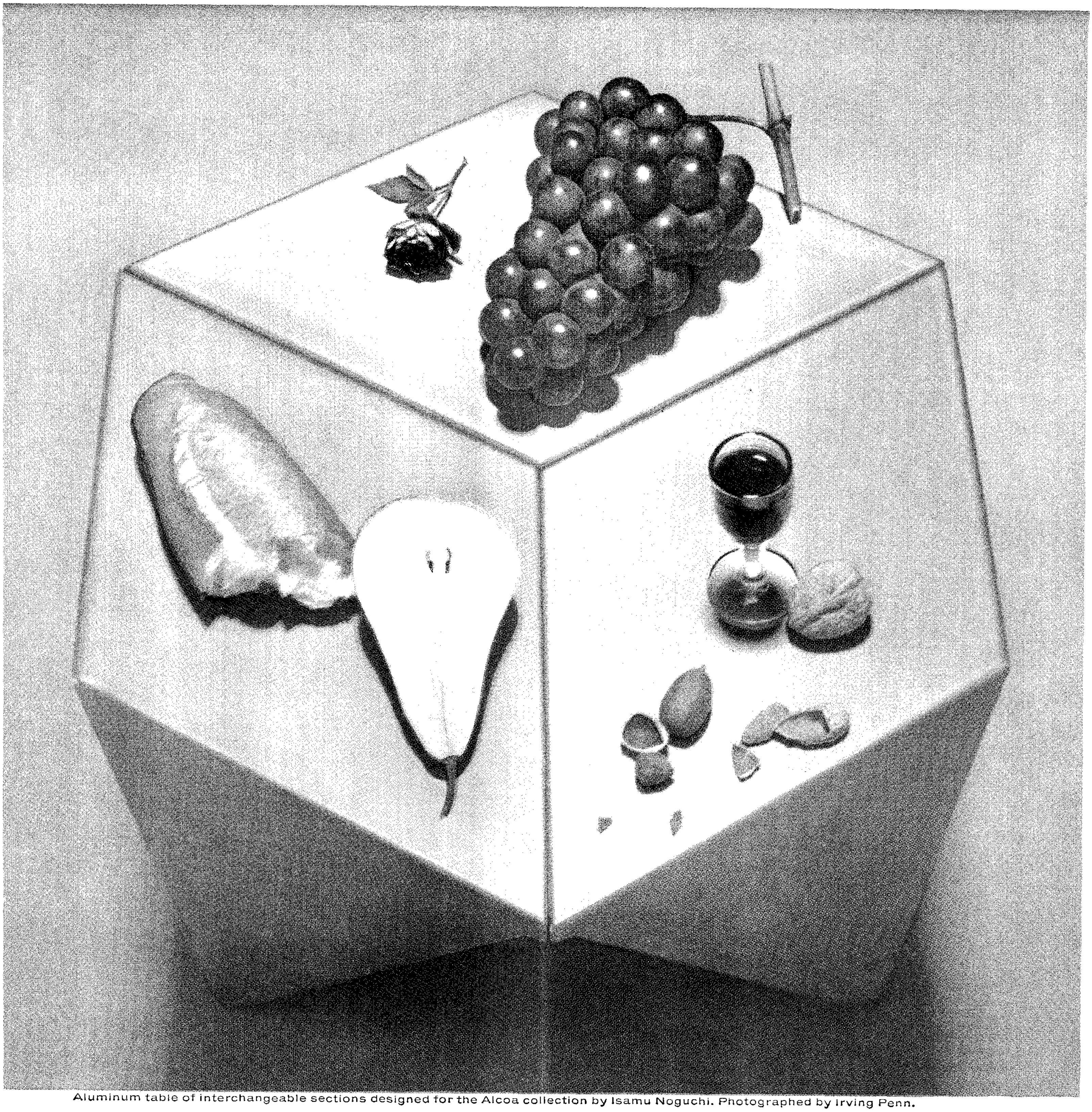
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR AIR FRANCE
NORTH AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS—683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
OFFICES IN MAJOR CITIES

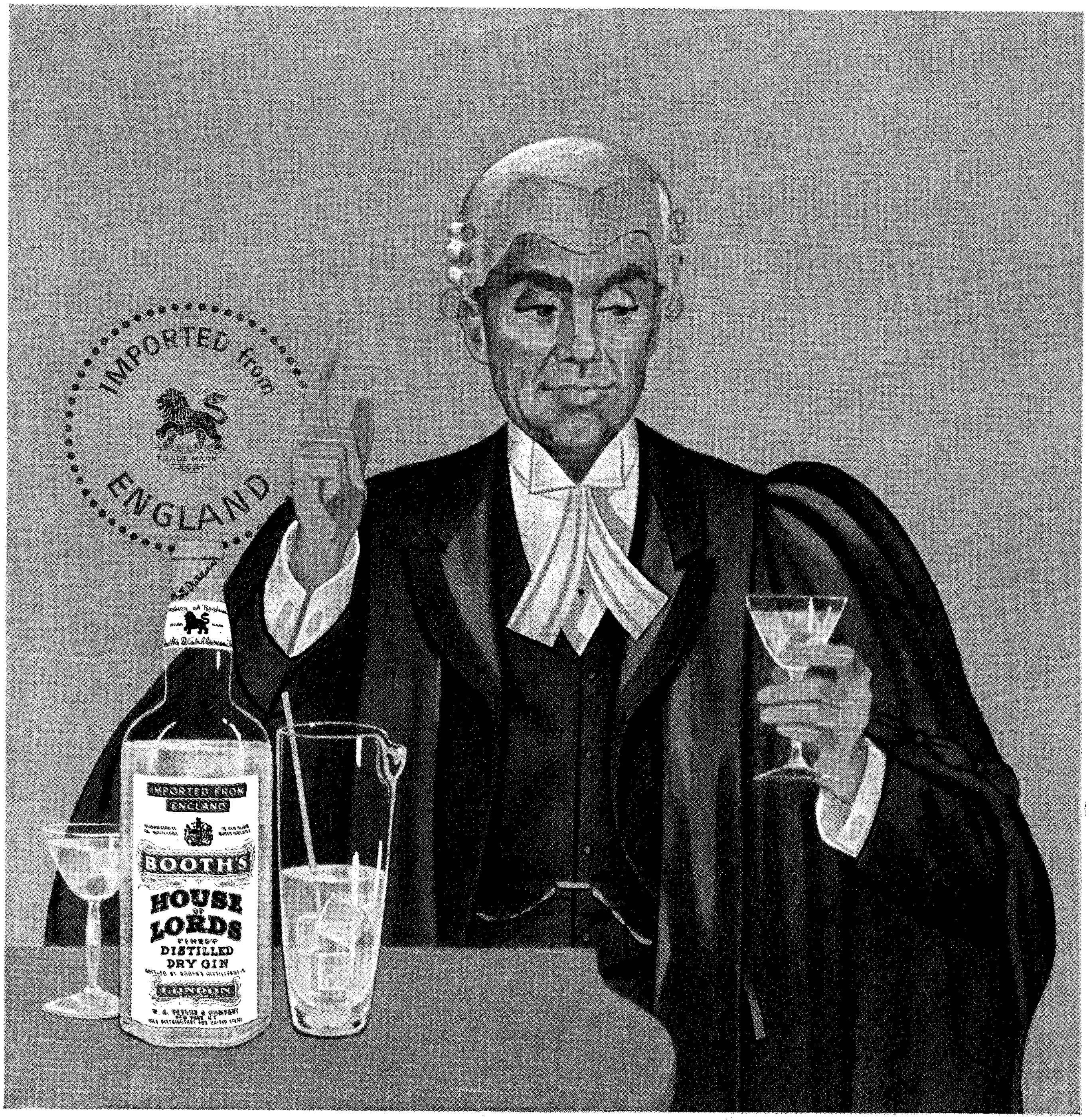


Aluminum table of interchangeable sections designed for the Alcoa collection by Isamu Noguchi. Photographed by Irving Penn.

FORECAST: THERE'S A WORLD OF ALUMINUM IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF TOMORROW

...where you will style rooms to your whim of the moment...using sectional aluminum furniture of myriad textures, colors, finishes and forms...in arrangements as endless as the patterns of a kaleidoscope.

ALCOA ALUMINUM Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh


IMPORTED from
TRADE MARK
ENGLAND
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
LONDON

Sir Richard makes a convincing case

In summing up, Sir Richard pointed out that Booth's House of Lords gin dates back to 1740—that its excellence has caused it to be sold in every market in the world—and that Booth's House of Lords is the gin served on "The Monarch," the Stratocruiser *de luxe* service of the British Overseas Airways Corporation. The evidence is conclusive, therefore, that Booth's House of Lords is the world's finest dry gin.

The delightful smoothness and flavor of Booth's House of Lords are sufficient to satisfy any unprejudiced man that it is the *essential* ingredient of the perfect Martini. In fact, many consider it almost a crime to make a Martini with a less noble gin.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
GIN DISTILLERS • BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

BOOTH'S
HOUSE of LORDS
The World's finest **DRY GIN**

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • Sole Distributor for the U.S.A. • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

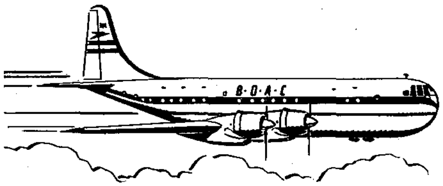
COME TO BRITAIN

AS GUESTS FOR A FORTNIGHT OF BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
GIN DISTILLERS · BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

IF YOU would be interested in spending a fortnight in Britain without the usual bother of drawing on your bank account, Booth's House of Lords gin has thought up a fascinating proposition. *They* will look after the cheque.

The trip is for two persons, with transportation from New York to London and return by "The Monarch," the British Overseas Airways Corporation double-decked Stratocruiser *de luxe* service. Trip also includes suite for two weeks at Claridge's, one of Britain's most distinguished hotels—use of new Jaguar XK-140 while in the British Isles—and 500 pounds Sterling (roughly $1,400.00) for meals, shopping or spending as you wish. The trip may be taken any time in 1957.



You fly to London by B.O.A.C. "The Monarch"

During your stay in London an executive of Booth's House of Lords will entertain you at lunch at an exclusive London club and, if you care for a bit of sport, arrange for shooting in Scotland or a trip to a haunted castle. Or if you prefer, you may fend for yourself.

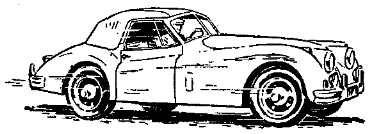
Here we might emphasize that should you avail yourself of this opportunity, there is no obligation to purchase anything. It is felt, naturally, that this trip will be most appreciated by persons of taste and discrimination—those who enjoy a Martini made with Booth's House of Lords gin, for example.

Inasmuch as such people are usually people of wit, it has been decided to award the trip to the person submitting the cleverest statement which might be made by the distinguished barrister illustrated on the opposite page. As brevity is the soul of wit, statements are not to exceed 25 words. For example, a statement might be: *When a Martini is made with Booth's House of Lords gin, why be a lord in waiting?* Frankly, this is not terribly good. We are sure you can do better.

There are quite attractive awards for the runners-up in this tournament of wit. A London-tailored Burberry coat of fine British woolen for the next ten winners—eight English "on-the-rocks" glasses with coronets of peers of the House of Lords in gold design for the next 300 winners.

For your convenience, *Contest Stipulations* and *Opportunity Form* are included in this advertisement.

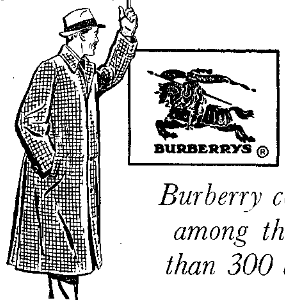
Contest Stipulations—In 25 words or less write a statement which might be made by the barrister who is illustrated in the advertisement for Booth's House of Lords gin on the opposite page. Use the Opportunity Form in this advertisement or obtain Opportunity Form from your club, liquor dealer or direct from W. A. Taylor & Company, 2 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Send as many entries as you like to the House of Lords Contest, P.O. Box 92-A, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y. Each entry must be on official *Opportunity Form*, which must be postmarked by midnight June 30, 1957. No entries returned. All become the property of W. A. Taylor & Co.



Trip includes use of new Jaguar XK-140

Awards will be made as described elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of wit, originality, aptness of thought, and sincerity. Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All adult members of a family may compete, but only one award to a family.

Contest open to everyone in the United States 21 years of age or older except employees of W. A. Taylor & Company, its advertising agencies, persons engaged in the alcoholic beverage industry and members of their families; and except residents of states wherein such contests are not permitted. Entries must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his name. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.



Burberry coats are among the more than 300 awards

Winners will be notified by mail approximately one month after close of contest. List of winners available to those requesting same and enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

W. A. Taylor & Co., New York, N.Y. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

Booth's House of Lords distilled dry gin. 86 proof. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

OPPORTUNITY FORM

The barrister is saying: *(not over 25 words)*__________

Mail statement to House of Lords Contest, P. O. Box 92-A, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y.

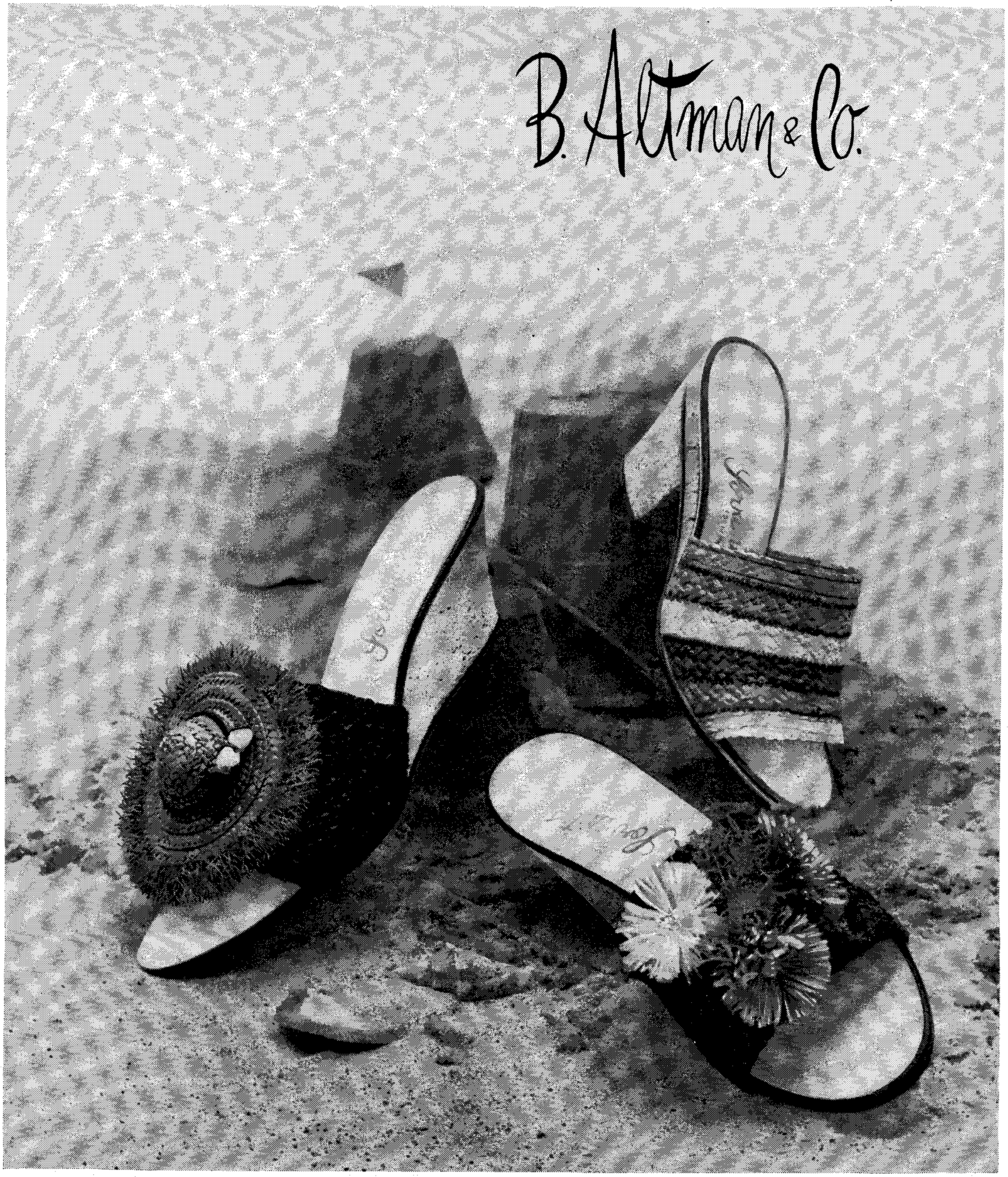
Name—*Please Print*__________ (N)

Street__________

City__________Zone_____State__________

Please list clubs to which you belong__________

(Advertisement)



Sorrentos, our own raffias from Italy, slip into summer on light-as-cork wedges or a cork barrel heel 5.95. Straw Hat—black or natural band. Roman Stripe—multicolor or black with color. Nosegay—black or natural band. Narrow or medium widths. Give regular shoe size when ordering. second floor

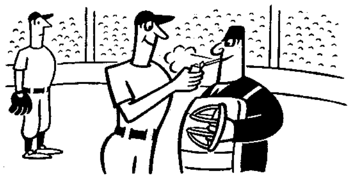
Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

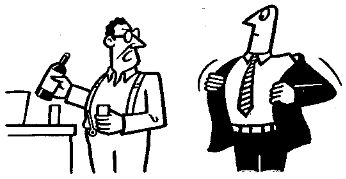
DON'T advertising men know *anything* about baseball? Evidently not. Last week, we took the trouble to point out some hideous mistakes on a filled-in baseball score card that had appeared in a Schaefer Beer ad in this magazine. Then our attention was drawn to *The New Yorker* for April 27th, which contained two advertisements incorporating such hilariously improbable baseball scenes as to lead us to believe that the copywriters responsible are either Englishmen or elderly Wellesley alumnae. Each of the ads involved at least one clear violation of the rules of the game. One of the strange little scenes shows a rookie player (who, by the ungainly looks of him, is now back in the Nebraska State League) lighting up a filter cigarette for an umpire on the playing field. In the accompanying dialogue, the umpire says, "Say, good smoke. Darn good taste. But . . . uh, son . . . *don't you know cigarettes aren't allowed on the playing field*? Shag those Parliaments—and put 'em in my locker!" Violation! Rule 9.00 in the "notes" section of the "Official Baseball Rules" states that "Umpires, on the field, should not indulge in conversation with players." It happens that there is no rule stating that cigarettes are not allowed on the playing field. Nor is there a rule against players' being invited by umpires to place small gifts in their lockers, but we'll wager that the Commissioner of Baseball would be interested to hear of such an invitation.



The second ad shows a trim, bearded young Sikh, clad in a turban and a pink Excello shirt, and sporting a bracelet and a large sapphire ring, who is standing on the playing field and apparently signing an autograph book for a member of the visiting team. Double violation! Rule 3.09: "Players in uniform shall not address nor mingle with spectators . . . before, during, or after a game." Rule 3.15: "No person shall be allowed on the playing field during a game except players and coaches in uniform, managers, news photographers authorized by the home team, umpires, officers of the law in uniform, and watchmen or other employees of the home club." Rules or no rules, the identity of this mysterious Indian fascinates us. (The advertising copy doesn't mention him once.) Having dismissed the unlikely possibility that he is a new, colorfully costumed watchman for the home team or a photographer for the New Delhi *Tribune*, we think we have come up with the only logical answer. He must be a new player—a pitcher, from his build—who has been unearthed by a scout for a second-division club and is being photographed in the act of signing a contract. We have named him Dizzy Singh, and we advise Birdie Tebbetts to keep a sharp eye out for Dizzy's betel-nut spitter.

Student

Brigadier Haim Laskov, who is commander of the Southern Defense Force of the Israeli Army and was a key figure in the Sinai campaign last fall, has come to this country to undertake a lecture tour on behalf of the United Jewish Appeal. We had a talk with him the other day at a hotel in midtown, and found him an attractive combination of hard-bitten soldier and Oxonian intellectual. Thirty-eight years old, of medium height, and solidly built, he has ruddy, bulging cheeks, a deeply furrowed forehead, and a bone-cracking military handshake, but his eyes, sheltered by heavy glasses, are a mild, donnish blue. On the occasion of our visit, the Brigadier was wearing civilian clothes and appeared a trifle at odds with them. His chalk-striped gray trousers were held up by stout khaki suspenders, and he had evidently tossed the jacket of his suit onto a nearby chair just before our arrival. He barked at us to do likewise, and such was the authority with which he spoke that we obeyed without a moment's hesitation. He then poured drinks and settled down to talk. "I like Scotch, but then I like everything Scots," he said. "I joined the Royal West Kents in 1938—they were out in Palestine in those days—and my first company commander was a Scotsman. Splendid fellow! Wingate was stationed in Palestine then, and was my demigod. I went to Officers' Training School in Sarafand, which was Allenby's old base; was commissioned in the East Kents in 1941; and served with their Second Jewish Battalion in Italy. I suggested that the battalion wear kilts, but the War Office said no. Probably couldn't face choosing an appropriate tartan."



The Brigadier went on to say that this was his first trip to America and he hoped to do it up brown. "Got here two days ago, went up to the top of the Empire State Building, saw Tennessee Williams' new play, and have spent the rest of the time sleeping like a bloody log," he said. "The U.J.A. has laid out a rugged itinerary for me, so I mean to store up strength while I have the chance. I can talk pretty well to a couple of people in a small room or to any number of troops outdoors, but otherwise I'm a rotten speaker; still, I shall do my best. My subject is the absorption of immigrants in Israel. I want to tell how the ghetto Jew becomes a free man. No doubt that sounds a bit pat, but it's true; he *does* become free. The Army helps. Israel requires two and a half years of universal military training. The poor immigrant comes to us, and we teach him to read and write and brush his teeth and drive a tank. Gives him a pride in himself he never had before. Here or in England, the military life might seem likely to narrow a man; in Israel it broadens him."

Laskov was born in Russia, where his father ran a small factory. The family emigrated to Palestine in 1924, and the senior Laskov set himself up in business with a horse and wagon, hauling loads. He was killed in the civil riots of 1929. Young Laskov attended school in Haifa and served as a runner for Haganah, the Jewish underground army, before joining the Royal West Kents. In 1946, on being demobilized, he served as security officer for the Palestine Electric Corporation, then as a commander of training for Haganah, and, after the founding of Israel, as commander of the Israeli Air Force. "I'd always wanted desperately to go on to college, but it wasn't until 1953 that I finally managed to take a crack at it," he said. "I enrolled at St. Antony's College, Oxford, and studied P.P.E., which is short for philosophy, politics, and economics. Oxford was jolly good, but after two years they called me back and made me Deputy Chief of Staff. Almost before I knew it, we had a war on our hands. I was in command of two armored brigades in Sinai last fall, which proved to be all we needed."

When not fighting battles in Sinai or studying philosophy at Oxford, the Brigadier lives in Tel Aviv, with his wife, goes sailing, writes books on military subjects, and reads poetry. As might be expected of a professional soldier, his favorite poet is Kipling. "You know that poem of Kipling's called 'Cells'?" he asked us, and proceeded, glass in hand, to quote a verse:

"I've a head like a concertina, I've a
tongue like a button-stick,
I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm
more than a little sick,
But I've had my fun with the Corp'ral's
Guard; I've made the cinders fly,
And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering
drink and blacking the Corporal's eye."

He shook his head ruefully. "That splendid poem 'If' has been translated into Hebrew," he said, after downing his drink, "but I'm sorry to say that in Hebrew it sounds perfectly awful."

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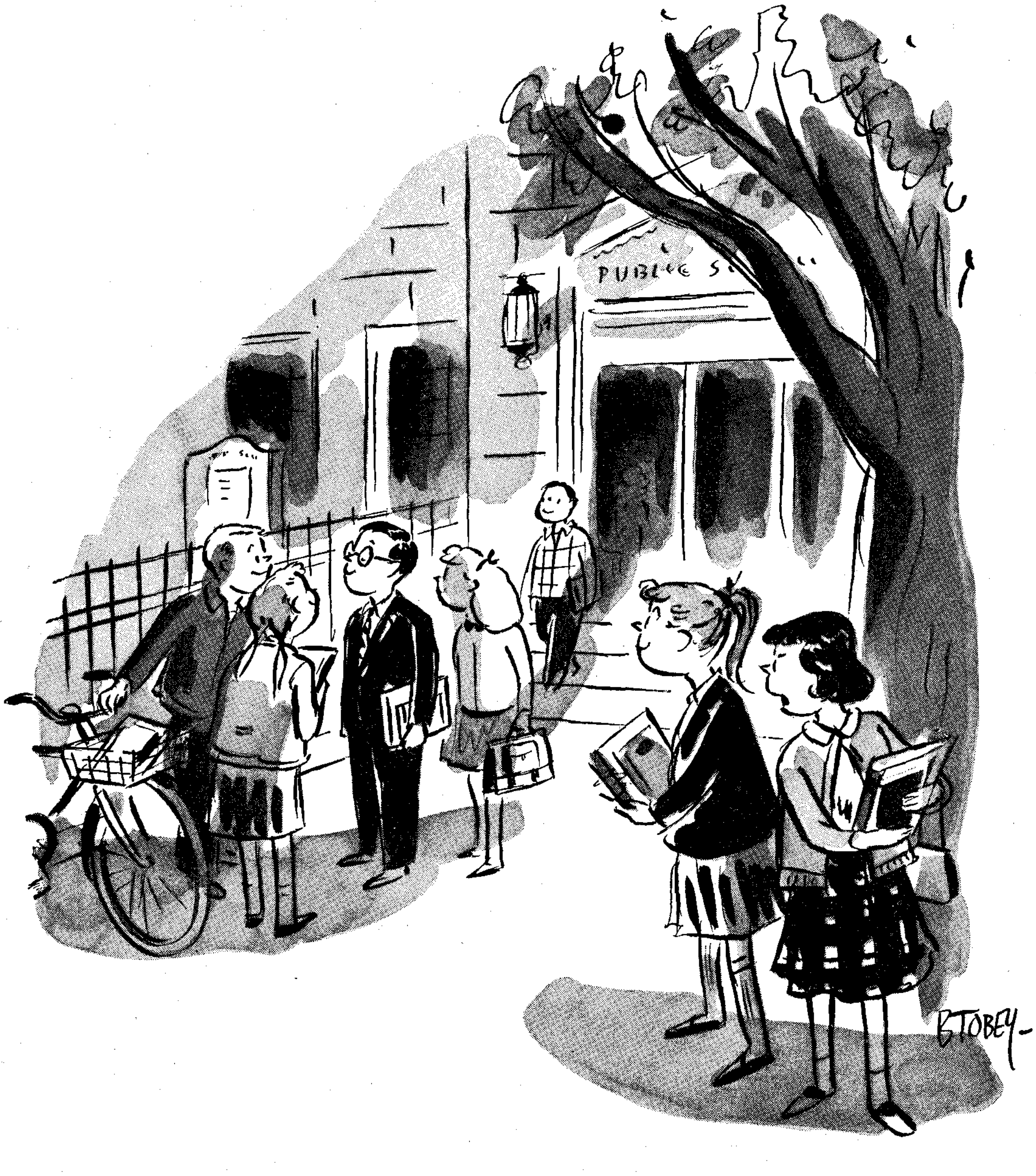
OVERHEARD on Seventh Avenue: "Harry's philosophy kills me. All he wants is to think nice about everybody, and then undercut them."



"Forget it! His winnings are tied up in a trust fund."

Ars Longissima

OUR eyes are still blurred with beauty after a series of peregrinations we undertook last week into the world of art. We weren't feeling at all like Ruskin when we set out on what was to develop into a cultural safari. What we had in mind was to buy a steak at Shaffer's Market, opposite the Colony Restaurant, at Madison Avenue and Sixty-first Street, but instead of finding butchers, properly engaged in carving fowl and steer, we found a narrow-gauge saturnalia—klieg lights, people drinking, a three-piece band playing calypsos, and walls that had once been hung with sides of beef adorned with paintings of naked women, clowns, and the like.

"What's up?" we asked a gentleman who was surveying the revellers with an authoritative eye.

"Just a preview of things to come," he said, and went on to explain that good old Shaffer's had moved farther uptown and been replaced by the Little Studio, which used to be in the Carlton House, across the street. "I'm Lee Nordness," he said. "Dick Kollmar—Dorothy Kilgallen's husband—and I started the Little Studio five years ago, to bring in new painters and new collectors. Then I bought him out. I have space for new artists priced up to a hundred and fifty dollars, and after they get into the big time, I put them in a room set aside for one-man shows. Have a drink and come back around midnight. Faye Emerson's giving an after-theatre champagne supper here. It'll be televised."

We abandoned Mr. Nordness and all hope of a Shaffer steak, and headed downtown to have a drink at the Cortile, a restaurant a couple of doors from our office. We were thinking long thoughts about steak while sipping a beer when a fairly massive bartender named Lew loomed over us. "You know what happened this afternoon?" he inquired.

We said we didn't.

"Well," he said, "first of all they bring in Socks Lanza, in handcuffs, to the Bar Association Building, next door. And the next thing, we open our own art gallery in the back of the restaurant."

We moaned faintly.

"This here art gallery is very hot stuff," said Lew, "and specializes in still-lifes and flowers. The reason for this is we only got two artists so far—George Mukai, a Japanese-American, and Billi Boros, who could be a Greek and who is also a girl. Mukai likes to draw vegetables on tables, and stuff like that, as I get it, and Billi is nuts for flowers. You got a minute?"

In a trice, Lew emerged from behind the bar and led us to the other end of the Cortile, where, on the mezzanine, we came upon the works of Mr. Mukai and Miss Boros.

"Classy, huh?" said Lew.

"Classy," we agreed.

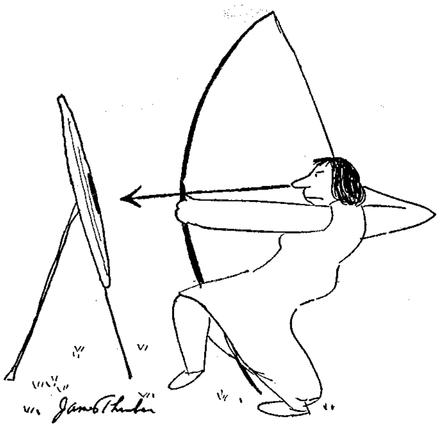
"That Mukai makes a scallion look so real you almost want to salt it," said Lew.

We agreed again, and, after also acknowledging that Mr. Mukai and Miss Boros had something on the ball, all right, returned to the bar. We were immediately buttonholed by a lawyer of our acquaintance named Fred Johnson. "Just the one I wanted to see," he said. "You know what's going on next door at the Bar Association?"

"Socks Lanza," we answered patiently.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Johnson. "They've taken him back to the Tombs, or maybe to Sing Sing. He pleaded the Fifth all along the line. No, it's not any Lanza I want to interest you in. It's the annual art exhibit of the Bar Association."

"Oh, no!" we said.



"Absolutely," said Mr. Johnson. "Come along with me."

Obediently, we trailed Mr. Johnson into the Bar Association Building, an impressive marmoreal heap, and were presently peering at "Round Hill, Jamaica," by Winthrop Aldrich; "Blue Table," by Alexander Lindey; "King of the Karakorams," by Samuel H. Ordway; "Books and Candelabra," by Gertrude Tetelman; "Candelabrum," by René A. Wormser; "Self Portrait," by Herman Mendes; and other creations, ranging from a dark-gray nude with red hair to an arrangement of colored stones wired to wood.

"Our clients rarely see this aesthetic side of us," said Mr. Johnson. "What hobbies the law leads us into!" He introduced us to a gentleman whose name we didn't catch but who, he advised us, could tell us all about legal art.

"It's a healthy outlet," the gentleman said bleakly.

"Do you ever sell any of these?" we said.

"Well," he remarked, and pulled thoughtfully on his lower lip.

While he was tugging away, we turned our attention back to Mr. Johnson, who had abandoned aesthetics long enough to get in a bit of shoptalk with a colleague. "When I represented Gardella," Mr. Johnson was saying, "I was *not*—and let me emphasize that '*not*'—attacking the reserve clause in any baseball contract as applied to a star player. What I was attacking was its application to the run-of-the-mill players, who make up the great majority."

We veered over to the lip-tugging gentleman, and found him, at last, ready to answer our question.

"Some people have sold paintings through the exhibit," he said.

"I don't know anything about art," said a lawyer standing nearby, "but when I had that curator on the stand, I really gave him what for." He beamed at his companion, a dour type, who was gazing glumly at the outline of a skull.

"What I like," said the dour man, "is pictures of kiddies."

The curator-baiter said it was all one to him.

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RATHER bushed from our encounter with art in its protean phases, we welcomed a breather offered by a non-cultural blowout that we'd been invited to at the Hotel New Yorker—an event designed to honor a television actor named Hugh O'Brian, who is famed as an avatar of Wyatt Earp, a two-gun cowtown marshal as quick on the trigger as the relief you get from three-way Anacin. When we arrived at what is called the Terrace Room of the hotel, we found ourself almost immediately in converse with a small, disconsolate child done up in a cowboy outfit and waving a brace of guns. "I'm supposed to be Wyatt Earp's little brother, or something," the small fry told us.

"What would you really like to be?" we asked.

"A spaceman," said the child.

We told him we'd get him a helmet, and peered about the premises. As rigged for Mr. O'Brian, or Earp, the Terrace Room resembled—the word is used loosely—a ranch. In the middle was a fenced-in enclosure populated by several youngsters in prairie garb. Around the corral, in mufti, circled a mass of individuals, unarmed, and dressed in urban style save for Western hats. One of them, a tall, formidable lady, took us in hand. "Why are you here?" she asked.

We started to mumble nervously, but then we noticed that the lady was paying us no heed.

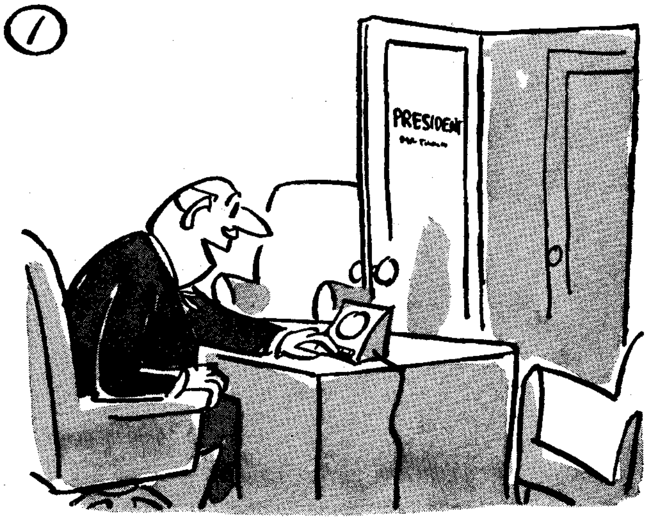
"You are here," she said, "to see what Wings can do, and who is Wings?"

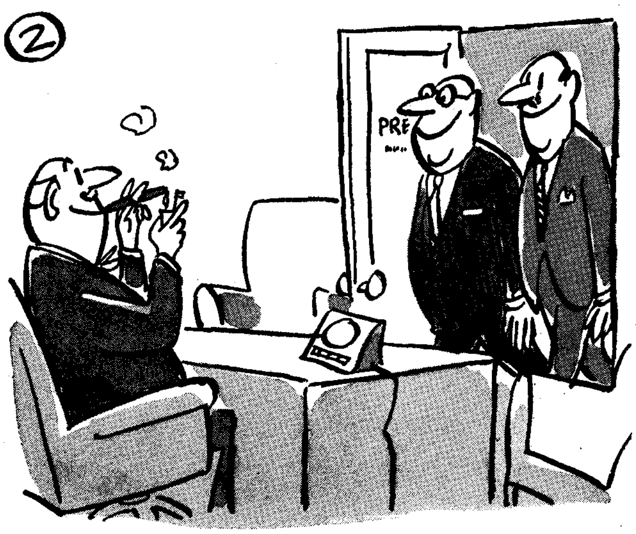
We informed her that our invitation said Wings was a shirt company.

"Wings makes everything—shirts, trousers, T shirts, vests," said the lady. "So what else does a cowboy want?"

The lady identified herself as Mrs. Irwin Sperber, secretary to Martin L. Morrow, who is the head of the Wings Shirt Company. While we were chatting with her, along came a Wings retainer, plainly in a state of high excitement. "Tell me, tell me, please just tell me," he gurgled. "Where is Hugh O'Brian? Forgive me for bringing up the subject, but it just so happens this party is supposed to be for him, and he is just an hour late."

The forlorn little boy whom we'd





met on arrival approached and asked us, "Do you like cowboy clothes?"

We told him we certainly did.

"I think they're itching me," he said.

We suggested he join the other juveniles in the corral.

"They're not real," he said, looking at us in wonderment.

We put on our glasses, and, sure enough, he was quite right—mannequins, the lot of them. Among the mannequins, though, was wandering one real child, two and a half at the outside, who wore no side arms. "Who's he?" we asked our small chum.

"Who knows?" he said.

We were confronted by various Wings representatives, each of whom assured us that there was nothing to worry about—that if we stuck around, Hugh O'Brian was bound to show up. By way of diversion, a guitarist, accompanied by a drum, began to line out "Don't Fence Me In." The old tune sounded nice to us, and for a few moments we strolled bemusedly about the ranch. While we were dreaming of the lone prairie, the two-and-a-half-year-old charged us from the rear, buckling our knees. "You Daddy, you Daddy, you Daddy," he said. We waved him away. "Isn't he charming?" a woman drinking a Martini exclaimed to us. "I always say," she added, "that if they are big enough to walk, they're big enough to be with the grownups. Don't you agree?" She walked off before we could say anything, and a man wearing a blue serge suit and a badge that read "Wyatt Earp, Marshal" led us to a couple of buffet tables, made up to look like chuck wagons, on the ground that we might like some chuck.

We ate a hot dog at one of the chuck wagons, and a man alongside us observed bitterly, "Earp's horse must have thrown a shoe." It hadn't, however, for just then along came Earp in the person of Mr. O'Brian, and he looked fine, just fine.

Inclusive

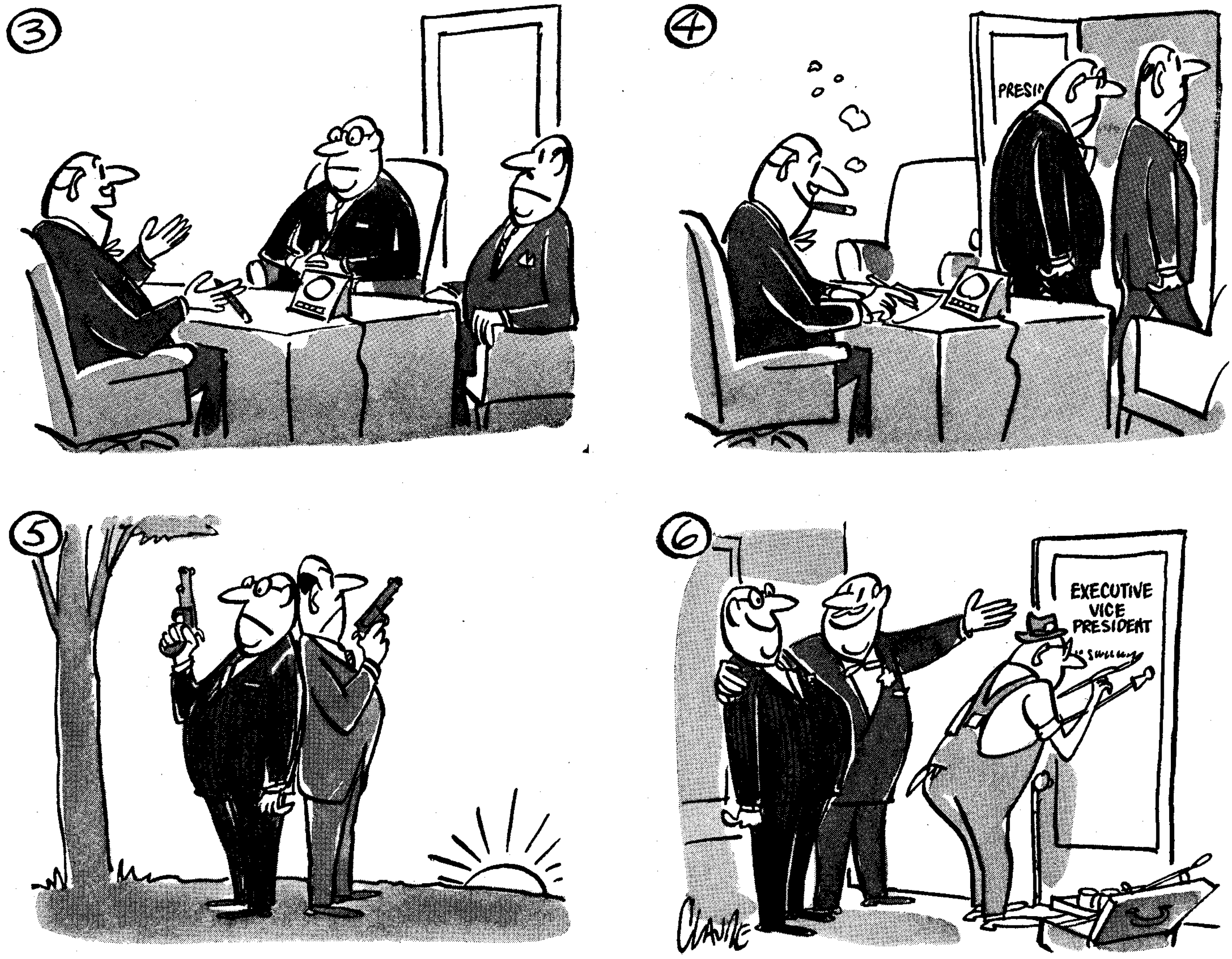
A FRIEND of ours, resident in Paris, had a typewriter man in the other day to repair his machine. When the thing was fixed, the repairman thumped out a sentence that, he pointed out, contained all the letters of the alphabet. It read, "*Monsieur, tu peux venir chercher de ce bon whisky que j'ai bu chez le forgeron du coin de la Rue Véronèse.*"

Nineteen and a Half Minutes

THE latest book by that eloquent appraiser of the past Miss Edith Hamilton was published in January. It's called "The Echo of Greece," it received universally favorable reviews ("masterly," "edifying," and "beguiling" were among the adjectives most commonly applied to it), and its sales are maintaining a lively pace. So, for that matter, is its author, who came to town the other day to deliver a speech before the Classical Association of the Atlantic States and with whom we subsequently had a delightful talk. Miss Hamilton happens to be eighty-nine, and is therefore one of the most venerable of current writers and speechmakers, but while we were in her presence it never occurred to us to reflect on the fact that she was born just after the Civil War. Miss Hamilton is as beautiful and wise a person as we have ever met, and we feel sure that her beauty and intelligence have been heightened, rather than diminished, by the years. In another decade, she will be all the fitter for our admiration.

Miss Hamilton, who was for many years head of the Bryn Mawr School, in Baltimore, lives in Washington, with an old friend and former pupil named Doris Fielding Reid, who accompanied her to New York, and who, we learned, is remarkable in her own right as a vice-president, and the head of the Washington office, of the august Boston investment firm of Loomis, Sayles & Co. The Hamilton family comes from Fort Wayne; one of Miss Hamilton's sisters is the well-known authority on industrial medicine Dr. Alice Hamilton, who is eighty-eight, and who came down to the city from her home in Connecticut to hear her elder sister address the Classical Association, while a brother, Arthur Hamilton, the baby of the family, at seventy-four, is a retired professor of Romance languages at the University of Illinois. "My father was well-to-do," Miss Hamilton told us. "But he wasn't interested in making money; he was interested in making people use their minds." In the early eighteen-eighties, Miss Hamilton came East to Farmington, to attend Miss Porter's Finishing School for Young Ladies; when she hinted that she would like to continue her studies elsewhere, Miss Porter was aghast. "It struck her as a most unladylike ambition," Miss Hamilton continued. " 'My dear Edith, you can become learned,' Miss Porter said to me, 'but, my dear Edith, I don't think much of learning.' "

Nevertheless, encouraged by her father, Miss Hamilton attended Bryn Mawr, won a B.A. and an M.A., and proceeded to Europe, where she contrived to become the first female student at the University of Munich. "They wouldn't let me sit with the young men," she said. "I had to take notes at a little desk on the platform, beside the lecturer. The head of the university used to stare at me, then shake his head and say sadly to a colleague, 'There, now, you see what's happened? We're right in the midst of the woman



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question.' " Miss Hamilton became headmistress of the Bryn Mawr School in 1906 and remained there until 1922, when she retired. Eight years later, at the age of sixty-two, she published her first book. It was called "The Greek Way," and was an instant success. "The Echo of Greece" is her seventh book. "Seven books in eighty-nine years is not very many, is it?" she asked, with a pretense of shame at having seemed to dawdle along the way. "And now I shall never write another."

"Nonsense, Edith!" Miss Reid said briskly. "You say that every time you finish a book, and every time it means a new one. But you've plenty of other things to do first, including getting your talk to the Classical people ready for the printers."

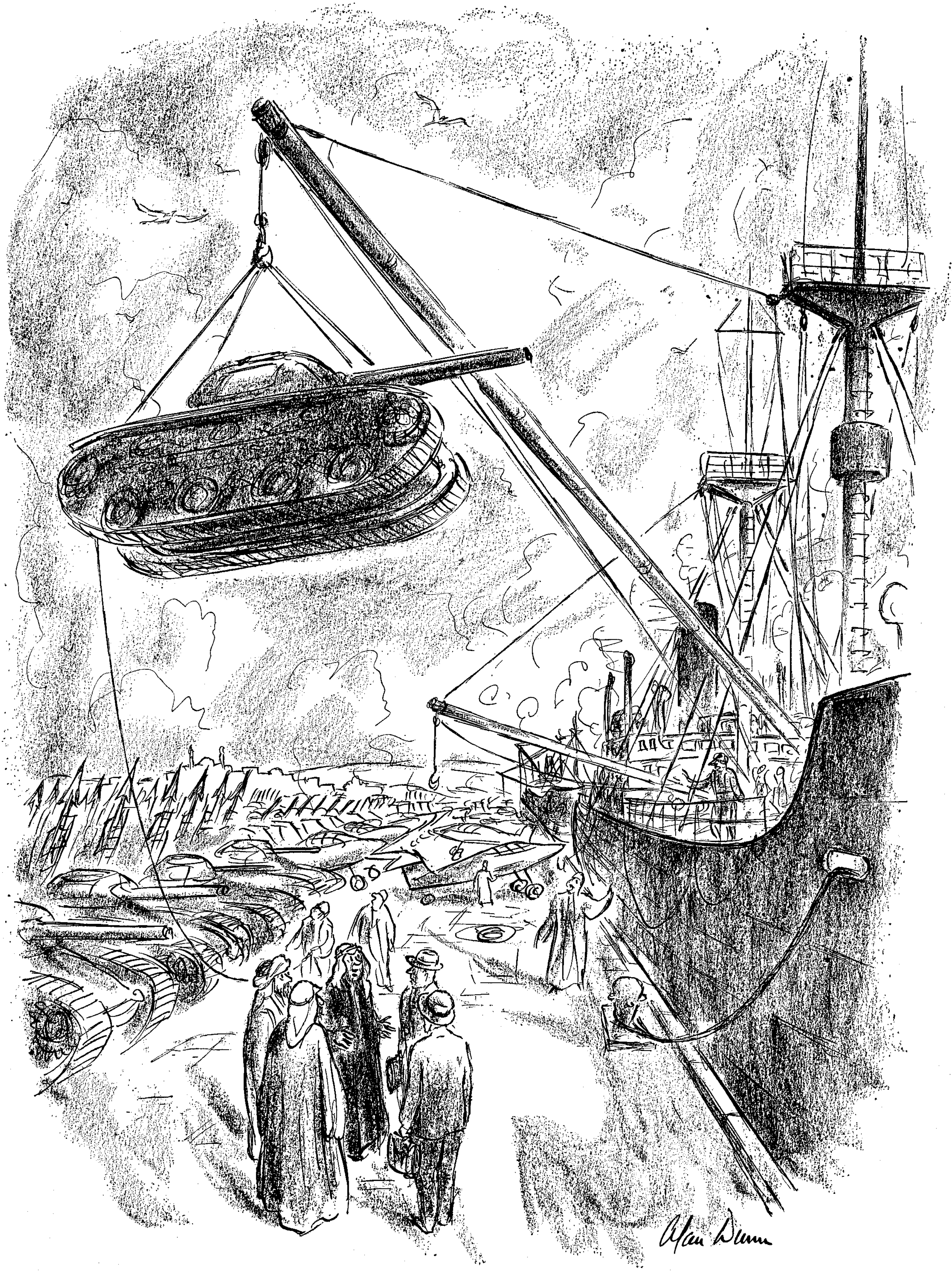
"Oh dear, I shall have to make it much more logical in print than I did in speaking it," she said. "When I asked how long I was expected to speak, I was told that all the speeches were to be limited to twenty minutes. I replied that mine would be that length, but I doubted if anyone else's would be. I know too much about the academic mind and how it loves to go on and on—so many voices saying so many things so many times. Once, at a party in Baltimore, I asked Henry James what he thought of American voices, after his long absence abroad. He said, 'My dear Miss Hamilton, throughout the length and breadth of this great country, they are a constant torture to my ears.' How long *did* I speak, Doris?"

"Exactly nineteen and a half minutes," said Miss Reid.

Miss Hamilton looked gratified. "Now let's talk about all the new novels," she said. "Who is your favorite contemporary novelist?" Then she held her beautiful hands up before her beautiful old face and exclaimed, in mock horror, "And *don't* tell me it's Faulkner! He's my pet hate."

Flag Day

OUR Third Avenue correspondent has just checked in with his report on the arrival of May in his area. "All hands," he informs us, "seem rather confused about the month's import. At one bar, I heard a man say, 'This is the time of the bull,' and in response I heard another man say, 'Bedamned, it was only by the grace of God that I narrowly escaped being a bullfighter or the like of that, for my birthday is April 19th.' " Our man, a demon for research, alleges that he wandered the long, indomitably conversational road from Costello's, at Forty-fourth Street, up to the *Gesundheit* belt, in the Eighties, and discovered nothing but confusion about May. "The Irish," he tells us, "are firmly convinced that May Day has something to do with the druids—the whole lot of them are crazy about trees—and the Germans, up the line, figure that May is when you get soused on bock beer or May wine. Anyhow, the barflies I talked to were agreed that during May all flags should be flown. I asked one gent in a bar near Fifty-fourth Street to explain this flag-waving to me. 'In memory of them that won't see another May,' he said, and it seemed a better-than-usual excuse for putting out the flags."



"Now, it's understood that this doesn't obligate us in any way?"

THE TRUE PRIMITIVE

Lily had not considered culture—as a word or anything else—until she fell in love. As soon as that happened, it, culture, descended on her. It was as if all the books Mr. Ransome had ever read were thrown at her, one after the other—Voltaire, Tolstoy, Balzac: the sharp names came at her, brutal spondees, brutally pronounced. She thought, though, that she hated the sound of Dostoevski most of all. "Yes, Dad," Mr. Ransome's two sons continually said, agreeing to rate Zola higher than Dickens if he wished them to, promising to remember what he had told them about Michelangelo. Painters' names were also part of the attack, but Lily thought they sounded gentler. She had felt curiosity about someone called Leonardo when first she heard him mentioned, and had wondered if he was Harry's cousin. When she asked Harry he laughed and referred her to his father, which meant three-quarters of an hour wasted sitting in the kitchen, listening, and then it was too late for them to go for their walk. Trembling with frustrated desire, she had learned her lesson; she asked no more questions and sat sullenly quiet whenever the enemy names began again.

Only winter courting seemed to be allowed; then, with the Thames Valley giving off impenetrable vapors or taking in, day after day, torrents of rain until the river rose and spread over the fields, Harry was free to go out with her; except, of course, for his two evenings at the Art School. They held hands coming back in the bus from the cinema, kissed beneath dripping trees in the muddy lane, choked and whispered in the fog.

"Silly notion, venturing out tonight," Mr. Ransome would tell them. "You've no right, letting her catch her death, Harry."

"I think it's easing up now," Lily would say. "Just the clearing-up shower. And a spot or two of rain doesn't do anyone any harm."

Mr. Ransome, with a daunting-looking book open in front of him, would be hurriedly unfolding his spectacles.

"We ought to be going," Lily whispered.

"Man is a political animal," boomed Mr. Ransome, wanting to throw as many words at them as he could before they escaped, but Lily had gone, was through the scullery and already standing in the wet garden, and Harry sent an apologetic smile back at his father and followed her.

"Good Lord," said Lily. "Once he gets going."

"He's a wonderful old man," Harry said.

"You're both afraid of him, I think—you and Godfrey."

"We *respect* him," Harry said sententiously. "He's been a good father, and since Mother died he has no one to read to in the evenings. He misses that."

She did the best thing, dying, Lily thought.

Mr. Ransome was a lock-keeper. He and his sons lived in a red brick cottage at the side of the lock. On hot summer afternoons, the garden was what people going through in their boats called a riot of color. The primary colors assaulted the eye; salvias, geraniums, lobelias, calceolarias were made all the more dazzling by everything being whitewashed that Mr. Ransome could lay his brush on—flower tubs, step edges, the boulders round flower beds, the swinging chains round the little lawns. In wintertime, it seemed that the garden could not really have been so bright.

Now in February, when all the locks down the river were closed, the cottage was lost in a caldron of steam, and the sad sound of the weir came drearily through the fog. Mr. Ransome wondered how Harry and Lily could prefer the sodden lanes to a nice fire and a book to read beside it. He read so much about great passions, of men and women crossing continents because of love, and enduring hardship and peril, not just the discomforts of a dark, wet night—but he could not see Harry and Lily go out without feeling utter exasperation at their fecklessness.

"It will be lovely when the summer comes," Lily sometimes said; but Harry knew that it would not be, if by "lovely" she meant they would have long evenings together in the golden meadows or walking along the towing path. "He does like us to get out with our sketching, Godfrey and me," he said.

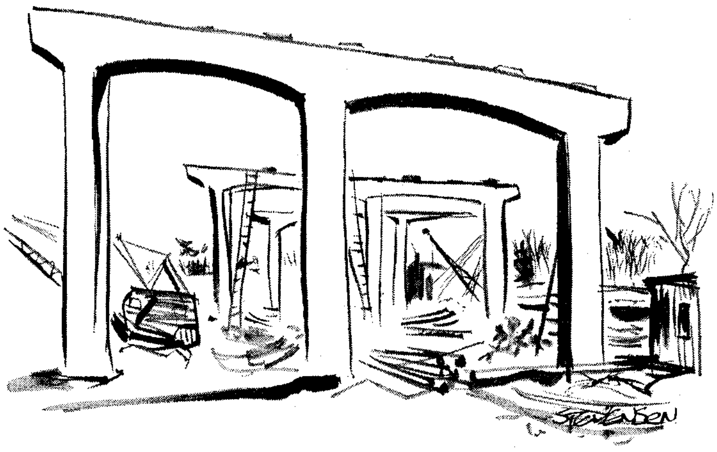
"I don't mind. We can go miles away. You can sketch with one hand and I'll sit beside you and hold the other."

"We couldn't very well do that, you see, because Dad likes to come out with us."

"I can't think why you bother with it when you've got such a nice job."

Harry knew why he bothered. His father, self-taught painter, had once had a picture hung in a local exhibition—an oil painting, moreover. "I jib at nothing," he had explained. The bright, varnished scene hung in the parlor now. "It was not for sale," he said, when no one bought it. Jibbing at nothing, he had used a great deal of paint and had, in some way, caught the hard, venomous colors of his own garden. "The Towing Path of a Sunday" was inscribed carefully on the frame. The white chains stood out thickly on the canvas, like icing; the chestnut trees had pink cones of blossom stuck about them and dropped down sharp ovals of shadow on the emerald grass. "If I had of had tuition . . ." Mr. Ransome so often said. He would see to it, he added, that his sons should not look back and have to say the same. In their earliest days they had been given paintboxes and sketching blocks. He had taken the boys to London to the National Gallery and shown them the Virgin of the Rocks and, standing in front of it, lectured them on Leonardo. They had not known which was more painful—their embarrassment or their shame at their own disloyalty in suffering it. Young as they were at the time, they realized that he was much stared at—the thin, fierce man with his square beard and so old-fashioned clothes—but they could not help feeling that he deserved it, booming away as he did in the echoing gallery. They even began to think that he expected to be noticed and took pleasure from it.

Harry and Godfrey, articled in respectable offices in the nearby town, were not yet quite a disappointment to him; for many great men mature late, their father reminded them, reach their height after middle age:



Voltaire, for one. They went on with their art classes at evening school and were painstaking enough in their desire to please; but, sometimes, looking at them and then at their feeble paintings, Mr. Ransome could not help thinking that passion was missing from them.

"They are not on fire," he mourned. "As I have been."

Then Harry met Lily and seemed, to his father, to be less on fire than ever. "But it will come," he encouraged his sons. It must come. What had been in him so powerful a desire, so bitterly a failed attempt, could not be wasted, must be passed on, and in greater strength, too, if things were to turn out as he considered just.

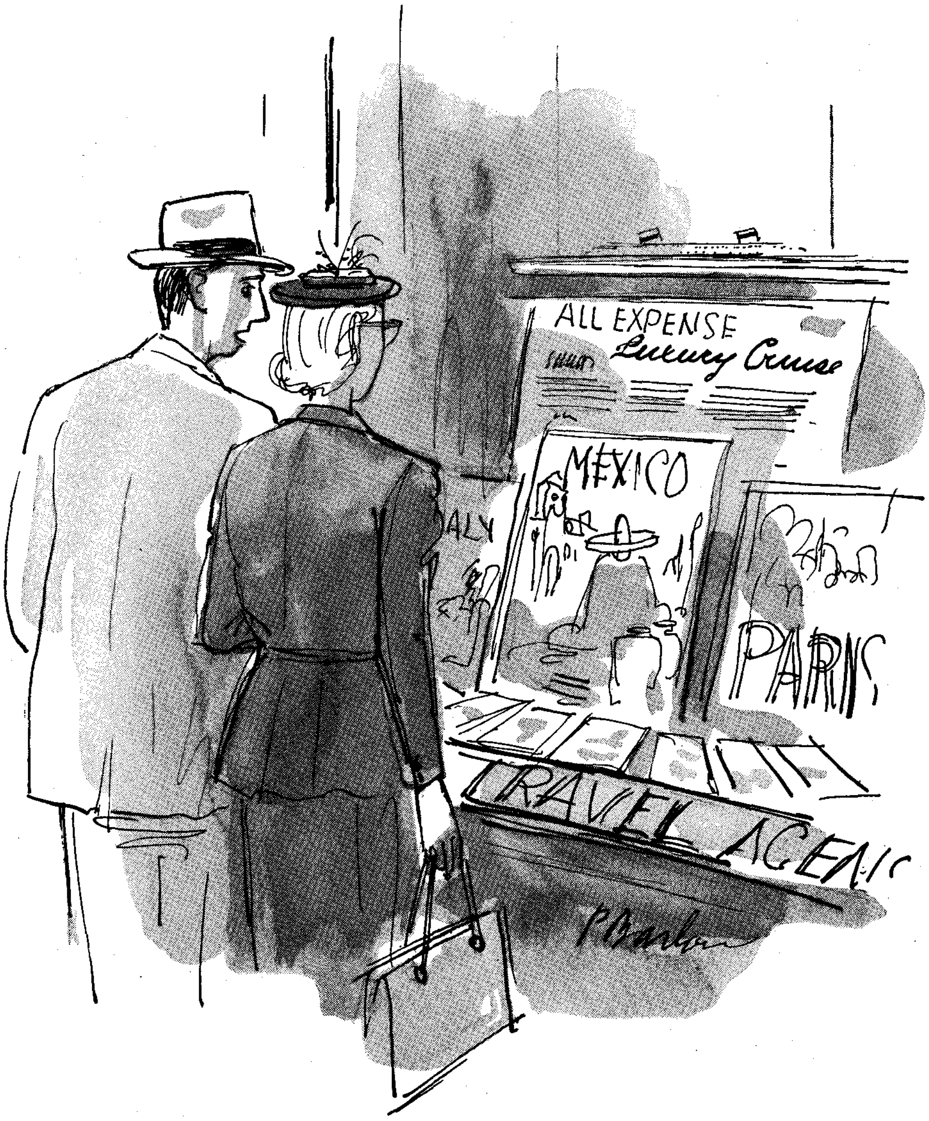
Lily, impinging on his plan with her sly, mincing manner, her pout, and her impatient sighs, was the eternal female enemy. He had built a bastion, a treasure house for his sons, with all the great names they had heard from the cradle, the learning he had struggled for to make their inheritance. It had come too easily, he realized now, and Harry would rather spend an evening talking inanities, lowering his mind to Lily's level. His attitude towards her was vexing, suggesting that he was willing, eager, to learn something from her, and even that she might be able to teach it: suppliant, receptive, he was with her; yet it was surely for him to instruct, who knew so much, and dominate, being a man, and to concede, whatsoever he felt inclined to concede; not beg for favors.

Mr. Ransome thought of his own happy married life—the woman, so gentle and conciliatory, listening to him as he read. Into those readings he had put the expression of his pleasure at being able to share with her the best he had discovered. She had sat and sewed, and, when she raised her eyes to look for her scissors, she would also glance across at him, and he, conscious of her doing so, would pause to meet this glance, knowing that it would be full of humble gratitude. She had never been able to comprehend half of what he offered her, she had muddled the great names, and once dozed off after a few pages of Stendhal; but something, he thought, must have seeped into her, something of the lofty music of prose, as she listened, evening after evening of her married life. Now he missed her and so much of the sound of his own voice that had gone with her.

How different was Lily. The moment he began to read aloud, or even to quote something, down came her eyelids to half-mast. An invisible curtain dropped over her, and behind it she was without any response, as if heavily drugged. He would have liked to stick pins in her to see if she would cry out; instead, he assaulted her—indecently, she thought, and that was why she would not listen—with Cicero and Goethe, Ibsen and Nietzsche and a French poet, one of his specials, called Bawdyleer. Having removed herself, as it were, she would then glance at the clock, wind a curl round her finger and suddenly let it spring back against her cheek. Distracted by this, Harry would murmur, "Yes, Dad, I remember you telling us." So Mr. Ransome had lost them both. "Come here," Lily seemed to be enticing his son. "Come behind my invisible curtain and we can think of other things and play with my hair and be alone together."

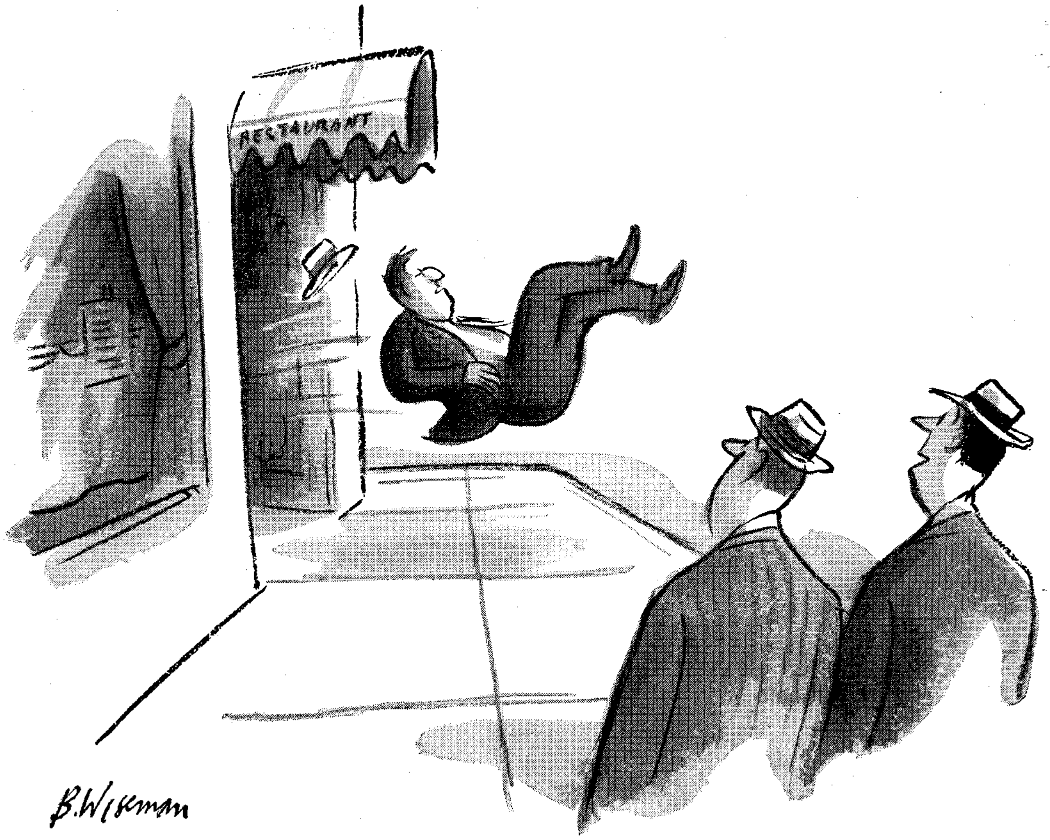
Sometimes, but very rarely, Mr. Ransome would manage to catch her unawares and force one of the names on her before she had time to bring down the curtain. Then her manner was rude and retaliatory, instead of vague. "And who, pray, is Dostywhat's-is-name when he's at home?" She knew that Mr. Ransome was her enemy, and felt not only malice in his attitude towards her but something she might have defined as obscenity if she had known how much that word could mean.

He—for he was at heart puritanical—had once or twice delighted to indulge in a bout of broadmindedness. She should learn that he and some of the great thinkers of the world could face the truth unflinchingly, and even some of the words the truth must be described in. To the pure, he said, all things are pure; he watched Lily's look of prim annoyance, implying that to her they obviously were not. He was defeated, however, by the silence that fell—Lily's and his son's. His remark, made to seem blatant by being isolated and ignored, repeated itself in his own head and he felt his cheeks and brow darkening. He did not want to appear to have any impurity in his own mind,



"Be sensible, Mildred. You know perfectly well we're still paying for our last Fly-Now Pay-Later."

and quickly bent down and rearranged the coals on the fire.



"Well, I see they finally got their liquor license."

THE spring was beginning; the puddles along the rutted lanes were blue, reflecting the bright sky, and lilac trees in cottage gardens bore buds as small as grape pips. Although the darkness fell later, the interval of daylight after tea was of no use to Lily, for Mr. Ransome had his two sons out, whitewashing and weeding and trimming. "We shall have no time to do it once the season has begun," he said.

"But what about us?" Lily asked Harry.

"I can't help but what give him a hand of an evening. It wouldn't be right to leave it all to Godfrey."

"It sounds as if the summer's going to be just as bad as the winter."

All along, Harry had known it would be worse. In the summer, the lock was always full, boats jostled together, smart women in motor launches stared through their dark glasses at men in rowing boats wearing braces and knotted handkerchiefs on their heads. In the narrowness of the lock they were all resentful of their proximity to one another, and were glad, when the water had finished rising or falling, to see the gates opening slowly. The locks were an ordeal to be negotiated, not made easier by the passersby on the towpath who stopped to watch them lying exposed below and hoped that they would ram their craft into the gates, or take the paint off one of the white launches.

Steamers came through at intervals and then the lock was a well of noise, with someone thumping at the piano in the saloon and cheery messages thrown from deck to towing path; glasses of beer were held up to tantalize and the funny man of the party, wearing a yachting cap, sang "A life on the ocean wave is better than going to sea."

The pretty stretch of river, with its willows hanging down to the water and the brilliance of the lock garden, brought artists, with folding stools and easels, who took up much of Mr. Ransome's time. Such an old character they thought him, forgetting—as, of all people, the English should not—that characters are encouraged at the cost of their families' destruction. He showed them his own painting of the same scene and they were enraptured. They called him a true primitive and talked of the Douanier Rousseau.

On summer's evenings, after days of advising these amateur artists, talking about himself, bringing in a great deal about Leonardo, Mr. Ransome behaved as if he had been drinking too much. He boasted, belabored his sons with words, and then, from too much excitement, surrendered to self-pity. It suddenly seemed to him that he had wasted his life. He had seen this on the face of one stranger after another. You! they had been thinking. A man who has all the great Masters at his fingertips and can summon from memory one thundering phrase after another—who would expect to find you in such a backwater, living so humbly?

"You two, my sons, shall make up for me," he told them. "Then I have not lived in vain."

" 'I am the teacher of athletes,' " he intoned. " 'He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width of my own, He most knows my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher.' "

"Yes, Father," said his sons.

"Walt Whitman," he added, giving credit where credit was due.

Lily, who had given up working in a shop to become a laundress, now had Saturday afternoons free. The full significance of this she told Harry when they were lingering over, postponing from minute to minute, their farewell embrace in the dark lane near her home. To draw apart was so painful to them that, as soon as they attempted it, they suffered too much and flew together again for comfort.

"It must be gone eleven," she said. "Dad's tongue will curdle the milk. But guess what, though. Did you realize?"

"Realize what?" he mumbled, and lifted her hair from her shoulders and kissed underneath it, along the back of her neck, with busy little nibbling kisses. In a curious and contradictory way, she felt that he was so intent on her that she no longer existed.

"Why, Saturday afternoons, of course," she said. "You'll be free. Now I'll be free as well." She could not help noticing that the kissing stopped at once.

"Well, you do know weekends in the season I have to give Dad a hand," Harry said.

"It isn't the season yet. We'll have a fortnight before that. I can meet you any time after dinner. Sooner the better," she whispered and raised herself on tiptoe and put her warm mouth against his. He was unhappy and she became angry.

"Say about teatime," he suggested.

"Why not earlier?"

She knew, although of course she could not see, that he was blushing.

"Ever since we were little, Dad's

liked us to be together on Saturday afternoons."

"What for, pray?"

"Just to have a quiet time together. It's a family custom."

Now she could feel him blushing.

"If you ask me, he's round the bend," she said loudly. "And even if you don't ask me, he is."

She pushed Harry away and began to walk down the lane towards her home. He followed her. "And so are you," she added. She did not turn her head as she spoke, but the words came back to him clearly. "No wonder that girl Vera Webster gave up going out with Godfrey. She could see the way the wind was blowing. 'Dad likes this' and 'Dad likes that.' I'm sick and tired of Dad, and one of these days I'll tell him so. 'You and your Bawdyleer,' I'll say, 'you boring old' "—her voice rose and trembled—" 'codger,' " she cried. "And you, too." She had reached her gate, and she threw it open and hurried up the path.

"Saturday teatime, then?" he called after her anxiously.

"Saturday nothing!" she shouted back, and she lifted the latch and went in boldly to face her father's sarcasm.

"You're in early this morning," he said. "The milkman hasn't been yet."

THE next day, her beautiful anger had dissolved. She had enjoyed it while she indulged in it, but now her words haunted and alarmed her. Perhaps they had meant the end of Harry's love for her, and so of all her hopes. Her future life with him dissolved: a whole council house full of daydreams—trousseau, wedding presents, pots and pans, dainty supper dishes, baby clothes, cradle, even a kitten asleep on a cushion. She imagined Harry going to work and then on to his evening class, his head tilted proudly back, the stain of anger on his cheeks. The day after would be Saturday, and if it turned out that he had taken her at her furious word, she could not endure to go on living.

"Not going out with Harry?" her mother asked her, when Lily began to wash her hair at the kitchen sink on Saturday afternoon.

"I think love's sweet song has run into a few discords," her father said. "*Very* hoity-toity words, coming up the path the night before last."

Lily poured a jug of water over her head and so her tears were hidden.

By four o'clock her hair was quite dry. Harry had not come. She was restless and felt herself watched by her mother and father. Soon she decided that there was, after all, nothing to stop her walking along the towing path for a breath of fresh air. It was a public way and there was no one who could stop her. It would be a sorry thing if, just because of Harry Ransome, she could never walk along the riverbank again.

It was a bright and blowy evening. She met no one. At every bend in the lane, she expected to see Harry come hastening, full of apologies, towards her. Then she came to the river and still no one was in sight. The water was high, after the winter's rain, and flowed fast, covered with bubbles, bearing away scum and twigs and last year's leaves. The sound and look of it completed her depression.

With her head turned towards the river and not in the direction of the cottage, she walked along the lockside. She went on beyond it a little way and then turned and sauntered back. The kitchen window was dark, but from the parlor a light fell faintly through the wooden shutters, which had been drawn across the outside of the window. This seemed quite strange to Lily, for it would not be dark for some hours to come, and in all the months she had known Harry she had never seen anyone go into the parlor except to fetch a book. She remembered Harry's shame and reluctance when she had tried to make plans for this afternoon, and an unreasonable suspicion overtook her that he was in that shuttered room making love to someone, that he had known beforehand that he would be doing so, and, knowing, had gone on kissing Lily—though he had had, she admitted, the decency to blush. She stepped quietly onto the little plot of grass and hesitated, glancing round her. There was no one in sight and not a sound except for the river. She went softly across to the window and listened there, but there was a shameful silence from within. Her heart beating with great violence unnerved her, and only the extreme tension of her jealousy enabled her to lay her hand on the shutter and move it gently towards her.

The light in the room was not so very bright; but she could see Mr. Ransome facing her not two yards away, standing upright in a strange stiff pose with hand on hip and one knee slightly bent, his beard jutting forward and his expression fixed. A rosy glow from an oil-stove close beside him fell over his completely naked body.

Their eyes met. His widened with surprise, Lily's with horror. Then she slammed back the shutter and leaned against it for a moment, sick and trembling. Through the narrow slit between the shutters she had not seen the two sons, sitting unwillingly but dutifully behind their easels. Terror, in any case, had quite put the thought of Harry out of her mind. She was afraid that Mr. Ransome would come leaping out of the house after her and chase her down the towing path, naked and mad as he was, shouting Balzac and Voltaire after her. She summoned all her strength and turned and ran across the lawn, as fast as she could go, away from the cottages, and her legs were as heavy as lead, as if she were running in a nightmare.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

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NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

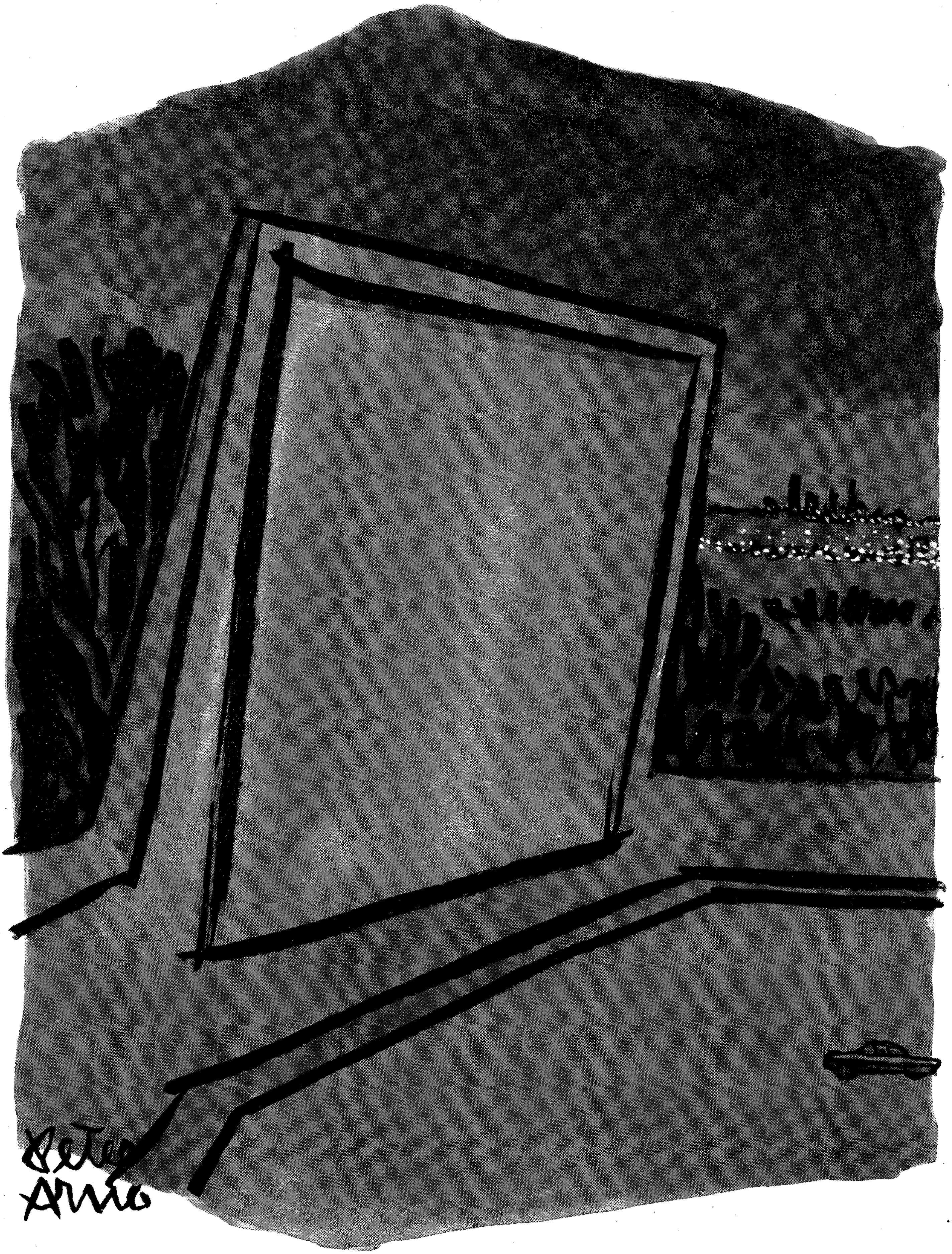
That's enough, I said to the mourning dove,
Quite enough. Now be quiet awhile.
And enough, I said to the snuffling horse
Beating the life out of the grass
By treading one track in the field round and round.

And enough, I said to the probing ant
And the nibbling caterpillar,
And you, O thrush, who lift your voice
Of watery joy twice over twice.

Enough, you moles, you farmering worms,
You groundhogs who spade and plow.
Enough, roots grappling, trees thrusting
Vast systems of life tenaciously down.

Hush, you crickets. Stop, you brook,
You clouds sailing, you rain falling.
Enough, birds, bulbs; enough, seeds, bones;
Enough. I'm done with motion.

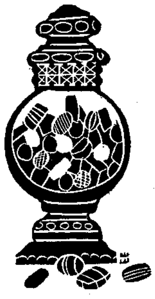
—JEAN GARRIGUE



"I don't think it's an intermission. I think it's over."

MUGUET PORTE BONHEUR

May Day. When I was a child, the first of May meant May baskets—and woods. Even in Germantown, Philadelphia, at the end of the Wayne Avenue trolley line, there were woods, real woods where you picked Mayflowers, arbutus, and quaker-ladies—tiny gray blossoms obviously named after elderly gray-bonneted Friends like my grandmother. You lined your sweet-grass basket (bought from descendants of Chingachgook the summer before in the Poconos) with tender young ferns, you filled it with the wild flowers you found at the end of the trolley line, and you hung it on the knob of your mother's bedroom door before she opened it the morning of May Day. When the flowers were dead, the basket was supposed to become a "hair receiver." (That was the era when ladies slipped on combing jackets before brushing their long, unpermanented hair.) Since I remember buying those baskets year after year (for one thing, my Quaker family were dead set on improving the lot of the Indian), it suddenly occurs to me that, laid end to end, they would receive far more hair than my mother could ever conceivably have parted with. What did she do with those baskets? Give them away? To whom? All our friends were surfeited with sweet-grass baskets—they were about the only product for sale in the Poconos except for balsam pillows and birch-bark canoes, and anything made of birch bark was on the Quaker Index. Thee Must Not Strip Bark from Birches. Thee May Not Pick Wild Gentians, Lady-slippers, or Cardinal Flowers. No Fourth of July Firecrackers for Fear of Frightening the Birds. —But, those hair receivers. Were they packed in the boxes that went out to The Poor every Christmas? Did they surreptitiously sweeten our winter fires? I wish I knew.



May Day also meant Maypoles, and girls in homemade bodices which were intended to recall Merrie England (but weren't there Dutch caps on our heads?) winding streamers under and over, to the tune banged out on the gymnasium piano by our Latin teacher: "*To* the Maypole le-et us on, the *time* is swi-ift and *will* be gone." The study of anthropology was not included in our Friends' School curriculum. We skipped in ignorant innocence to the Elizabethan tune. Even when I moved on to Bryn Mawr College and its elaborate May Day ceremonies, I still hopped and skipped, I blush to admit, completely unaware of the meaning of the ancient ritual I practiced.

But at Bryn Mawr, thanks to the Liberal Club, I finally caught up with the modern significance of May Day. I remember making a pilgrimage to Union Square in New York City the terrible year the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti hung in the balance. For years afterward, my pastoral associations with the first of May were overlaid with grim reminders from my social conscience. Instead of skipping, I marched.

Then, finally, I went to Paris in the spring. By some miracle of chance, I arrived on May Day. Probably the Métro, the taxis, the porters were all on strike—frankly, I don't remember. I was met by a beau carrying a bunch of lilies of the valley. "*Muguet porte bonheur*," he said, handing me the flowers and saluting me on both cheeks, thus incontrovertibly establishing himself as an adopted son of France. When we walked out onto the streets of Paris (Had he exchanged the bouquet for my heavy luggage, the poor thing?) there were *muguets* everywhere, in great baskets on the flower stalls, in expensive florists' windows, on lapels, and in the hands of smiling pedestrians. I remembered my "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm": "The French are a gay and polite people, fond of dancing and light wines." I forgot my social conscience. On that May Day, drinking light wines, I danced.

And then, a few years ago, I spent a quiet, wet spring in a borrowed guesthouse on an estate in the village of N——, forty miles outside Paris. The château connected by a stone passageway with my two-room house (one small room above the other) was closed. The walled garden with its box-bordered walks was bare because of the late, cold spring. The woods were black and silent until a cuckoo finally tried to wake the season with its maddeningly repeated call. Only the rooks responded—the same rooks that rose with outraged squawks from their nests high in the plane trees when M. Dufour, the gnomelike gardener, banged away with his rifle. The only people I conversed with were M. Dufour, when he brought wood for the two fireplaces that heated my house; Mme. Jérome, the wonderful old caretaker for the château, who brought me trays of delicious country food three times a day; and the *patron* of the village bar, who shared his philosophical conclusions with me. Civilization, he told me, had always moved, would always move, was moving now, *toujours vers l'ouest.* From Mesopotamia to Greece, from Greece to Rome, from Rome to Paris, from Europe to America. Take Paris itself! From the Boulevards to the Bois; from the Bois to Passy—! Since our tiny Seine-et-Marne village was to the east of Paris, civilization, Monsieur le Patron seemed to say with a fatalistic shake of the head, had left us behind. Each discourse ended with a shared imbibing of local wine, my treat for the evening amounting to about four cents. Then I walked once around the village, circled by ever-curious schoolboys on bicycles, past the shuttered windows that lined the streets, past the farmyards lighted by twenty-watt bulbs, back to my hearth warmed by M. Dufour's generous logs. Perhaps there would be *crème fraiche* for supper. Each time I dipped into that delectable substance, neither whipped cream nor sour cream but a subtle blending of the two, each time I loaded my crusty bread with cheese from the neighboring Brie country, I silently refuted my pessimistic friend.

The bread, baked fresh every day, arrived with a fanfare that woke me up every morning. Fast asleep, I would hear as part of my dream a long, nostalgic, romantic horn call, a haunting flourish of sound that transported me back to the days when stagecoaches made the trip from N—— west to the Paris boulevards. Once or twice I almost persuaded myself that I had embarked on An Adventure like the ghostly experience of the two redoubtable English schoolmistresses who encountered Marie-Antoinette at Versailles. Then, as my eyes opened to the day, I would hear Mme. Jérome bargaining with the baker in the courtyard before her little house, the duplicate of mine, at the other end of the château. Soon coffee and hot milk and fresh bread and sweet butter would appear at my door. It was like the fairy tale: *Tischlein, deck' dich*—and there was a little table spread before me.

Sometimes, at noon, I could eat my meal on the sheltered terrace in front of my house. Sometimes there was sun. Then I would walk through the woods to the place where the goddess of the grove presided over us—over Mme. Jérome, M. Dufour, the fat rabbits in the hutch, the goats in the field, and me. The goddess lived not in a tree but on a pedestal. She was not quite life-size, of lichened gray stone, but she was of

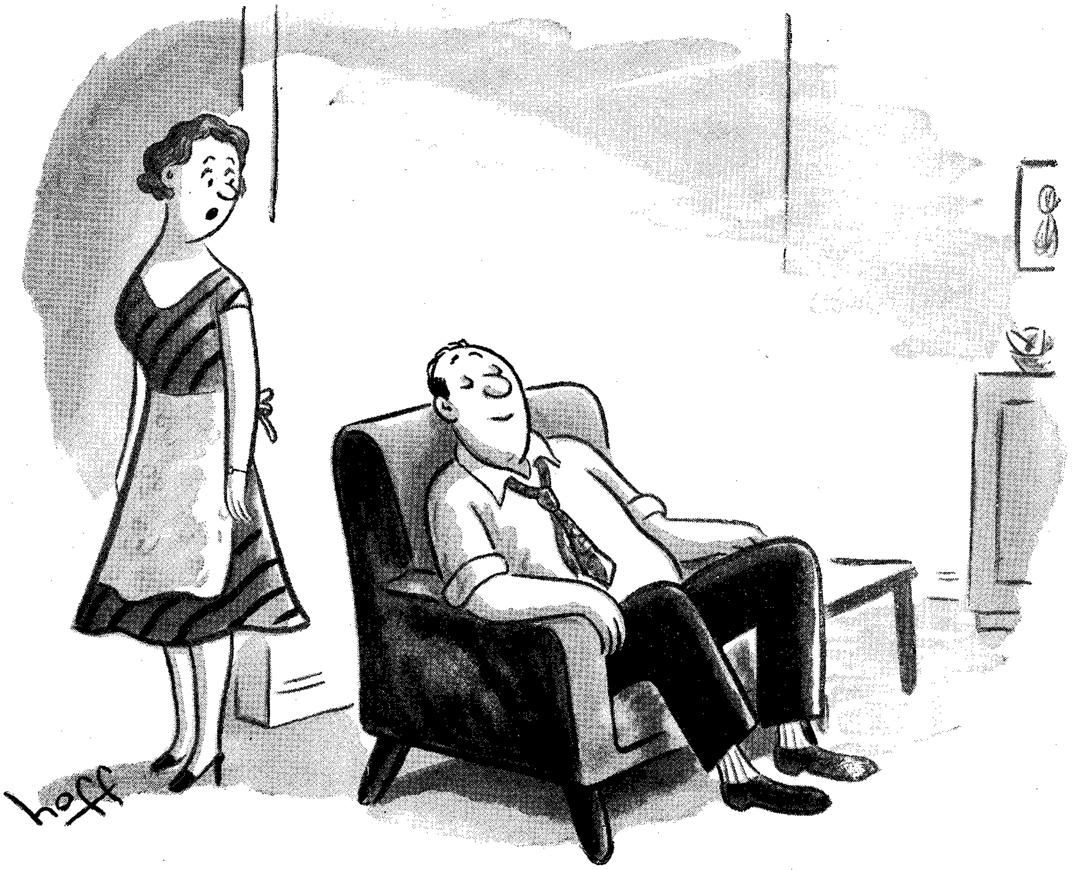
Greek inspiration and authentic lineage. I would pay her homage, stooping to pick the daffodils that carpeted her grove, when they finally appeared. Then one day I saw that among the green leaves of the lilies of the valley growing there a few tight little buds were beginning to show. I remembered the first time I saw Paris, and I reported the *muguets* to Mme. Jérome, standing in her doorway. May Day was only a week off.

Mme. Jérome nodded her wise, cool head, and folded her black shawl tightly around her. "*Bien*," she said, in a surprisingly businesslike voice, "*tr-rès bien.* Anne-Marie!" Her granddaughter, a buxom girl who lived in a town some distance away, occasionally came on Sundays to visit her grandmother, and surely ought to be in school this April weekday, materialized from the dark interior of her grandmother's house. Her face was not only sullen, it was scratched. So were her bare arms and legs. Her grandmother proceeded to tell her, in a tone of severe satisfaction, that Madame (meaning me) had detected the flowering of the *muguet.* What did Anne-Marie mean by saying they couldn't be picked?

I added my protestations to Anne-Marie's. I hadn't said they were ready to be picked, only that I had seen a few buds.

Mme. Jérome folded her shawl tighter still. "And M. Jean?" she asked her granddaughter rhetorically. "You will tell him you are sorry, no *muguets* before next month? You will let that *vache* take over our place?"

Anne-Marie's sulky reply was incomprehensible to me. Who was M. Jean? Who was the cow? I had so obviously put the child in the wrong I beat a cowardly retreat to my side of the château, where the unaccustomed sunlight on my terrace tempted me to sit outside.

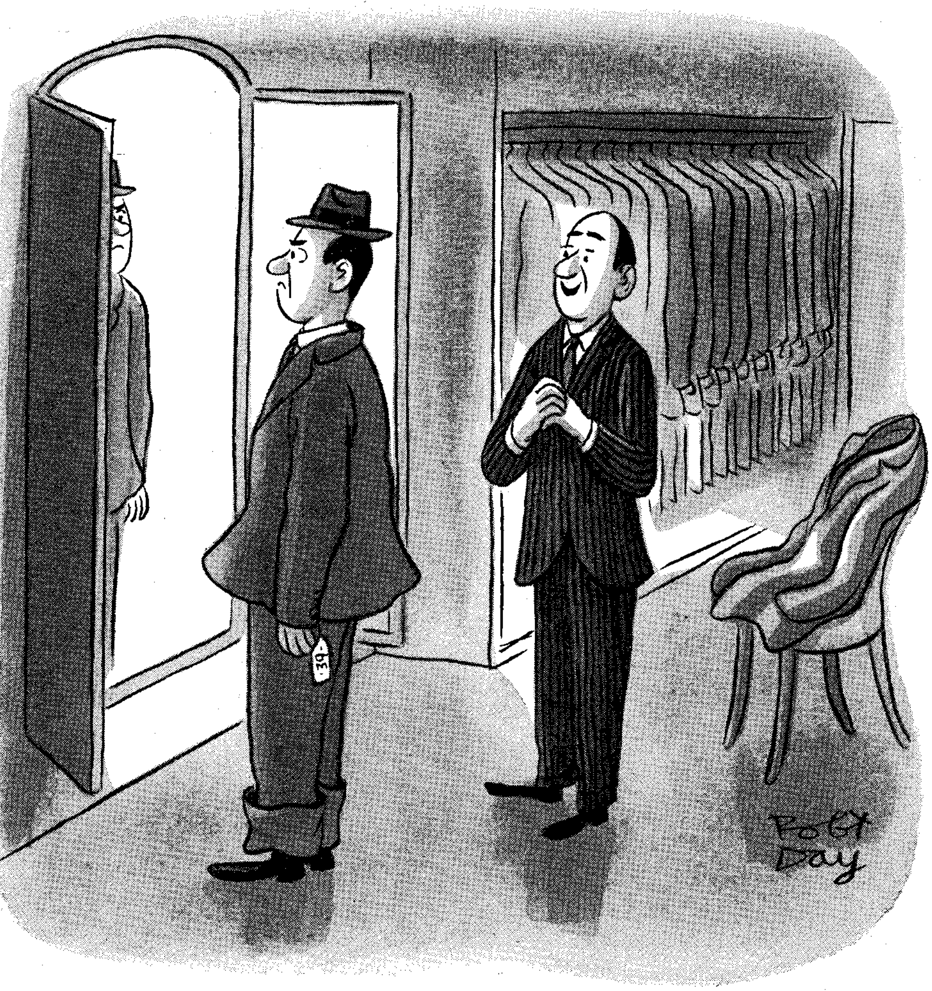


"It frightens me sometimes when I realize you're my sole means of support."

THE Petit Trianon, as the château was called because of the twin doll houses on either side of the main building, had at one time been enclosed by a high wall, according to an eighteenth-century engraving the present American owners had shown me. My hosts had lowered the wall to permit a long vista across the fields to the river flowing gently past them to the sea. But the road to the village church divided their lawn from the meadows, and was a right of way. The villagers of N—— were as anticlerical as their revolutionary forebears who had hacked the heads off the statues in the pretty, almost abandoned little church. I had seen no traffic to speak of on the road. Until that day. That sunny afternoon in late April, there was a sudden buzz of activity. Children on bicycles whizzed past me (Was it a school holiday? The Easter vacation was over); farm carts trundled; decrepit automobiles rattled; determined-looking women strode along on foot. Dramatically, a large truck made an entrance, whirling up to the gate of the château with a series of deafening blasts of the horn. Cars, carts, bicycles, women converged on it. A man got out of the cab, climbed to the back of the truck, and started haranguing the crowd. He was interrupted by shouts and murmurs. Some new form of taxation? Would there be bloodshed? Mme. Jérome had opened the gate leading to her courtyard and now stood there, arms folded, obviously defying the orator. Anne-Marie, still sullen, stood a few feet behind her. This was no business of mine, unless my hosts' property was about to be sacked. Nevertheless, I approached close enough to hear spirited bidding, if brave attempts on the part of the man in the truck to beat down the demands of the opposition could be called bidding. Finally he capitulated, shouting an angry acquiescence that precipitated what looked like a rush for the gold fields. Anne-Marie sprang into action. She was the first to reach the truck, the first to be handed a large basket. She was off like a hare, streaking across the fields toward the river. When one of the cars, loaded with human freight loaded with baskets, took off after her, Mme. Jérome started toward it with clenched fist and maledictions that promised vengeance within or without the law. Shielding her eyes with one hand, shaking her fist with the other, she watched the car swerve wildly into a track that roughly paralleled Anne-Marie's course across the fields. The other vehicles scattered in different directions, the other pedestrians ran with their baskets in a bunch resembling the start of a marathon.

I touched Mme. Jérome on the shoulder and asked her what they were doing.

She paid no attention until Anne-Marie's stocky figure had disappeared among the trees in a copse bordering the river. The dust kicked up by her rivals on their longer route was still



"Simply rinse in lukewarm suds, hang to dry, and it will spring back to its original shape."

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visible. "Um," she grunted then, and banged the gate to. She produced a massive key from her pocket and locked it with a satisfying click. Then she shrugged her shoulders apologetically. "It's the *muguet*," she said. "M. Jean buys for the Paris market. It's late this year, of course, and he tried to lower the price." She peered through the bars of the gate at the distant copse. "That has always been our place," she said, pointing her finger toward it as if she were sighting a pistol. "I sent Anne-Marie there this morning. The *sale vache* who claims she owns it has put up barbed wire, and the child came back because she thought the *muguets* weren't ready to be picked. They'll have to be forced, naturally."

Who would have to be forced? The *muguets*? The pickers? The *facteurs* like M. Jean? All three, I guess, I thought disconsolately, and returned to my peaceful terrace.

UNTIL long after dark, all was quiet in N——. Once or twice I heard faraway shots, not nearly as loud as the bangs of M. Dufour's rifle, which was silent. The rooks scarcely answered the call of the cuckoo. When I went for my evening apéritif, Monsieur le Patron was alone in the café. "Everyone out picking *muguets*?" I asked.

He folded his newspaper carefully, took off his glasses, glanced at the clock, poured me my glass of wine. "Yes," he said. "The men have gone to fetch the women and children."

"Won't you have one?" I gestured toward the bottle. He thanked me with his usual courtesy, and poured himself a drink, but no discourse followed. No comment, even, on the news of the day. I glanced at the headlines. A sex murder, the kind that ordinarily prompted some of his weightiest remarks. I cleared my throat. "Your family—they're all out picking?" I asked.

"No, Madame." He drew himself up stiffly and glared past me, at the wall. Involuntarily, I looked behind me. Nothing there. "Picture to yourself," he said, in the sepulchral voice he reserved for predictions of the imminent collapse of civilization. "They have begun to string barbed wire in our forests, the glades where our families have gone to pick the *muguet* for generations. My youngest daughter, a girl of ten, was creeping—*creeping*, Madame, on hands and knees, through the place where her grandmother picked the *muguet* before her, when—bang!—her innocent face collides with barbed wire strung across the glade *at this level*." He came out from behind the bar to show me his hand held a foot above the floor. "At this level"—he lifted his hand to indicate the height of a fence—"yes. It is allowable. One crawls under." He ducked to illustrate the maneuver. "At this level"—down to a foot again—"it is barbarous. In America such a thing could not happen—yet. This year I have forbidden my family to pick the *muguet*."

Poor little Anne-Marie, I thought, and swallowed my wine. I walked rapidly, unattended for once by circling bicycles, back to the château. Ordinarily, a small gate at the side of the carriage gate was left open for me. Tonight I had to ring the bell, setting off a noise like a tocsin. Mme. Jérome came out of her house carrying a lighted lantern. "Anne-Marie?" she said, lifting the light to see my face.

"Only me, Madame," I said. "Anne-Marie isn't back yet?"

At that moment, the evening silence was shattered by a rumbling and clitterclatter. Cars with weak headlights, carts with lanterns, unlighted bicycles emerged from the gloom, the passengers dropping off like surfeited bees. From the shouted thanks, I gathered that most of the pedestrians had been given lifts on the return trip. Not Anne-Marie. Mme. Jérome began making anxious inquiries. Hadn't anyone seen her? One ominous voice replied that there had been some shooting over there—the speaker gesturing toward the river. I ran for my flashlight.

When I got back to the courtyard, Anne-Marie was there, bloody but triumphant. She had returned on foot, alone in the dark. Yes, she had been shot at. They had missed! The blood came from barbed wire crisscrossing the patch of *muguet* her family had long since established their right to pick. Nevertheless, she had filled her basket. Her grandmother embraced her proudly. The family honor was vindicated.

I turned my flashlight on the basket. Spindly little greenish-white bells like baby peas. They could be forced, naturally. I leaned down to sniff their fragrance, listening to the gleeful chatter above me. Yes—the fresh, cool odor of May woods. Yes, Paris would have her May Day. *Muguet porte bonheur.*

—MARY LOUISE ASWELL

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

ALL she said was that the little delft bowl she had bought for an ashtray was a bargain, and Martin started to get angry. He had just come home from work, having walked the half mile from the railway station, and he looked warm and uncomfortable. "A bargain!" he said loudly. "How can an ashtray be a bargain? We don't need any more ashtrays. Saving money is a bargain. But another ashtray!"

Laura knit her brows and stiffened her chin—but what came out was a half-smothered laugh. "Oh, Martin, don't say anything more about that ashtray. You'll only make a dreadful gulf between us," she said, feeling terribly witty. "A dreadful gulf," she repeated, smiling.

Without another word, Martin started up the stairs to the second floor of their apartment, a garden duplex in Pelham. He took off his coat as he went, and Laura saw that his shirt was damp in places. But it was only May, and Martin claimed it wasn't proper to wear a summer suit until June. Laura called after him, "You haven't time for a shower. Stu's coming in fifteen minutes."

Martin groaned, and continued up the stairs. A few seconds later, Laura heard a drawer being dragged open, then banged shut.

She bit her lip. She was a tall, blond girl of twenty-seven, with a handsome, rosy face, so healthy and high-colored that people—strangers on the street, salesgirls, teachers—tended to smile at her with pleasure. Long ago she had decided that she was somehow unthinkingly comic; all her talk was brightened by this feeling. "I don't think you're made of money!" she shouted up the stairs, grinning. She heard another drawer being jerked open. "Oh dear," she murmured. She headed for the stairs, paused, turned, and hurried to the kitchen and stuck her head out the back window. "Faith!" she called to her three-year-old daughter, who was sitting, playing intently, in her sandbox. "Faith, don't you dare leave that sandbox!" Then she ran back to the stairs, and halfway to the top she slowed to a walk. Martin, in the bedroom and shirtless, was pawing through a drawer. "I just straightened that drawer," she said querulously—actually it had been two weeks before. "Please don't mess it up." His mouth set, Martin continued to rummage. "I can't help it if your suit's too hot," Laura said. "Someday you'll be glad we have a delft ashtray."

Martin looked at her, still angry.

"You oughtn't to get mad at me so often," Laura said, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Are you really crying?" he asked suspiciously.

"Oh!" Laura said. "Oh! You're impossible!" She flung herself on the bed.

Martin drifted nearer to her. "Laura?" he asked delicately. Laura sniffled. "Laura, we have to save our money if you want another child next spring."

"The money came out of my food budget."

"But you could have put that money in a savings account. Even if it's the food budget, it's still money."

"It only cost two dollars," Laura said, sitting up. "Two measly, dirty dollars. And it's real delft. You know what? You're only mad at me because you got hot on the train. Well, I'll tell you something," she said, beginning to smile in spite of herself. "You're not slaving your life away for me; I'm slaving my life away for you." She thought that outrageously funny; she roared with laughter.

Martin stared down at her. "Yeah?" he said. "Women outlive men." He stalked into the bathroom and turned on both taps in the basin.

Laura rose and trailed after him and leaned against the doorjamb. "We could practice suttee," she said, "if you wanted." Then she added slyly, "Your life isn't so hard. I see you're putting on weight."

"God *damn* it!" Martin howled, bent over the washbasin. "Do you have to insult me?" But his back quivered. Laura saw he was on the verge of laughing.

Faith, at the foot of the stairs, called up, "Mommy, why do I have to stay in my sandbox?"

Laura thought for a moment, and said "I'm coming," and started down the hallway. Martin flicked his washcloth at her. Laura let out a squeal and ran down the stairs, her husband pursuing her as far as the landing. There he halted, leaned over the banister, and squeezed the last drops in the washcloth over her head.

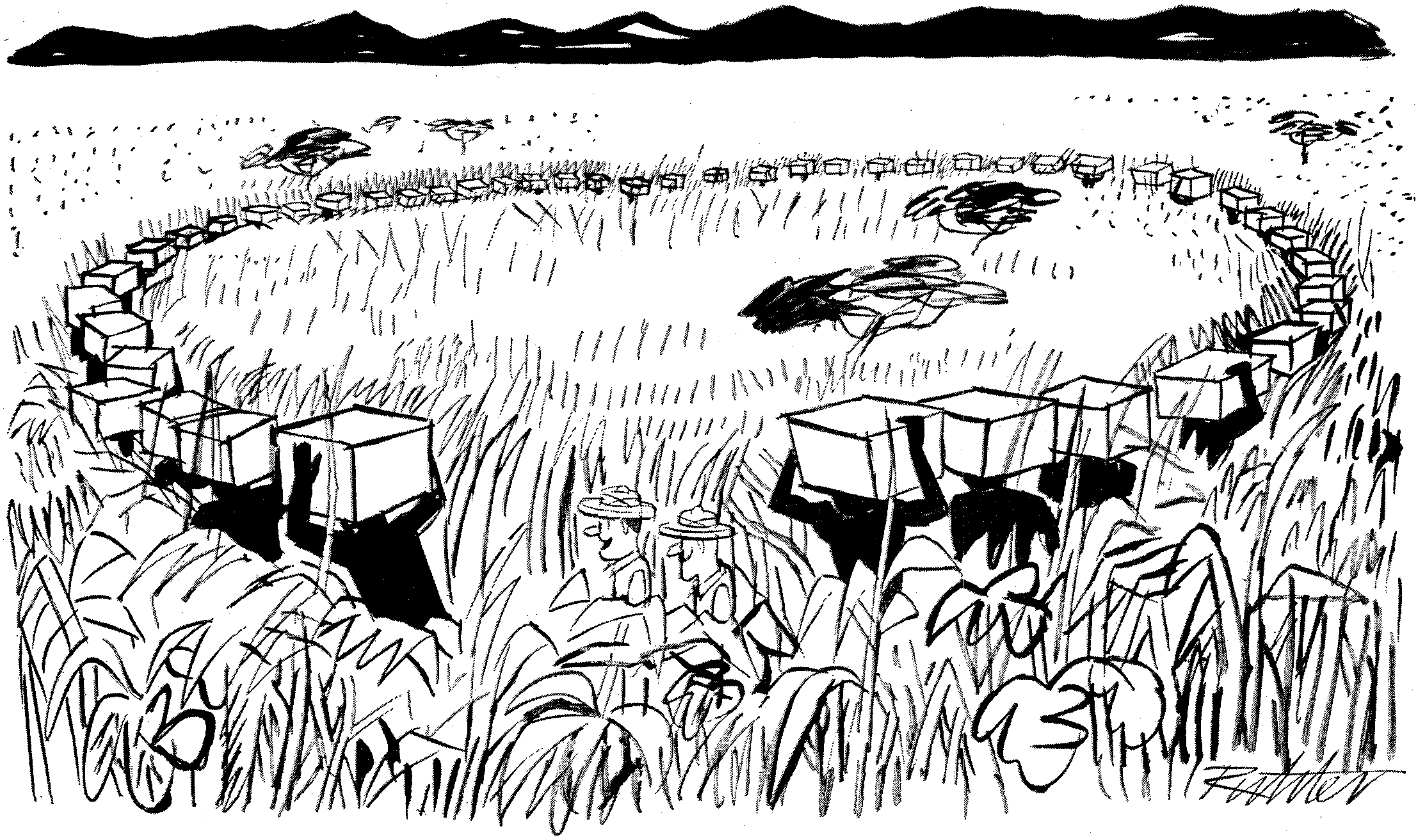
"Not in front of the child!" Laura said.

"I'm infantile," Martin said, looking at her in a funny way, confused and tender. "I'm too young to have a wife," and he turned back up the stairs.

Laura had scooped up her daughter and started toward the kitchen. A horn honked—a little, wizened, foreign horn. "Stu's here," she called up to her husband, and hurried into the kitchen to take care of the dinner.

Martin rushed into the bedroom and resumed his search in the bureau for a comfortable shirt. "Ah!" he said, and hauled out of the bottom drawer an old red-and-white faded cotton shirt with slightly ravelled sleeves. He had bought it his second year in college, the year he and Stu became roommates. Stu had been tall, gangling, irretrievably gloomy then, whereas Martin had been cheerful, athletic, and, though he didn't suspect it, almost deliriously happy. Martin played baseball for the college and basketball for the fraternity; he drank a little too much, because everyone did; every fall, he fell in love—in a way—and if that romance didn't last through until summer, he fell in love again in the spring. Stu had looked up to him. Stu had daydreams in which he saved

TIRED BLOOD
FBModell



"There's a welcome sight! I'd begun to think we were lost."

• •

Martin from drowning. And he had other daydreams in which Martin drowned and he sent a telegram to Martin's parents. Now Martin stood in front of the mirror, in a faded sport shirt that was a little tight under the arms.

The self he saw was six feet tall, with broad shoulders and a squarish, amiable face, and twenty-eight years old.

He broke away from the mirror, still buttoning his shirt. He had two buttons to go as he burst out of the house onto the front stoop. Stu had turned around in the traffic circle at the end of the dead-end street, and was trying to maneuver into a tiny parking place between two cars—this even though there were empty places all along the curb big enough to hold trucks.

Through the opening in the roof of the little foreign car Stu's hand appeared, making a circle with thumb and forefinger, and there sounded a challenging whistle. Martin watched Stu whip his car backward, forward, throw the wheel back and forth, and make it on the third try. "No oversize American tub could do that," Stu called out as he closed the panel in the roof.

Martin finished buttoning his shirt and stood with his hands in his pockets, smiling vaguely toward the street, remembering college, hardly conscious that he was doing so.

Two little boys about seven years old wandered up to the car and began to talk to Stu. Stu, trying to ignore them as he climbed out of the car, managed to wedge himself between the steering wheel and the seat. He turned pink. One of the little boys said, "But why do you drive such a little car, Mister?" Martin turned and went into the house; he didn't want Stu to know he had seen the episode.

A minute later, Stu appeared at the front door, his face still pink with irritation. "Scrofulous bastards," he muttered, and with Wagnerian rage stamped up the stairs to the bathroom.

Martin ambled out to the kitchen. Laura had set out two cans of beer on the top of the icebox. "Don't we have any whiskey we can offer our guest?" he asked plaintively.

"We're saving money."

Faith sat in a chair at the table, eating spaghetti and cucumbers, her favorite meal. "Tony threw sand in my eyes," she told her father.

"Again!" Martin exclaimed. He looked so large and concerned, so vague and helpless before the mystery of rearing a daughter, that Laura suddenly arched her back and felt quite passionate. Martin leaned over and kissed her.

"You might try *kissing* me sometime," Laura said, enraged. "Peck, peck, peck, nothing but pecks. It's a wonder I stay faithful."

"You damn well better not talk like that!" Martin cried, his face turning dark.

Laura huddled against his chest. "You're jealous," she said. Placatingly, she added, "I'm glad you're jealous." Martin's heart slowed its beating; Laura could hear it through the faded old sport shirt.

"I'm not jealous," he said. "Is that lamb chops I smell? How wonderful."

"They're cheap," Laura told him. "They're probably stringy."

Martin picked up the cans of beer and put them on a tray with two glasses and an opener; he walked into the living room carrying the tray, chanting "Poverty, poverty, poverty."

Stu was halfway down the stairs. He was carrying his jacket and he had begun to loosen his tie. He looked bitterly at Martin. "If you tease me about my car, I'll kill you."

"My God!" Martin exclaimed. "Everyone's so fierce. What for? What does it get you?"

"I don't know," Stu said. "It's ego, I guess." He sounded slightly ashamed of himself. He dropped his coat and tie on a chair and then looked questioning-ly at Martin. He was asking if Laura would mind the coat on the chair. Martin shrugged. Stu shrugged, too, and the two of them sat down. Stu selected a small modern chair with wooden arms. He groaned. "This is the world's most uncomfortable chair, right here, under me, at this very minute."

"It was cheap," Martin informed him. "How's the job going?"

"I went through hell today," Stu said. "My boss's secretary is a bloodsucker. She hates me."

"I know, I know," Martin said, feeling almost paternal. "Secretaries are sheer hell. My boss's girl does a lot of work with the eyes, you know. And she has this fake accent, as if she just escaped from the daisy chain."

"What daisy chain?" Stu asked.

"The one at Vassar, I think," Martin said. "Hey, Laura!" he called out. "Where do they have the daisy chain?"

"The daisy chain?" said a voice filled with incredulity. "Oh, the daisy chain. I think it's Bryn Mawr."

Stu lowered his voice. "My secretary's not a bad girl. She's young," he said deprecatingly. "She's nice."

"Pretty?" Martin asked, unconsciously lowering his voice, too.

"So-so," Stu said. "She's built, though. She's really built."

Laura appeared in the doorway. "I can't hear what you're saying. Please talk a little louder."

Stu blushed and mumbled something about the hydrogen bomb.

"Yeah," Martin said. "That was some blast. Did you see the photographs in the papers?" Laura disappeared into the kitchen.

"Sure," Stu said. "The big boom-boom."

Martin was slouching so much he was practically recumbent. He supported his glass of beer on his belt. "I guess we're as good as done for," he said gloomily. "All those crazy slobs in the Pentagon."

"I know, I know," Stu said. "But our National Honor is at stake. The Swedes are going to have it, too. Next it will be Liechtenstein. We'll all be half rotten with radiation in a few months. Children with two heads—"

"Hey!" Laura called out. "Either you two talk louder or I'll come in there and let the lamb chops burn."

"Talk louder, Daddy," Faith echoed.

"Let's change the subject," Martin whispered.

Stu nodded. "Sure."

"Tell me," Martin said, "why don't you sell that car if it makes you so mad?"

"I can't sell it," Stu said. "It was too big a bargain."

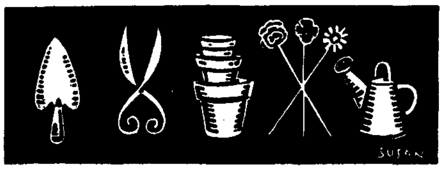
There was a sudden, nearly insane peal of laughter from the kitchen. Martin started to laugh, too.

"What is it?" Stu asked, baffled.

"Never mind," Martin said. "If we explained it, you wouldn't think it was funny."

"You know who I saw in Best's the other day?" Laura asked from the kitchen. "Mary Lou Glover. From Smith. You remember Mary Lou, don't you?"

"You know what I wonder?" Stu said. "I wonder where all the shlunks come from. You at least have a family to come home to. I'll tell you what," he said, suddenly brightening. "Let's go talk to your daughter. . . ."



Faith was polishing off a bowl of pudding. She looked up sombrely at Stu. "Hello, Stu," she said.

"Uncle Stu," her mother corrected her.

Stu cupped one hand to his mouth and the other to his ear.

"*Brrring*," he said. "*Brrring*. Your telephone is ringing."

"Mommy, Uncle Stu is calling me on the telephone," Faith said ecstatically.

"Hello," Stu said. "Are you there?"

"Hello," said Faith, with rapture. "I'm here."

THEY were sitting around the dining-room table. It was eight o'clock, and Faith was getting

POEM FOR YOU

Always have these clear sounds been in your ear:
The goat's clatter climbing across the wall
To reach the olive branch where leaves flash, darting
Like fishes, silver and green. Always you hear
The voice of morning, and afternoon's long call
Of open air, and the whip of evening smarting
The sky and herding in slow clouds like sheep
Over the horizon's hill—simple,
Simple as the taste of bread, simple as sleep,
And far away, farther than mountain people,
In little white towns, dreaming chores of butter,
Milk and hay, without a cause to utter,
Without a dream within a dream reversing
Dreams away. And always in your eyes
Are shadows, blue and amber, interweaving,
And fabrics of bright grasses and rough skies,
While hunter and the frozen hare assemble,
While pine cones drop and all the forests shudder,
Though death is simple to the forest people;
And on the moss the orange salamander
Is like a wink of daylight, time's reminder
That nothing ends and nothing really matters
Except to you, except to you. Wind grew
With rain to shake the scarecrow into tatters—
And nothing really matters, except to you.
And always your hands learn, always your touch
Tells the season in the stone or branch
With weather's words, with wet, with shivering,
And tells a tale of underwater people
Whose tides are like your own; like you they sing
All comings and all goings are so simple:
Nothing to take with us, nothing to bring.
You have not ever known that air can smother
Or that it is a foreign element,
That what you hear and see and touch together
Is never what you feel or what is meant,
That nothing ends and nothing really matters,
That what you love is always almost true
(Wind grew to shake the scarecrow into tatters)
And nothing really matters, except to you.

—ROBERT PACK

• •

sleepy. Two lighted candles stood on the table, and their flames swayed in the current of air that came through the open windows. The candlelight made Faith and Laura look exactly alike.

"Gee, that was a good dinner," Stu said. "I can't tell you how I enjoy being here. All week I've been nervous."

"The chops were a little tough," Laura remarked, "but they had a nice taste, I thought." She clapped her hand to her mouth. "I'm not supposed to say that, am I?"

"Sure you are," Stu said hurriedly. He thought she really was embarrassed, and his face was concerned. "You're an awfully good cook."

Laura smiled. She sighed. "Faith," she said to her daughter, "you have bags under your eyes. I think we should start getting ready for bed."

Faith pouted. "I don't want to." She was glassy-eyed with the long-drawn-out pleasures of the evening. She leaned forward and put her arms around her mother's neck. "I don't want to, Mommy."

"It's bedtime," Laura said.

"It's all right," Martin said. "Let her stay up another minute or two. I couldn't bear it if she started to cry just now."

There was a sudden silence all around them. The candles flickered. Stu sighed.

"The fireflies will be out soon," Laura said. "It always seems like summer to me then."

"You put them in a jar," Stu murmured. "Faith will chase them and catch them."

"What in a jar?" Faith asked. One small hand rubbed at her eye.

"I used to collect beetles," Martin said. "I wonder if the rosebush we put in is going to bloom."

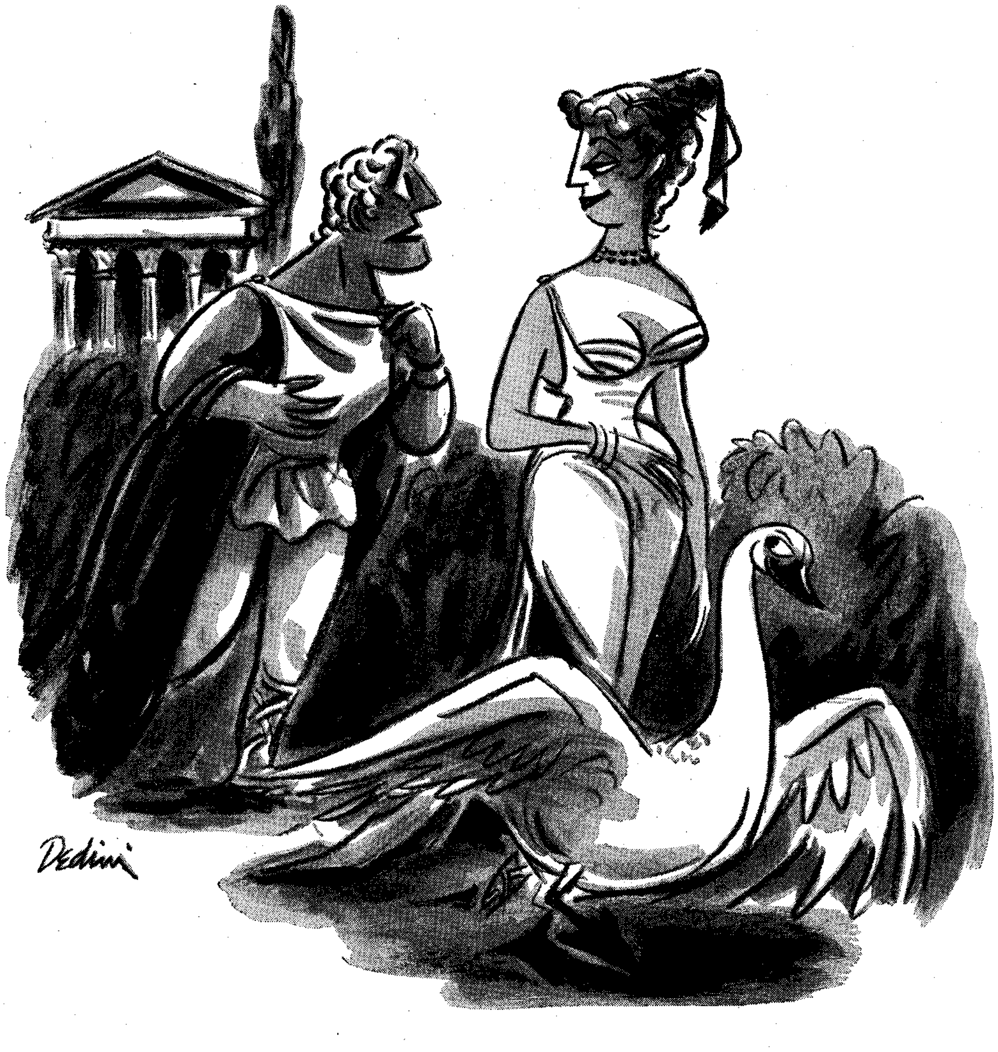
Faith yawned. The moment seemed to spread out around the four people and pause and hold them all.

"I have to put her in bed. She'll be overtired in another minute." Laura straightened up in her chair, placed her hands on the table edge, and blinked her eyes. "I have to let the maternal force build up," she said. "All right, Pumpkin. Bedtime. Allez-oop." And she stood up, lifting her daughter at the same time in her arms. Faith attempted to cry out, but she was too sleepy and made a tiny drawling sound instead. Her head spilled forward on her mother's shoulder. Laura carried her upstairs.

The two men looked at each other, almost shyly. "You know," Martin said, "I have some Scotch. I've been saving it."

He went out to the kitchen and returned with two glasses, a bowl of ice cubes, and the Scotch. He and Stu moved to the couch and made themselves drinks. After a time, Laura tiptoed down the stairs. She cleared the table without looking at the men, and carried the dishes out and piled them in the sink, not bothering to turn on the kitchen light. She stood by the back window and looked out into the dark back yard. She could almost see the fireflies glowing among the leafy branches. Faith would chase them and cry, "Look, Mommy! Look!" Stu's voice droned on. In a little while, he would get up and go, because he had to drive back to the city. Laura decided she would kiss Stu goodbye. She was filled with emotion; the emotion had haunted her all day. She peered into the darkness to distract herself. And then she would turn to Martin and say— But as she stood there, she realized there wasn't anything she wanted to say. She just wanted this day to go on forever and ever, unending, with all its joys intact, and no one changing, nothing new happening, just these same things occurring over and over. Because how did you know happiness would come back? Or if it came back, that it would be as good as this? Laura sighed and wiped her eyes surreptitiously. The trouble with being happy was that it made you frightened.

—Harold Brodkey



"Tell me, Leda, is there someone else?"

•

In mid-May, 1947, it began to rain in Great Falls, Mont. By July 2 that year, the Mississippi was a torrent at St. Louis, and did ten million dollars' damage. That was the third time in five years that the St. Louis waterfront had been awash. Businessmen there were hopping mad. The result was the formation of the St. Louis Flood Control Association, and *Mort Meyer* was elected president, a post he still holds. This year the U.S. Army engineers have started survey work on the 130 million dollar levee project, the largest single construction job in the history of St. Louis, making this the last major city on the Mississippi River in Missouri to get adequate flood protection. The sparkplug for all of this has been Mort Meyer.—*Princeton Alumni Weekly.*

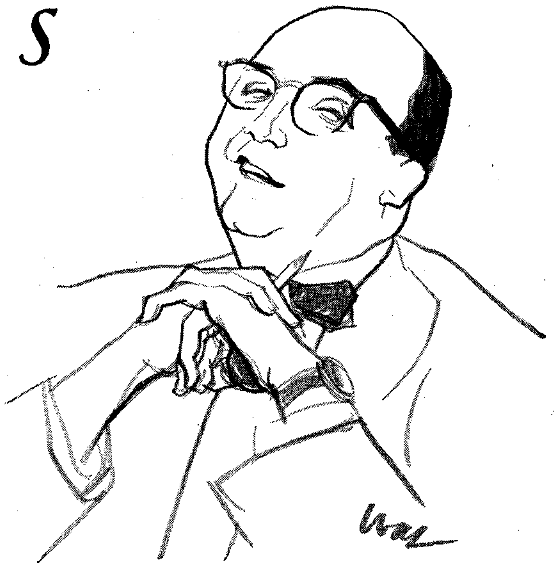
Isn't there some way of getting rid of him?

PROFILES

THE EASYGOING METHOD—I

IN the opinion of many of his friends, Abe Burrows, a large, loud, and literate man of forty-six, is one of the funniest extemporaneous wits of our time. Groucho Marx, Fred Allen, George S. Kaufman, and Robert Benchley, who are, or were, among those friends, have all attested to his explosive volatility, and it is likely that the thousands of people who have seen him on television—in its early days, he used to appear, Faye Emerson-fashion, on some program or other almost every night—would go along with the general idea. On the other hand, that undoubted minority of people who know Burrows only from what they read about him in the papers might be inclined to a less ecstatic appraisal. Many of his sallies, when transmuted into the cold lead of type and divorced from his presence, his almost miraculous sense of timing, and the effervescent atmosphere that constantly surrounds him, are likely to seem fairly pallid—a fate that he shares with many of the most celebrated wags of history. Thus, when Burrows, seeing some guests to the elevator in his apartment house, told the operator, "Take these people wherever they want to go," the line may not have seemed outstandingly funny when it was quoted and requoted afterward, yet Burrows had made it sound so funny that everybody in the elevator was still laughing at it on the sidewalk. But whatever view one takes of Burrows' talents as a wit, there can be no doubt that in the seven years since he got his start on Broadway by working on the book for "Guys and Dolls," he has entertained far more people as a gifted librettist and director of musical comedies ("Silk Stockings," "Can-Can," and "Happy Hunting" also figure prominently in his dossier) than he ever has with his extemporaneous banter.

Among off-the-cuff wits and successful musical-comedy experts, Burrows is an uncommonly cerebral man. He makes a point of being exceedingly well informed. "You can't satirize the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet' unless you've read Shakespeare," he says. "I'm an eclectic type of guy, and I read everything. I read at astonishing speed. I can read a couple of paragraphs at a grab. I read all the newspapers, all the magazines, all the best-sellers, and all the paperbacks. I am always dipping into Proust or Tolstoy, and I guess I've read the 'Anatomy of Melancholy' three or four times in the past fifteen years. As a kid, if I had nothing else to read, I would read the directions on a can of Bon Ami. And I basically have a memory that I can rely on the way Don Budge relies on his backhand. I have this ragbag sort of a head. I somehow seem to know a little something about everything."

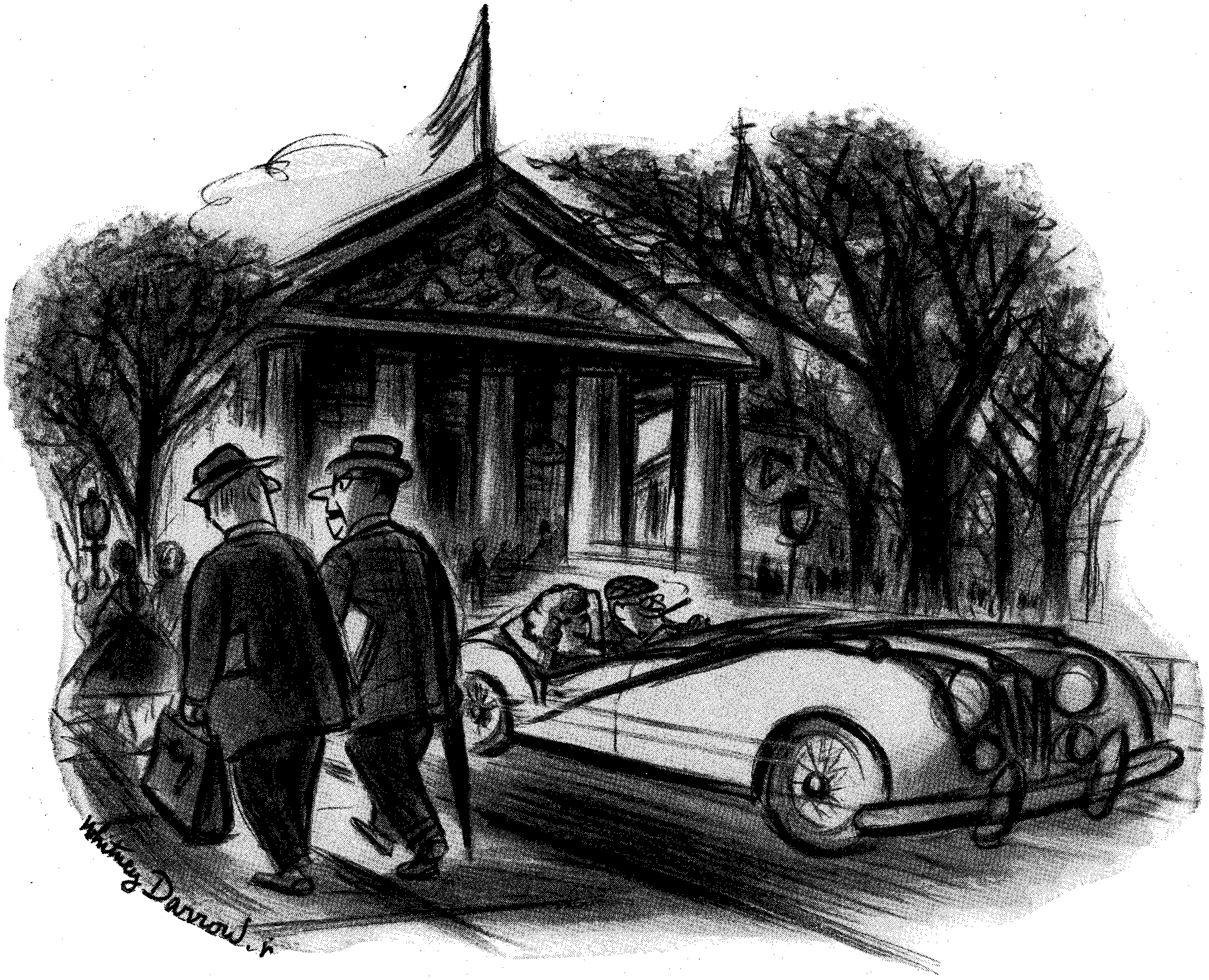


Abe Burrows

Burrows, who was once a tutor of Latin, is a rapt devotee of etymology. He is, in fact, one of the few etymologists around who are likely to point out that "calibre" stems from the Latin "*qua libra*" and, in the next breath, to contend that a parapet is a pet parrot. He is obsessed with words. While "Happy Hunting" was in Boston prior to its New York opening last December, he was dictating a letter to a friend, and had just got past "The show is going great guns here" when he suddenly flagged himself down. " 'Great guns,' 'great guns,' " he reflected aloud. "I'll bet that ain't derived from 'guns.' Maybe it's from 'gunwales,' or 'gunsils.' G-u-n-s-i-l—although it's got other spellings. You know what a gunsil is?" His secretary gave him a blank look. "Well, it's not a nice word to try to explain to you," Burrows went on. "At least, not according to Mencken. Where were we? Oh, yes. Change that to 'The show is going magnificently here.'"

One of Burrows' most engaging characteristics is his gruff, froggy voice, especially when he exaggerates it to utter grammatical absurdities in Brooklynese. Well realizing that all humor is based in large measure on surprise, he has polished to a high gloss the knack of expressing a philosopher's thoughts in truck drivers' jargon, but he can also speak perfectly good English. When he is in his truck-driver mood, he gives no indication of being aware that most reference books consider "isn't" preferable to "ain't." Sinclair Lewis characterized him as a bum who went to college. Burrows, who went to college (C.C.N.Y. and N.Y.U.) but never graduated, has described himself as a sea-water fish, and his outward appearance is indeed one that might endear him to an ocean-going ichthyologist. He has small feet, and a large, bald head, which he usually carries thrown back; with eyes blinking behind jutting spectacles and his mouth agape, he looks not unlike a fish—specifically, a huge, gaffed, gasping fish. Once described by *Variety* as "a hefty pixie," he weighs a hundred and ninety pounds and stands six feet one. Many people think Burrows also looks like an aging fish, but they are people whose only sight of him was in the infancy of television. Perhaps the cameras of that early time overemphasized his baldness; in any event, his former television fans now and then express surprise on learning that he is still comfortably under fifty. "You look so much younger alive than on TV," a lady told him not long ago, encountering him for the first time face to face. "You got an old set," Burrows replied affably.

A great believer in psychoanalysis, Burrows frequently lapses into introspective soliloquies on the subject of humor. "My own approach to it is a kind of disarming attack," he told a dinner guest the other evening. "It probably goes back to the Freudian business about humor being basically an adjustment to hostility. One guy will find an outlet for his hostility by punching you on the jaw, another by making a joke. For instance, I was tossing out an idea at a story conference once and asked if anybody liked it. 'Yes,' said one guy, 'because it has validity.' 'Well, a thing can have validity and still be good,' I told him. That was my way of saying that 'validity' is a pretty asinine word. Humorists, I suspect, don't want to be known as aggressive, and they make jokes because they're concerned about what people think of them. When a critic attacks a playwright with a joke, instead of letting him have it straight, it's because, deep


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

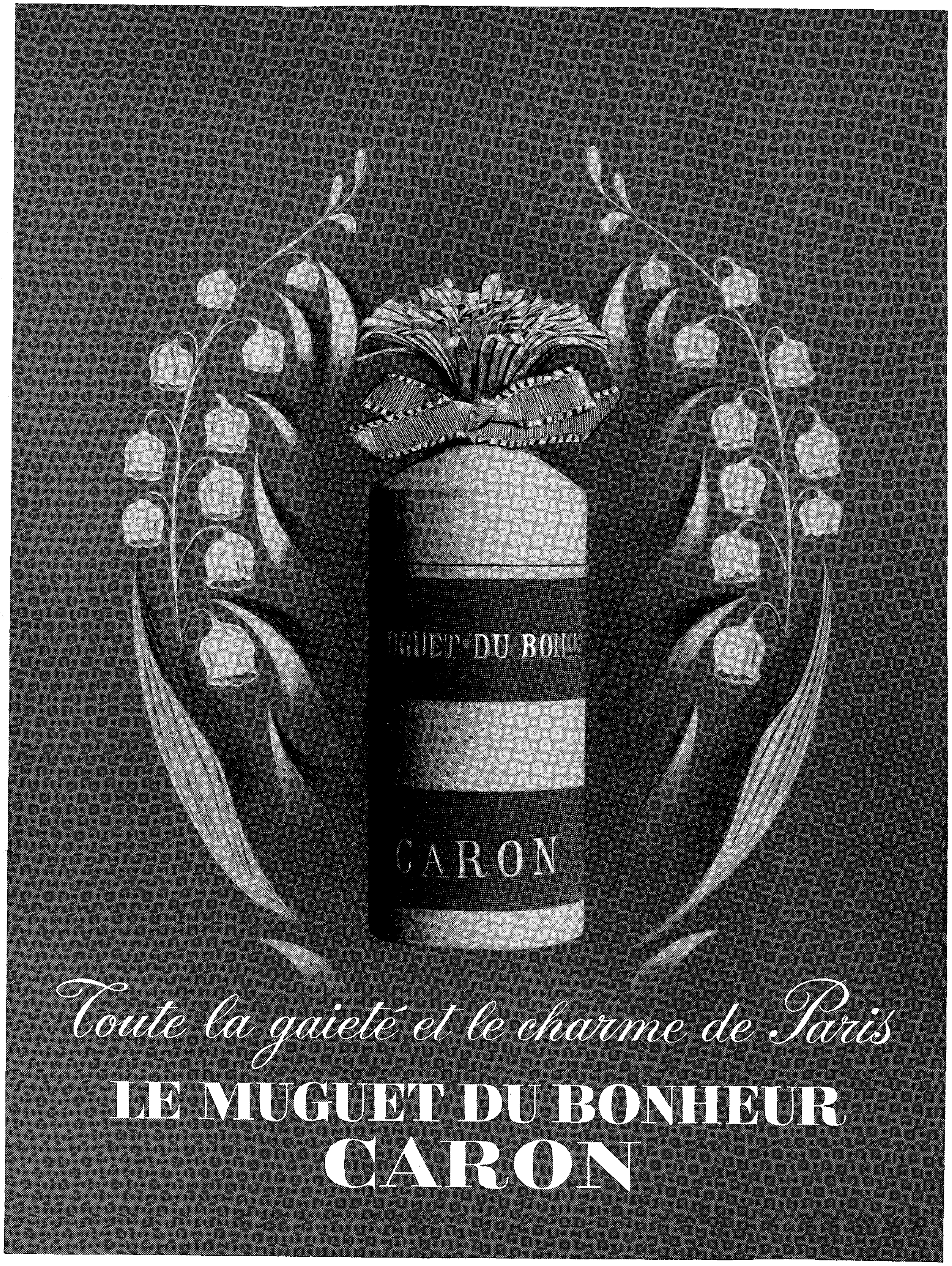
"It happens all the time. Get a research grant from Rockefeller or Ford, and all of a sudden it's let's live a little."

• •

down inside, the critic doesn't want the author to be angry with him. I once got to talking with a psychologist about the nature of humor, and after I had finished telling him all the things that I think make people laugh, he asked, 'Why don't they cry?' It was a tough question to answer. Maybe the answer has something to do with the fact that everything is physical. I'm not ruling out psychology, but psychology is just a form of anatomy. Having a thought involves nerve processes, like closing your fist. When you tell somebody a joke and come to the punch line, if it's any good it produces a nervous shock—a laugh-inducing shock. Why it's not a tear-inducing shock I don't know. I have a hunch it has to do with what's in your audience's mind. In the old days, comedians got their audiences into the right frame of mind by giving them signals. The original idea behind the red noses and funny shoes that comics still use was to signal audiences that whatever was said by a guy wearing them was supposed to be laughed at. If you don't prepare people in some way or other, it can be awful. One of our greatest playwrights, who generally writes heavy stuff, once wrote a scene he thought was hilarious. He gave it to his wife to read, and she thought it was sad and moving and burst into tears."

After a pause to let the picture of this artistic and domestic debacle crystallize, Burrows continued, "Why do people cry when a wounded cowboy slips off his horse in one movie, and laugh when a guy in another movie slips on a banana peel? Both experiences can be awfully painful. A matter of preparation. In each movie, the audience knows what to expect. I remember when my son was three years old. He brought me my shoe trees one day, and I said, 'You know where shoes come from, Jimmy? They grow on shoe trees.' He gave me a funny look. I thought he was going to cry. 'Don't do that!' he said. It wasn't a very good joke, but that wasn't the point. He just didn't like my throwing a curve at him when he wasn't ready. I got to thinking about it afterward, and decided maybe he hadn't enough experience to take a joke—not prepared, you see."

Burrows' idea of a pleasant evening is to sit around trading bits of improvised humor with a group of his peers—Groucho Marx, George Jessel, George Burns, Milton Berle, Phil Silvers, and the like. "It's a gentle form of jousting, with its own rules," he says. "One is that nobody is expected to laugh. When someone pulls a good joke, all he can hope for is a grave nod of approval—a sort of 'well-played-old-man' type of thing. Another is that you don't interrupt a guy until he leaves an open-


UGUET DU BONH
CARON
Toute la gaieté et le charme de Paris
LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
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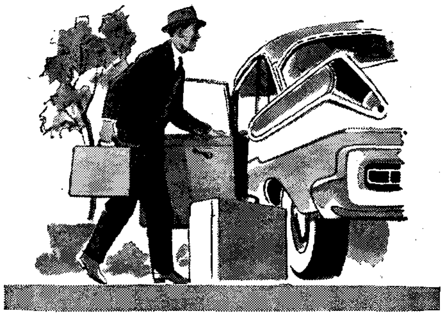

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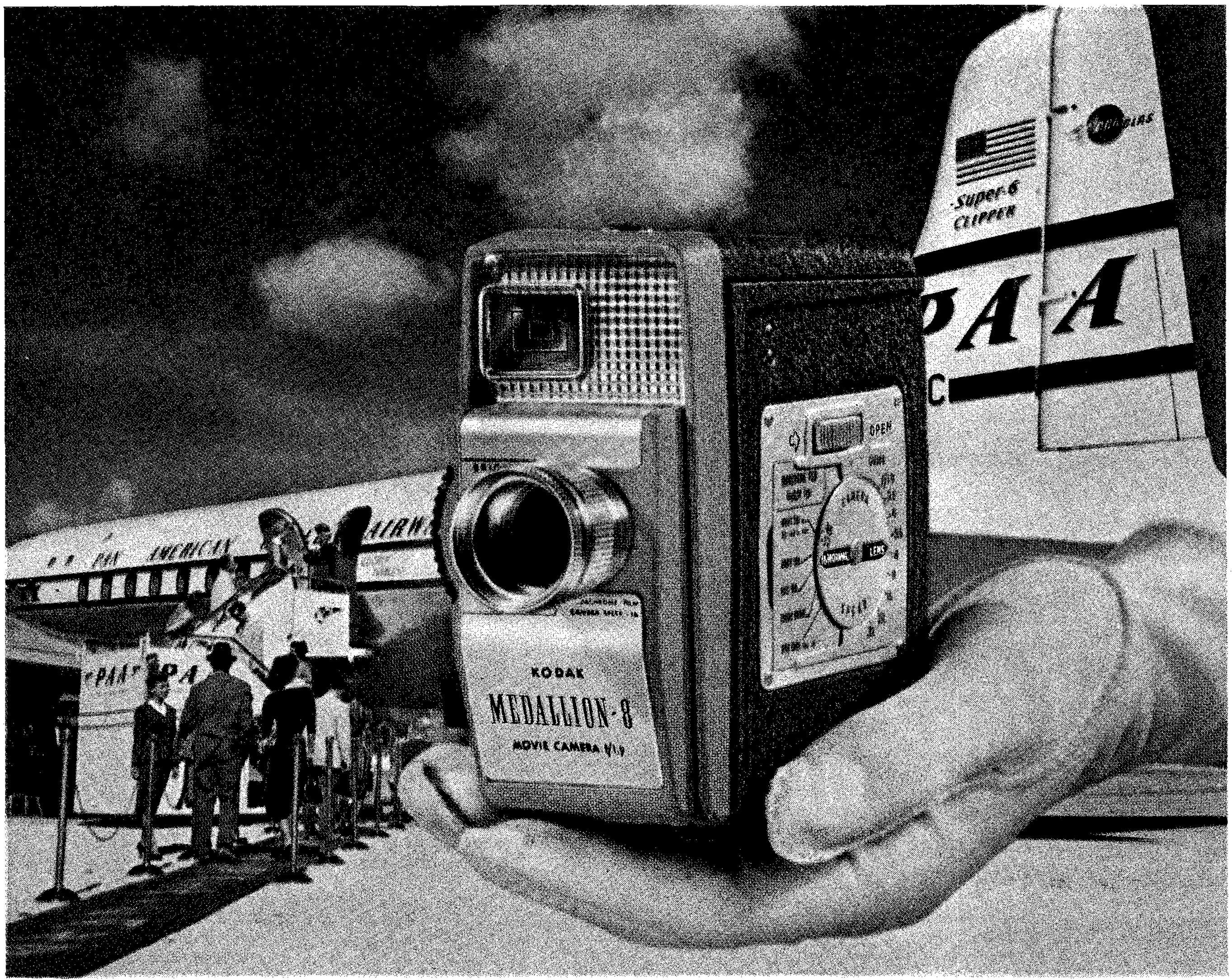
ing. Then you get in fast." In contrast to a Jessel or a Burns, however, Burrows doesn't go in much for the kind of joke that needs a lengthy story by way of a buildup. "I prefer the shorter ones," he says. "Like where one guy asks 'Does coffee keep you awake?' and the other guy answers 'No, but it helps.' "

AN extraordinarily versatile man, Burrows has been profitably employed at one time or another not only in the theatre and in television but as a composer, a scenario writer, a nightclub entertainer, and a radio writer and performer. He is currently a member of six trade organizations—the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, the Dramatists' Guild, the Writers Guild of America, the American Federation of Musicians, the American Guild of Variety Artists, and the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers—and he enjoys having attained this varied status as a professional. "I detest amateurs," he says. In 1954, while directing the play "Reclining Figure," which had to do with a forged Renoir, he decided to take up painting as a hobby. Many men, on being seized by such an urge, buy some artists' materials and strike out experimentally on their own, or, at most, attend a few art classes. Both these approaches struck Burrows as intolerably tyronic, so he engaged a private art teacher named Tully Filmus—a professional painter whose works included the fake Renoir used in the play. While Burrows has not yet had a one-man show, or even applied for membership in Artists Equity, he has reached the point of being able to forge a passable Filmus.

Burrows is well qualified to express strong views on amateurism. A decade ago, he was the most glittering unpaid parlor entertainer of the era. Harry Kurnitz, the author of "Reclining Figure" and a humorist of distinction himself, once said, "Hearing Abe do his own material for the first time is one of the funniest experiences a human being can have." Burrows' "material"—most of it composed, ad lib, in the early nineteen-forties—consists of some eighty musical monologues, in which he accompanies himself on the piano. The majority of them are satires on popular songs, including a home-town type song, "Brooklyn, U.S.A." ("Oh, take me back to Brooklyn, where things was always good; that's where I always should of stood"); a memory-type song, "Memory Lane" ("I am strolling down memory lane, without a goddam thing on my mind"); a French-type song, "Ron, Ron, Ron" ("Sur le pont d'Avignon, je ne sais pas, je ne sais; quelque chose, quelque chose, je vous aime"); and an A-type song, "A," which goes, in its lilting entirety, "A moon is shining. A star is gleaming. A banjo is starting to strum. A park bench is waiting. A soft breeze is blowing. A cop is chasing a bum. A tree is rustling. A nightingale's singing. A bobwhite is starting to bob. Ev'rything in the world is doing something, so why *can't you find a job?*" Since the impact of the Burrows monologues diminishes perceptibly when he is not performing them himself, their appeal has proved to be somewhat limited; a while back, when he was asked what his A.S.C.A.P. rating was, he replied, "It's 'Just Barely.' " Even so, there are many starry-eyed Burrows enthusiasts who can quote the lyrics of "A" as readily as disciples of Irving Berlin can quote the lyrics of "Always." Burrows fans turn up in odd quarters. A few years ago, the English drama critic Kenneth Tynan, ridiculing Christopher Fry's quaint literary style, wrote that one of the playwright's serious lines—"He took me by the scruff of my heart"—reminded him of nothing so much as Burrows' parody of the sophisticated-type love song: "You put a piece of carbon paper under your heart and gave me just a copy of your love."

Nearer home, Burrows' fans have hailed him as a man so uncommonly gifted that on one occasion he succeeded in satirizing a conventional song before it was even written. This display of prescient skill occurred during a party at Leonard Lyons' apartment in 1950. (Another time, Lyons told Burrows that a son of his wanted to go to Columbia but that he wasn't sure it was a good idea for the boy to attend a college so close to home. "Why don't you move to Boston?" Burrows suggested.) It was a typical Lyons gathering, held for the purpose of introducing Perle Mesta to Ethel Merman, who had been signed to play the part of the lady diplomat in "Call Me Madam," and among the other guests was Irving Berlin, who was writing the score for the show. Presently, Burrows was urged to do a turn—something that has never required much urging—and one of his numbers was a homespun ditty entitled "My Brain," a takeoff on many lyricists' penchant for ascribing symptoms normally associated with illness to romance. The song starts off routinely enough ("My brain is whirling, my head is spinning, I can't sleep a wink at



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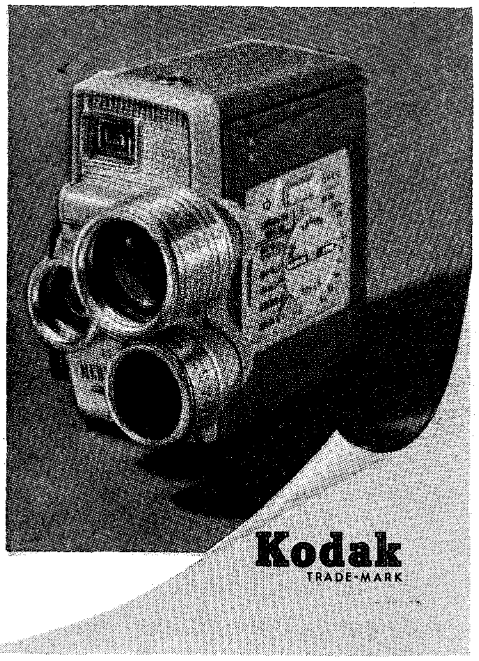

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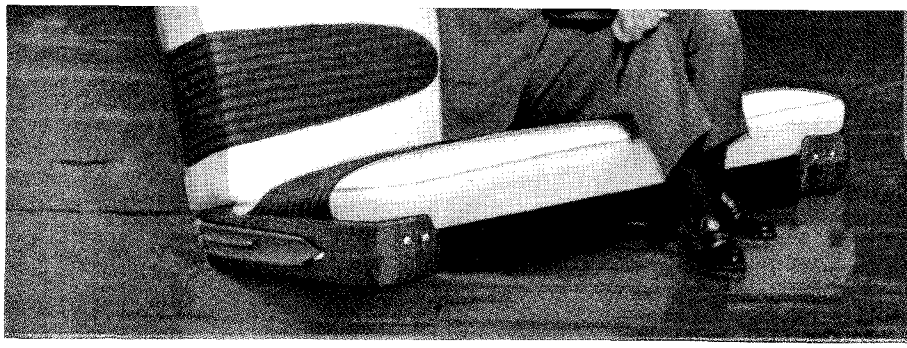

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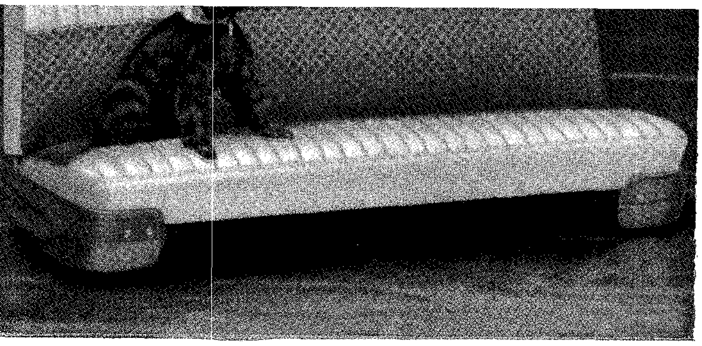

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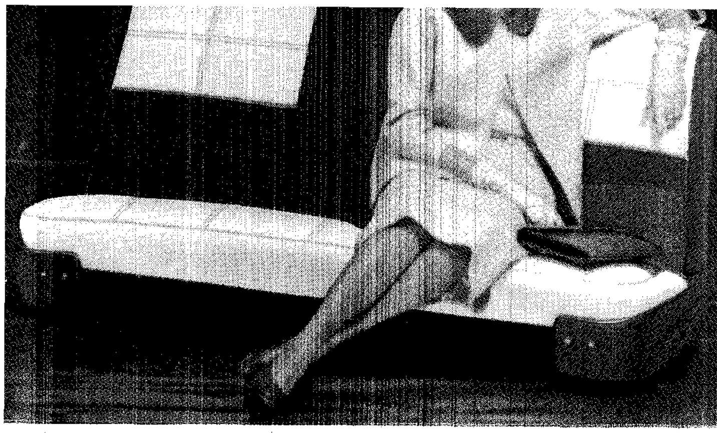

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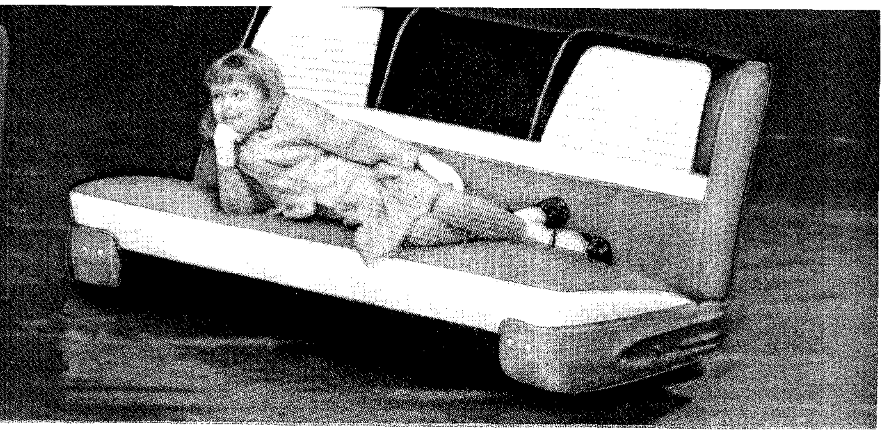

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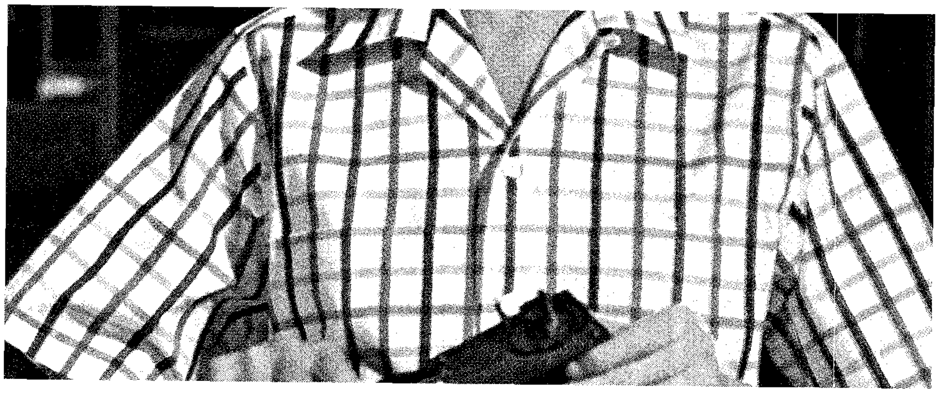

night . . .") but ends up "I talked to the doctor, now I'm worried no longer, 'cause he said it ain't love, I'm just sick." A few months later, when "Call Me Madam" opened, one of Berlin's most sparkling contributions to the show turned out to be an aches-and-pains ballad that wound up with the line "You're not sick, you're just in love."

Burrows gets on remarkably well with his fellow-members of A.S.C.A.P., considering that no one has ever mimicked their output more flagrantly. "It used to puzzle me that all those songwriters would drape themselves over the piano when I was playing and knock themselves out laughing," he says. "After a while I realized each of them thought I was kidding some other songwriter's work. Of course, they may also have sensed that in an odd way I was paying them a compliment, because, after all, you can't put across a parody unless whatever it is you're parodying is already popular. The imitation depends for its effect on the strength of the original. Back in vaudeville, if you wanted to get a big hand, you did an impersonation of Jolson. It was Jolson's strength that got you your applause. As Max Beerbohm once said, 'Satire is based on qualified love.' Hatred never leads to good satire. That's why nobody ever really succeeded in ribbing Hitler." Burrows loves all kinds of music unreservedly if it is written and played well, and in a qualified way if it suffers from weaknesses in composition or performance—and there are enough of these flaws in every branch of the art to enable him to rib it all, from bop to opera. He once sat down at a piano and, with Marc Connelly joining him in some raffish duets, improvised an hour-long, non-stop burlesque of a Shubert operetta. When it comes to parodies of

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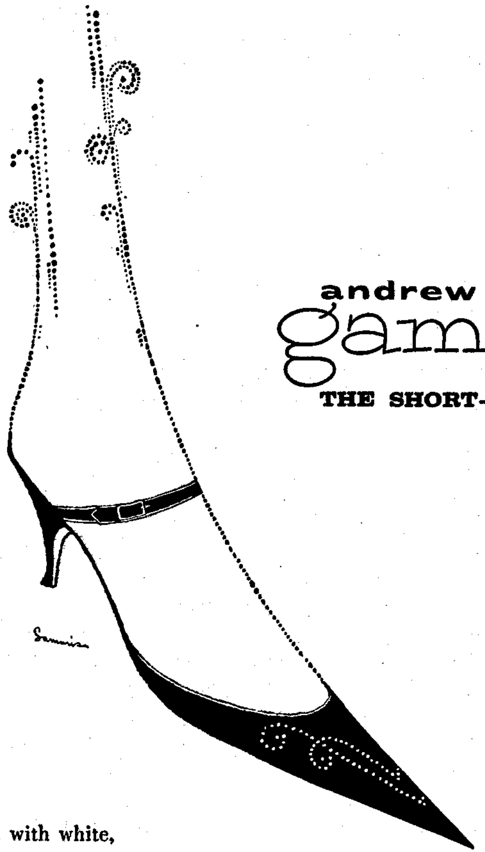

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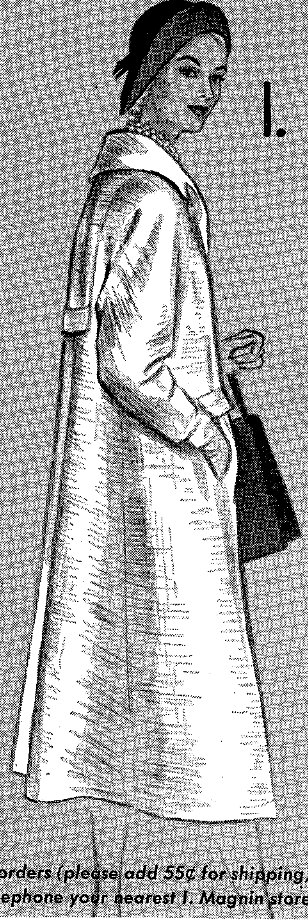

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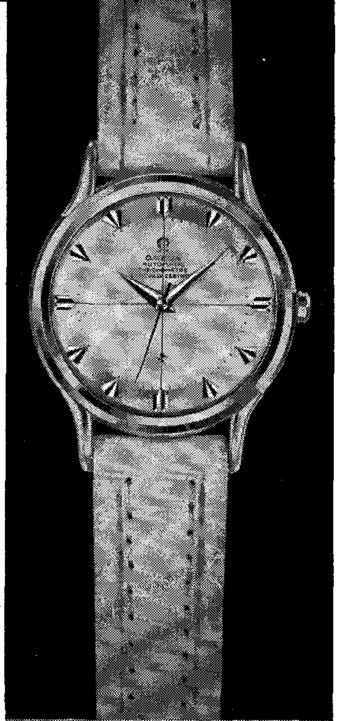
popular songs, some of his jabs have never got beyond the title stage—for example, "I Drew a Foul Ball in the Pennant Race of Love"—but that is probably enough. Another unfinished work, to be called "Oh, How We Danced on the Night We Were Wed; I Needed a Wife Like a Hole in the Head," has brought Burrows far more distinction than its faintly depressing first line warrants, for in the biographical notes appearing in the "Happy Hunting" program he is credited with having completed the composition, or, rather, *two* compositions—one entitled "Oh, How We Danced on the Night We Were Wed" and the other "I Needed a Girl Like a Hole in the Head." The editors of *Who's Who in America* have also come a cropper in trying to catalogue Burrows' peculiar titles. Among his accomplishments is an album of recordings that he modestly called "Abe Burrows Sings?" but the *Who's Who* editors—confident of their ability to spot an obvious typographical error—list it without the question mark.

Burrows is a New Yorker by birth and, at present, by residence, but his reputation as a life-of-the-party man was spawned in California, where at the start of the war he was employed as chief writer of the radio program "Duffy's Tavern." The show was about as funny as radio serials ever get, but that prompted nobody to call Burrows a wit. "They never call you that until you do something nonprofessionally," he has since said. One day in 1943, Frank Loesser, who had written a number of songs before entering the Army and who was to compose the score for "Guys and Dolls" after getting out of it, returned to his home in Beverly Hills on furlough, and was told by his wife that he simply had to meet a fantastic fellow she'd run into—a fellow who wrote unusual songs as an avocation. Loesser groaned. Professional songwriters dread exposing themselves to the whimsicalities of amateurs, and Loesser in particular felt that as a soldier he had a special right to be spared the ordeal. Nevertheless, he gallantly let himself be dragged over to Burrows' house, where his host obliged with a brief recital. Its high point was his impromptu composition of what has since come to be considered one of his major works, "The Girl with the Three Blue Eyes." ("What makes her diff'rent, is it the way she walks? . . . Or the way she talks?") Loesser was completely won over. "In less than fifteen minutes, I knew this guy would fracture me for life," he said later. "It was clear to me that Abe Burrows was the greatest living American."

The president of, say, a Tab Hunter Fan Club rarely has access to anyone in entertainment circles more influential than a stage doorman, but Burrows' new chief fan had rather better connections. Burrows soon became the most sought-after guest by the most looked-up-to hosts on the West Coast. Let Nunnally Johnson give a party for Helen Hayes, and Burrows would be there. Let Louis B. Mayer give a party for Louis B. Mayer, and Burrows would be there. In show-place houses throughout the canyons of Beverly Hills, hostesses fluttered about nervously, hoping their parties would be given the tonic lift that invariably followed the heartening cry "Abe is here!"

Toward the end of the war, the Army transferred Loesser, a private first class in Special Services, to New York. He was eager to display his discovery to his unenlightened Eastern friends, and one of his first non-military undertakings after he had got himself comfortably bivouacked in a first-class suite at the Hotel Navarro was to give a large party there in honor of Burrows. To be sure, Burrows was still in California, but that did not faze Loesser, who introduced him to the guests by telephone. "We're having a party here, too, and we're running out of ice," Burrows told Loesser. "Send some over." Not long afterward, Burrows spent a couple of months in New York, and instantly became so keenly coveted an attraction at parties here that more than one hostess who did not have a piano went to considerable pains to rent one.

Self-deprecation, an integral part of Burrows' variety of humor, frequently impels him to refer to himself as a musical illiterate. As a matter of fact, the evidence he cheerfully marshals in support of this thesis is impressive; he cannot read music, he holds his hands all wrong at the keyboard, and his footwork is atrocious. In most musical households, the carpeting beneath a piano wears thin near the pedals; in Burrows' phrenetic wake, frayed areas are apt to appear a yard or more outside the usual pedal zone. José Iturbi once watched him in action and exclaimed "Impossible!" For all his technical aberrations, however, Burrows is an engaging pianist. He has a fine sense of rhythm, an acute ear, nimble inventiveness, and an imposing memory. In



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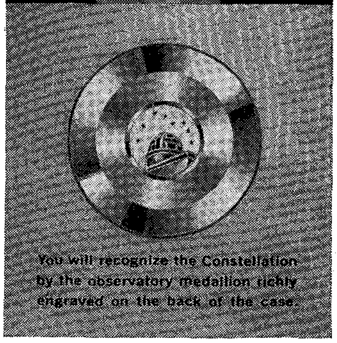

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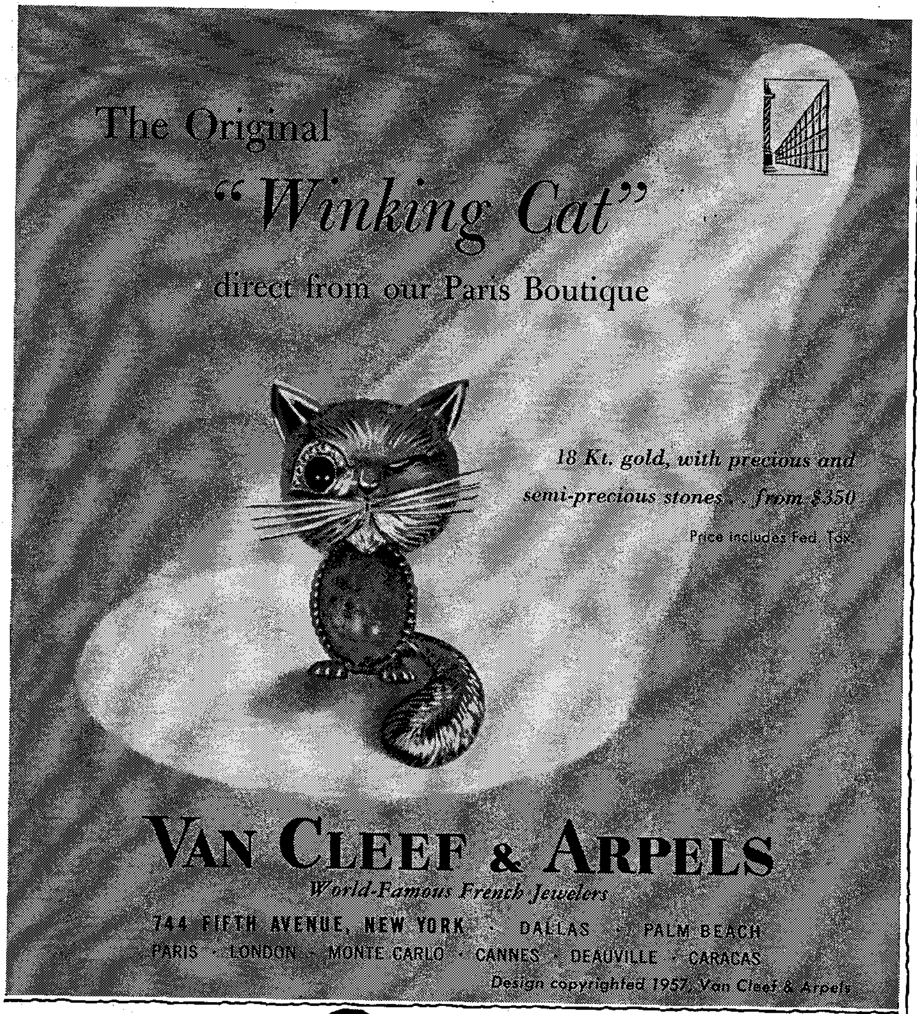
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his youth, a fairly impecunious one, he sometimes picked up pin money by betting all comers a nickel apiece that he could recall at least the tune—if not the lyrics as well—of any song from any musical that had ever run on Broadway for more than a month. He is better fixed now, with an annual income of over a hundred thousand dollars, but he still sometimes flings out the old challenge, and he still sometimes pockets a few coins thereby. The only other money he has ever earned directly in the course of his party-going was five dollars from a guest at a New York gathering—a boozy amateur tenor, who, judging Burrows to be a hired hand, lurched toward him, slipped him a bill, and whispered, " 'Macushla' in F." Burrows graciously obliged.

In his heyday as a playing guest, Burrows sometimes attended half a dozen parties a week, many of them at the homes of people he hardly knew. "The thing grew like a culture of bacteria," he says. Nowadays, he has become a social lion emeritus. During one installment of "We Take Your Word," an etymological radio and television program on which he used to appear regularly, he described "social lion" as "a person who is usually asked to make up for the bad food." (Invited on the same forum to give the derivation of "proxy," he quickly responded, " 'P' is for parent. 'Roxy' is a theatre. 'Proxy' is someone who stays with the kids while you go to the movies.") From time to time, speaking with a certain air of authority that derives in part from psychoanalysts he has consulted over the years, Burrows digs critically into his social and professional past. "When I became a party fellow, I was a frustrated entertainer," he said a few weeks ago. "I was making a good living writing for radio, but I needed an outlet—a satisfaction. I was unfulfilled, and I think this is

true of most so-called lives of the party. They may be doing well enough in terms of money, but they don't seem able to fulfill themselves during their workday, and so they wait until they get to a party to do that. The man who has had a good, fulfilling day is the man who goes to a party and sits there quietly, enjoying the life of the party. I started doing some of my party stuff on the radio in 1947, and right away my urgent need for the applause of parlor guests slackened. What's more, I began to realize that a parodist is a kind of parasite. 'Parasite'—from the Greek *para*, meaning 'beside,' and *sitos*, meaning 'food.' A parasite is a free-loader. Why, I used to look through *Variety* every week hoping to find that somebody had turned out a simply awful song, just so I could rib it. I have since become convinced that a man can never get very far as long as he remains a parodist, or, for that matter, as long as he remains a life of the party."

IN recent years, aside from an occasional random television or movie assignment, like writing the screenplay of "The Solid Gold Cadillac," Burrows has devoted most of his working time to the legitimate theatre, and especially to musicals. "I have a passion for shows where, when a guy tells a dame 'I love you,' he can drive it home with a song," he says. He got into the field through Ernest H. Martin, of the producing team of Feuer and Martin—the consistently successful collaboration that put on "Guys and Dolls," a phenomenal hit, and has never had a flop. "All my life I've been kind of nudged into things, and Ernie is a great nudger," Burrows has remarked. "He nudged me into performing on radio, when he was out West for C.B.S., and he nudged me into 'Guys and Dolls,' thank God." The latter nudge occurred early in 1950, at a time when Martin and his partner, Cy Feuer, had tried out nearly a dozen writers in an effort to find a libretto that met their exacting standards. The producers turned at last to Burrows, who had never written a musical in his life, because, as Feuer has since explained, "Ernie and I thought he was the same kind of mugg we are." Burrows was enchanted at being called that kind of mugg, and was also enchanted by the proposition, though he was a bit apprehensive that, as a humorist, he might find the theatre inhibiting. "After all, I knew that musical comedies are not usually very comic, because composers prefer romantic scenes to laughs," he

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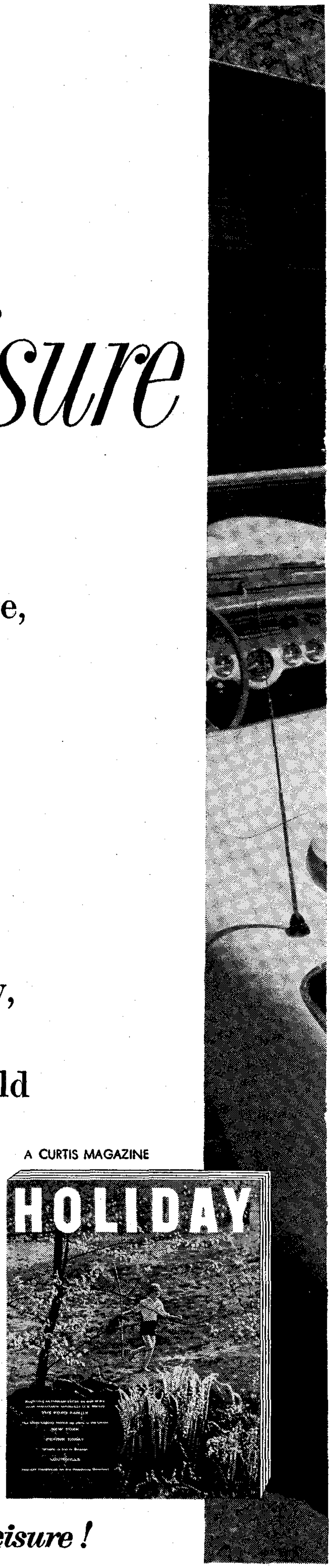

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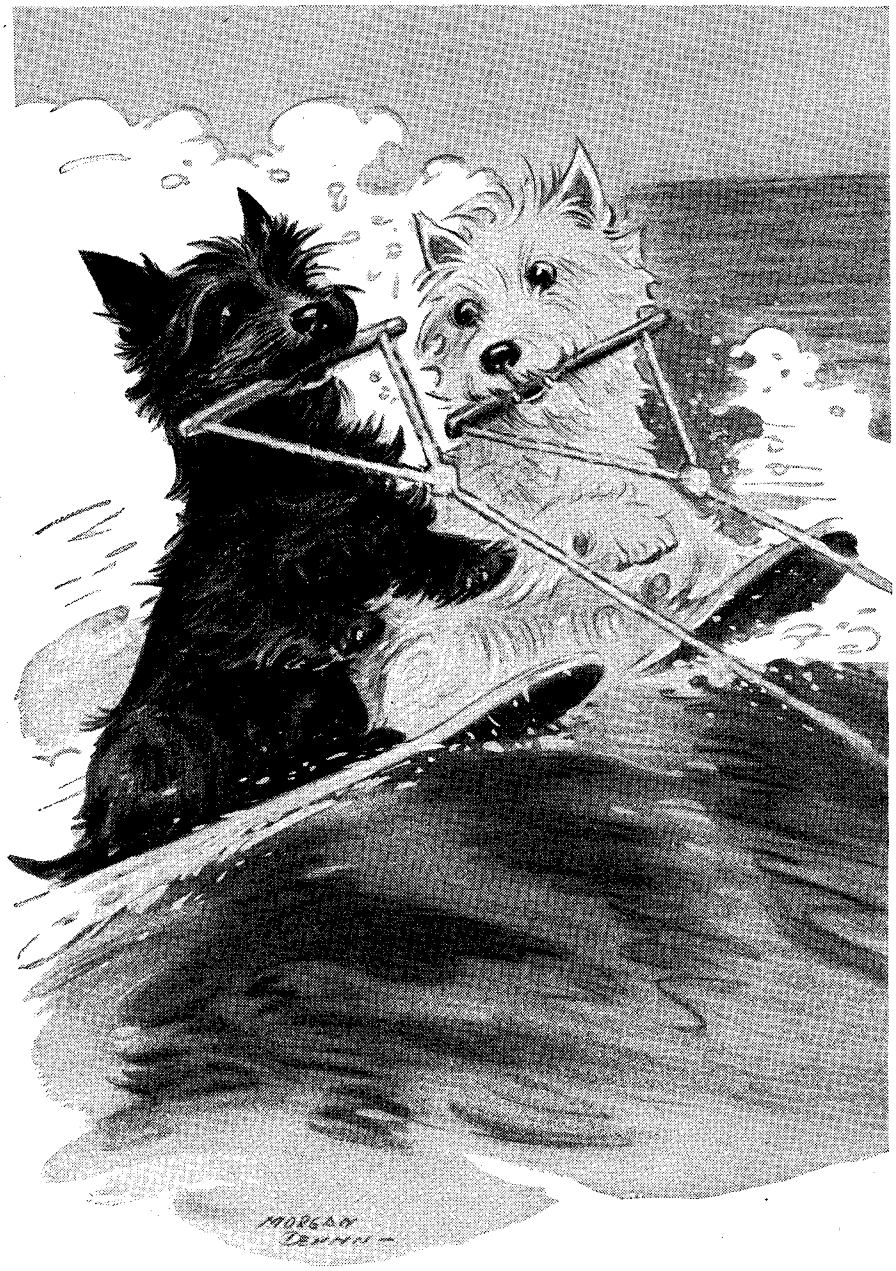
says. He soon discovered that his apprehension was not entirely groundless. Loesser had already just about completed the score for the show, and Burrows, calling him to say how happy he was about the whole thing, assured him, "I'll try to make it as funny as I can, Frank." "Not too funny," Loesser replied.

Burrows didn't make it too funny for Loesser, but he made it funny enough to receive high praise from John Chapman, who had taken over as editor of the late Burns Mantle's annual selection of the outstanding new plays to reach Broadway each season. In naming "Guys and Dolls" as one of his 1950-51 selections, Chapman wrote that, even unadorned by Loesser's sprightly and memorable score, Burrows' libretto stood up as a very skillfully made play. George Kaufman directed "Guys and Dolls," and Burrows learned a lot from him. "I'd show George a draft of a scene, and he'd say, 'Abe, you've already used that joke,'" Burrows recalls. "I'd say, 'I know. I'm doubling back on it. We do that all the time in radio. Very effective.' And George would say patiently, 'This is the theatre, Abe. These people will have paid six-sixty a seat. I think you ought to give them a new joke.'"

Kaufman grew to admire Burrows' facility in coming up with the right answer at such times. There was a scene, just before the first-act curtain, in which Vivian Blaine, playing the allergic Miss Adelaide, was draped in pots and pans at a kitchen shower given by her girl friends, and toward the end of the pre-Broadway tryouts Kaufman began to feel that a new laugh was desperately needed at that spot. He turned to Burrows during a rehearsal and said, "Abe, we've got to have one of your howitzers here—one of your big ones." After a moment's meditation, Burrows proposed having a drunk stagger onstage, stare at Adelaide's odd accessories, and blurt out, "What vulgar jewelry!" Here, clearly, is one of those lines that wilt the minute they are removed from their native environment, but the laughs it got nightly after the show reached Broadway indicated that Burrows had given Kaufman not a howitzer but a blockbuster.

Burrows' name was closely linked with two subsequent Feuer and Martin musicals—"Can-Can," in 1953, and "Silk Stockings," in 1955. In the case of the latter, he was billed as co-author of the book with Kaufman and Kaufman's wife, Leueen MacGrath. This was not a collaboration in the true sense of the word, however, since Burrows had nothing to do with the show until about the middle of its pre-Broadway run, when the Kaufmans excused themselves from further participation in it. He had considerably more to do with putting "Can-Can" together, for he not only wrote the book, unassisted, but also directed the show. (Martin didn't have to nudge him into directing. Burrows had made his début in that field two years earlier, when he staged the revue "Two on the Aisle.") In preparation for "Can-Can"—a period piece dealing with Paris in the eighteen-nineties—Burrows, who had never been abroad, went on a twelve-day fact-finding junket to the French capital in the summer of 1952. "The first day I was there, I bought myself a beret, put it on, and went straight to the Café de la Paix, where, in my innocence, I thought authentic Parisians still congregated," he later recalled. "So I'm sitting there, sophisticatedly toying with a brandy, when I see a real French-looking couple walking toward me. The guy is wearing an old, beat-up beret, and the dame with him looks like something out of Dior by Mainbocher, and I think, Ah, what atmosphere! And then as they get close, the guy turns to his wife and says, 'Look, Rose! It's Abe Burrows! Hi ya, Abe!' It was all very disillusioning." Fortunately, "Can-Can" did not require Burrows to draw heavily on his Gallic experiences, which never progressed much beyond the Café de la Paix phase. His journey, however, was not wholly unproductive; in fact, one revealing souvenir of it survives in a small joke of his that has been worked into the libretto



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of "Happy Hunting": "I speak French, but I don't understand it."

BOTH "Silk Stockings" and "Can-Can" were, of course, solid hits, in the Feuer and Martin tradition. Around theatrical circles, Burrows is given a generous share of the credit for the team's remarkable record. "The strength of the Feuer and Martin shows that Burrows has worked on can be measured to a great extent by the degree of Abe's resistance to Feuer and Martin," one competitive, and possibly jealous, producer has declared. Burrows puts it more tersely, saying, "When Cy and Ernie yelled at me, I yelled at them." His ability to serve as both librettist and director of "Can-Can" much enhanced his prestige, since by ordinary musical-comedy standards either task is a full-time job. This is especially true of directing, because a musical is a mélange of all the arts and crafts of the theatre, and the man in charge is in the rough spot of having to blend them—or, rather, their often fiercely individualistic exponents—into a harmonious whole. Burrows is looked upon as peculiarly fitted for such a task by virtue of his broad background of writing, composing, and performing. Russel Crouse, co-author of "Happy Hunting" and of several musicals before it, thinks Burrows is the best-equipped musical-comedy director he has ever worked with.

As a director, Burrows has come a long way in a short time. At the start, when he was working on "Two on the Aisle," he was so green that he telephoned Kaufman and said, "I thought it might be nice to have a treadmill. You've used treadmills. You think a treadmill is good?" "Depends what you have them say on it, Abe," Kaufman replied sagely. During the six years since then, Burrows has acquired a thorough familiarity with the innumerable minutiae of backstage operations—the sort of familiarity that enabled him, for example, while "Happy Hunting" was in rehearsal, to issue firm and confident instructions to the stage manager on the subject of two sound-effect recordings that he felt he might need for a brief dockside scene—one of harbor noises with sea gulls and the other of harbor noises without sea gulls. Burrows works hard at directing, but he refuses to take as solemn a view of the job as some of his colleagues do. "There've been a lot of weighty books written about things like how vital it is which side of the stage your exits are made from," he said the other

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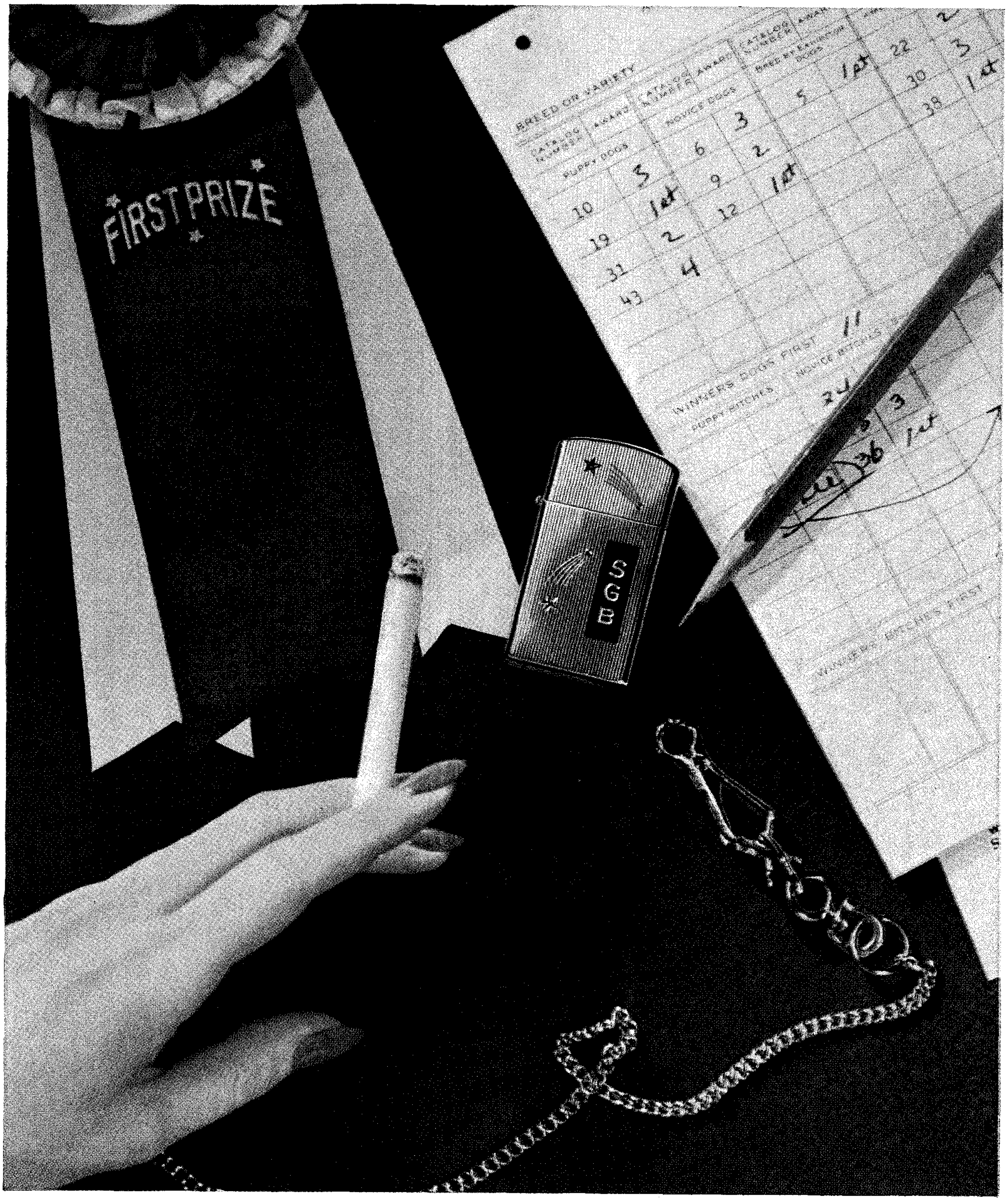
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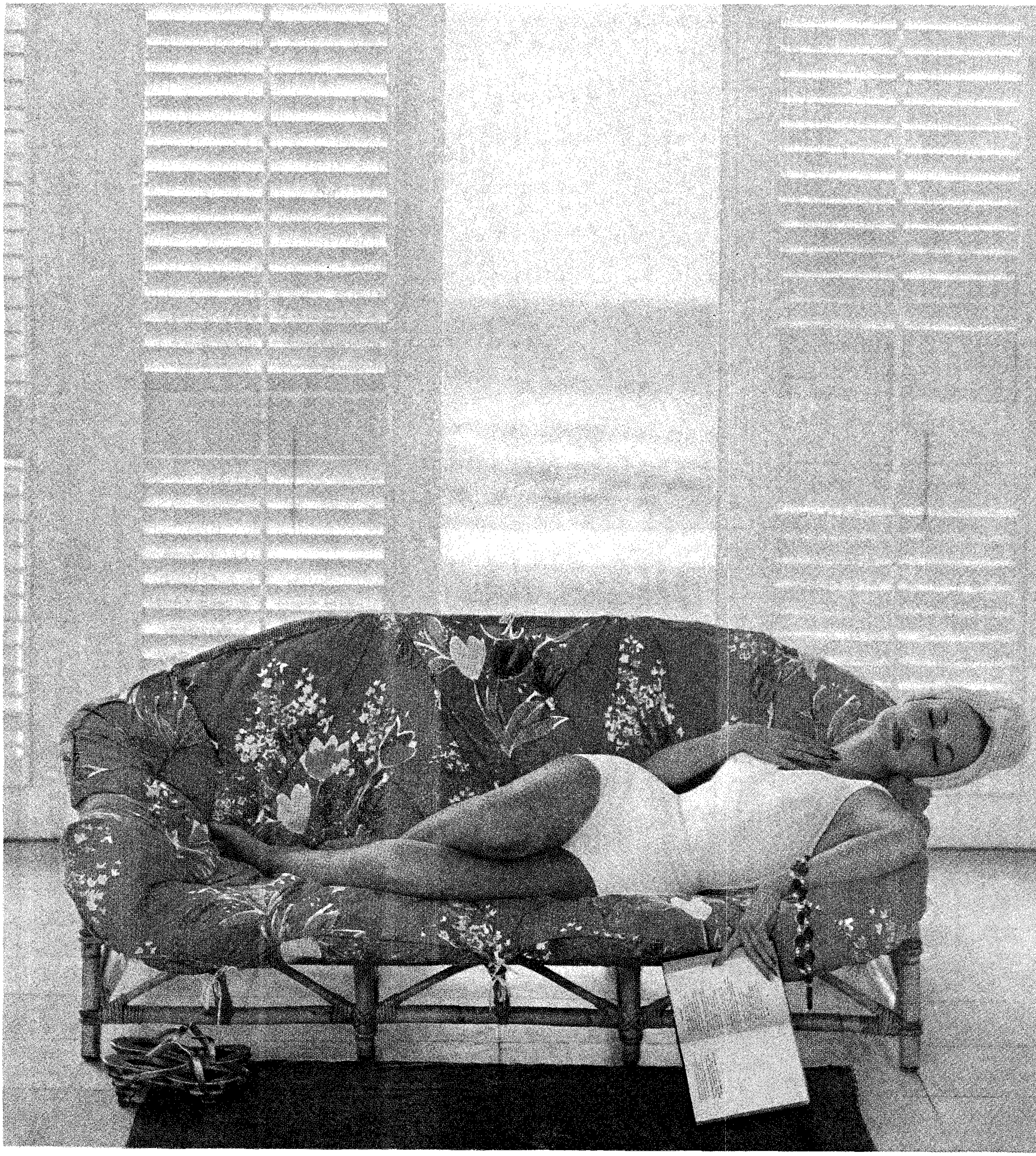

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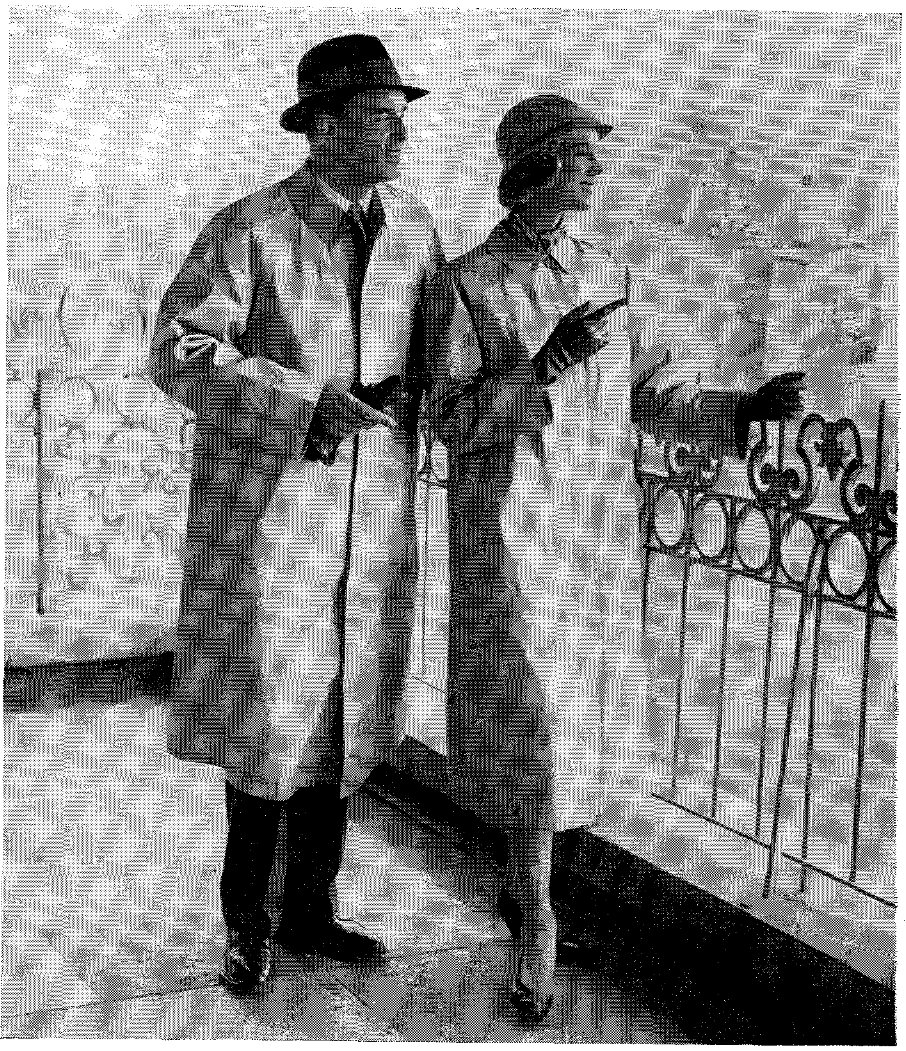
day. "But as often as not your exits will eventually turn out to be dictated by the location of your star's dressing room in New York. People are always talking about the amount of preparation a director has to do. In a musical, most of the time, the director just ad-libs while trying somehow to make everything fit together. The all-important element is speed. I'll overlook a lot of things just to get a show on its feet fast."

This approach has not won Burrows universal approval. There are people who feel, to cite a current instance, that some of the crowd scenes in "Happy Hunting" are notable only for their congestion. Burrows, in rebuttal, takes the position that the purpose of this show is simply to star Ethel Merman, and that therefore the action of the rest of the cast must be subordinate to hers; indeed, he believes that in any musical the members of the chorus should never be allowed to distract attention from the principals. In 1952, while he was staging the musical "Three Wishes for Jamie," a chorus girl who had previously worked under directors eager to achieve realism at all times, even in the rear ranks, came up to him and asked, "What do I do during the big love duet?" Burrows replied, "Honey, if they're looking at you then, we're in trouble."

Despite an occasional blow of this kind to their pride, most actors, whether principals or lesser lights, enjoy working in a show Burrows is directing, because he approaches his task with an exuberance that tends to infect the whole enterprise. Moreover, he never permits himself a tantrum. "I don't believe in being tough," he says. "The schoolmaster's approach is not for me. I have a hunch that the reason so many so-called authoritarian directors act authoritarian is that they're basically uncertain of themselves. I'm easygoing, but I'm certain, which, in a sense, means I'm *not* easygoing. But that doesn't show. If you holler at an actor, he suspects right away that you're not sure of yourself. I work on the principle that a director shouldn't be the boss but a helper. It wouldn't surprise me if the first director in history was just one of the cast—back in ancient Greece, probably—and one of the other actors said to him, 'Hey, Joe, or Jove, or whatever your name is, go out front and tell us what it looks like.' "

Burrows' outwardly carefree attitude toward directing gives his rehearsals a quality of their own. His appearance is far from frightening, and at times it is almost lackadaisical. During a "Happy



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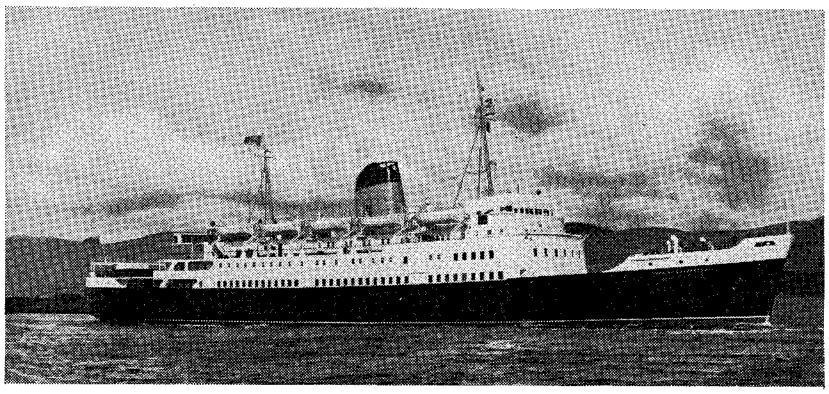

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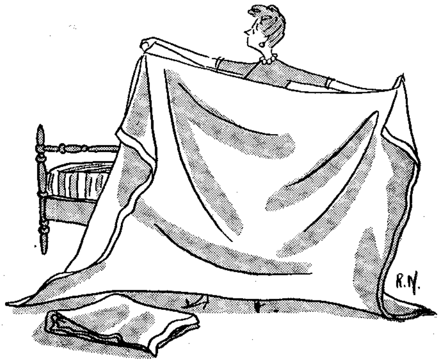
Hunting" rehearsal, someone sent out for coffee, and presently a delivery boy arrived with a trayful of cardboard containers. Burrows, at the moment, was supervising an intricate dance number involving thirty or forty weary but hard-driving members of the cast, while various of his minions darted here and there on weighty missions. After surveying the agitated scene, the boy selected Burrows as the person least preoccupied with the proceedings, grabbed him by the arm, and demanded that he pay for the coffee, thus bringing the rehearsal to a jarring halt. Burrows cheerfully fished in his pocket for some money, and then, as the boy retreated up the aisle, remarked to the cast, "See? There's nothing like running things with an iron hand." A couple of weeks later, while the show was in Philadelphia, Burrows gave further evidence of his airy approach to Stanislavski's art when Miss Merman, about to walk up a stage-set gangplank with a bulging jewel case in her hand, stopped and complained mildly to Burrows that the case got in her way. "I shall now make an artistic decision," Burrows gravely announced. "Merm, leave off the jewel case." After a pause, he added, "In the movies, for a decision like this a director wins an Oscar."

"A MUSICAL COMEDY isn't written; it's fixed" is a stock saying among show people, and Burrows is considered one of the theatre's most adept fixers, or, in the professional idiom, play doctors. A show's need for the kind of medication that only a play doctor can furnish is often not only dire but extremely urgent, and because Burrows' memory is so sharp that after seeing a new play just once he can remember every situation and bit of business in it, his services are often looked upon as essential. He established himself as a practitioner in 1951, when the musical "Make a Wish" was filling a pre-Broadway engagement in Philadelphia. "They were in such bad shape they were handing out passes to soldiers



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and sailors," he recalls. "The author had given up and left town. My agent looked at the show with me and thought it was ghastly, but there was something about the situation that challenged me. I didn't make it great, or even good, but at least I fixed it up so that it ran a hundred performances in New York and nobody got arrested."

Burrows has been paid as much as a thousand dollars merely to go to Philadelphia and sit through a show, without making any prior commitment to tinker with it, but even when he has to pay his own expenses he frequently cannot resist inspecting other people's productions before they reach New York. A few years ago, he found himself with nothing special to do on the evening "Paint Your Wagon" opened for a New Haven tryout, so he wandered up there to have a look. An actress in the cast, spotting him in the lobby before the curtain went up, cried out in anguish, "We haven't even opened, and he's already here to fix it!" Word rapidly went around that the show must be in a jam, because Burrows was out front, and within minutes Cheryl Crawford, the producer, made her way up to Burrows and asked frostily, "Haven't you anything better to do tonight?"

Burrows was sympathetic. "I wasn't going to touch her show, and I didn't, but her irritation was justified," he said not long ago. "She knew that usually I can't see anything without wanting to step in and try to fix it. Something happens to me when a show's in trouble. It takes on a personality for me—it comes alive. I watch it, and it becomes terribly important—as if a human being were sick, or dying. I begin to feel very much like a real doctor. I see this pathetic show groaning and squirming, and I think, Maybe I can help—maybe I can make it breathe. And, like as not, I can. I'm good in adversity. Sometimes I think I welcome it. There are certain kinds of guys who thrive on it—who aren't happy unless things aren't going well. And I'm one of them. While I was struggling with a musical of my own out of town once, I skipped a matinée and sneaked down the street to another musical that was trying out. I immediately saw what was wrong. Clear as hell. I began to wrestle with myself. First, I thought, It's a rival show—let them figure it out for themselves. Second, I thought, If I tell them, they'll be sore at me for sticking my nose in. Third, I thought, The guys involved in this are friends of mine, and in good conscience I can't *not* tell them.

During the intermission, while I was still debating with myself about should I or shouldn't I, I bumped into the director and author of this poor, feverish show, and the next thing I knew I heard a voice saying didactically, 'Do this, do that, cut this, change that,' and the voice sounded frighteningly familiar, and all of a sudden I realized, Oh, my God, it's me!" —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Burrows.)

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FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*A communication issued to commuters on the Long Island Rail Road*]

Hotboxes are pretty rare these days, but it was one of these "rarities" that held your train up last night. (For the uninitiated, a hotbox is an overheated wheel bearing—in this case apparently caused by cracking of the bearing surface.)

The hotbox developed on the 11th car of the 5:07 p.m. train from Jamaica to Speonk. It was spotted as the train passed Hicksville. The train was stopped at the Bethpage signal tower, where it was determined the oil in the bearing had been burned out and the car should be set off in a siding.

However, when the train reached a seldom-used freight siding beyond South Farmingdale, where the car could be cut off, a safety factor complicated the problem. The switch leading to the siding is equipped with an electrical remote-controlled lock, which can be released only by the tower at Bethpage. This is a safety arrangement to prevent tampering with switches.

For some reason still being checked, the electrical lock wouldn't release and the switch couldn't be thrown. Since there were no other sidings in the area, the crew decided to take the car on to Babylon. The train had to proceed at greatly restricted speed to prevent the bearing from heating up again.

Net result was a total delay of 85 minutes on the 5:07. The two following Speonk trains—the 5:38 and the 6:08 from Jamaica—were delayed 68 and 47 minutes, respectively.

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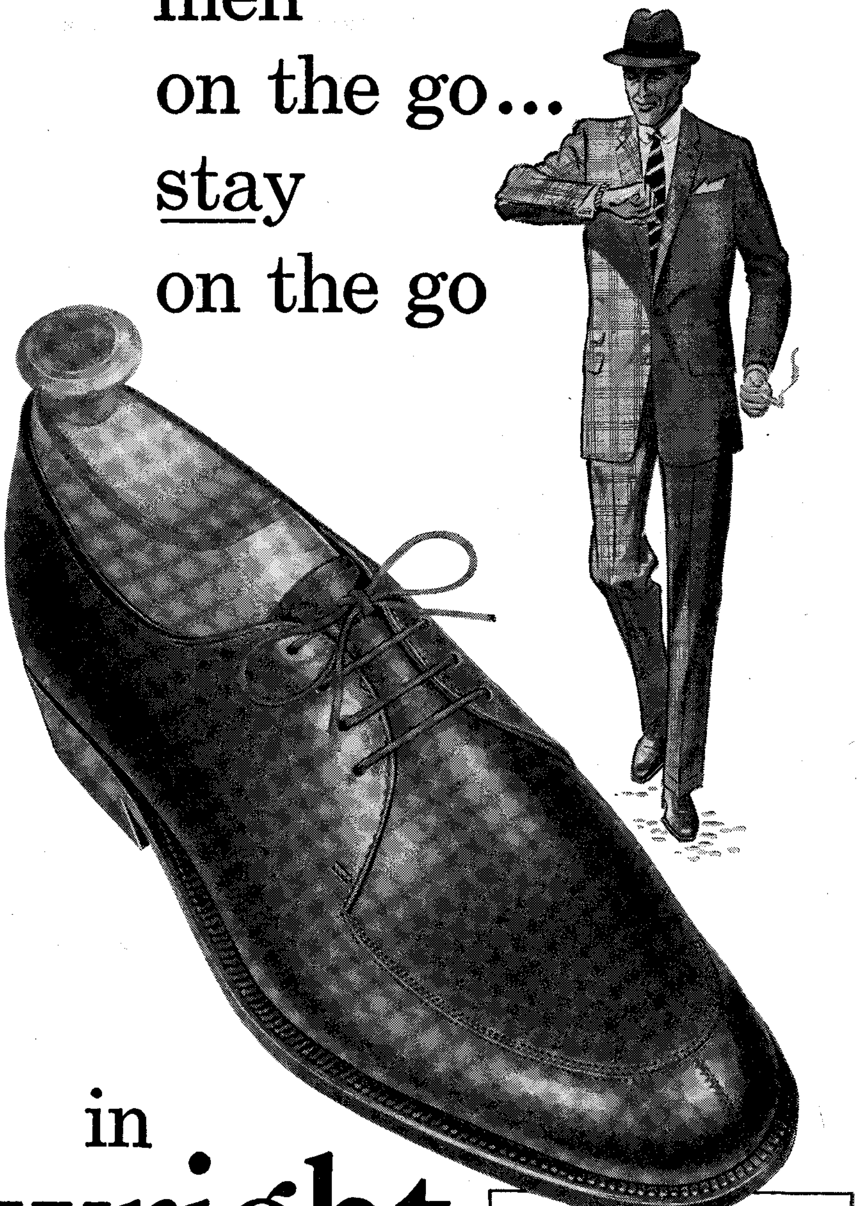

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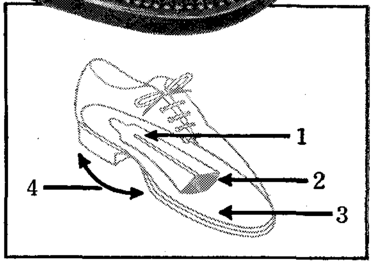

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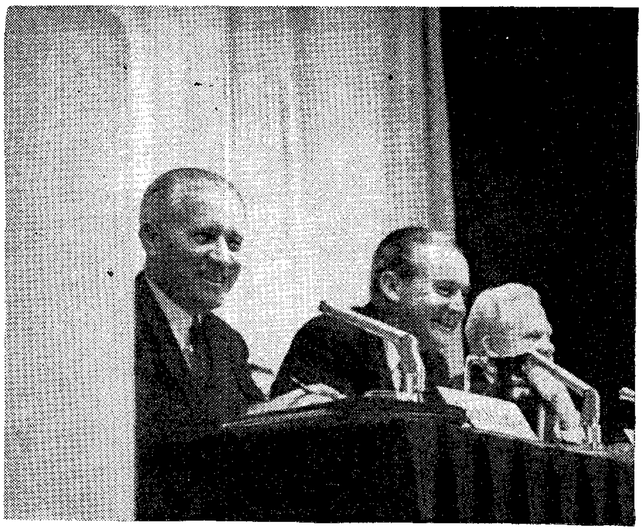
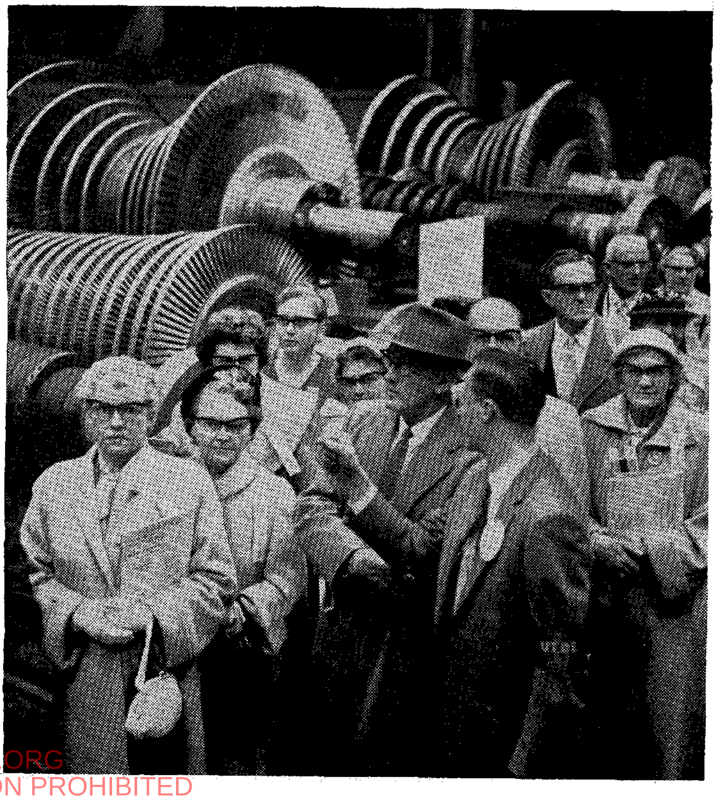


People's Capitalism:

Business with pleasure: General Electric's President Ralph J. Cordiner (left), Board Chairman Philip D. Reed, and Secretary Ray H. Luebbe enjoy a share owner's comment at the Annual Meeting. From as far away as California, about 4,000 people come each year to Schenectady, N. Y., to meet the men who represent them on the board of directors and to get acquainted with the managers of their company.

From all walks of life: General Electric owners are typical of America's capitalists. Many of them are also customers, suppliers, dealers, or neighbors in our plant communities. In addition, 129,000 General Electric employees are also owners, or becoming owners.

Owners get a close look: So they can participate more fully in company affairs, share owners have an opportunity to meet General Electric people and review current and future plans. Above, share owners are fitted with safety glasses before a plant tour (*right*).



The 370,000 owners who have savings invested in General Electric are typical of America, where nearly every citizen is a capitalist

Owners disagree on a point of interest: Even though the young lady is counting on General Electric for part of her future, her attention can wander during the meeting.

Women capitalists: The ladies' viewpoint is significant: half of General Electric's owners are women — and to many, their investment can mean security now or in the future.

If a visitor from abroad had been able to sit down with the men and women at the General Electric Share Owners Meeting in April, he might have discovered a good deal about capitalism in this country.

The visitor could have learned, for instance, that millions of people from all walks of life—not just a wealthy handful—own America's businesses. There were about 4,000 men and women at the meeting. Some were housewives, some employees of the company, some businessmen, some retired folks—the kind of people you meet every day.

They are typical of the 370,000 men and women who have chosen to invest part of their savings in General Electric . . . of the 10 million Americans who own "a piece of the business" in other corporations . . . of the millions who have a stake in the small family businesses in every community . . . and of the 100 million capitalists who indirectly own shares in companies like General Electric through their insurance policies, mutual savings-bank accounts, pension plans, mutual funds or other forms of investment.

The visitor could have learned that in a People's Capitalism everyone benefits from profits. Profits which benefit the many are at the very heart of America's competitive economic system. You may benefit directly, for example, through dividends. Or you may benefit indirectly in many ways—in your pension fund, perhaps, or in the endowment that helps support your child's college, or even through the work of research foundations and charitable organizations which entrust capital to America's businesses.

And in a competitive People's Capitalism, everyone gains again because part of the profits are plowed back into business to spur growth that leads to new products, new jobs and new services.

The visitor could have learned that progress in America's capitalism is measured in terms of the individual. In this country, every man is encouraged to develop to his maximum ability. At General Electric, for instance, employees are given wide opportunities to develop their talents and add to their education and skills. Each year, the company spends some $40 million for training in everything from factory skills to advanced professional development, and over 25,000 men and women take advantage of these opportunities annually.

As General Electric sees it, the People's Capitalism of America is uniquely successful because it works on the basis of "something for something." This capitalism draws its strength from the voluntary participation of all free citizens, and it returns to all of them benefits unmatched anywhere else.

[*For our latest Annual Report, write to us at Dept. 2D-113, Schenectady, N.Y.*]

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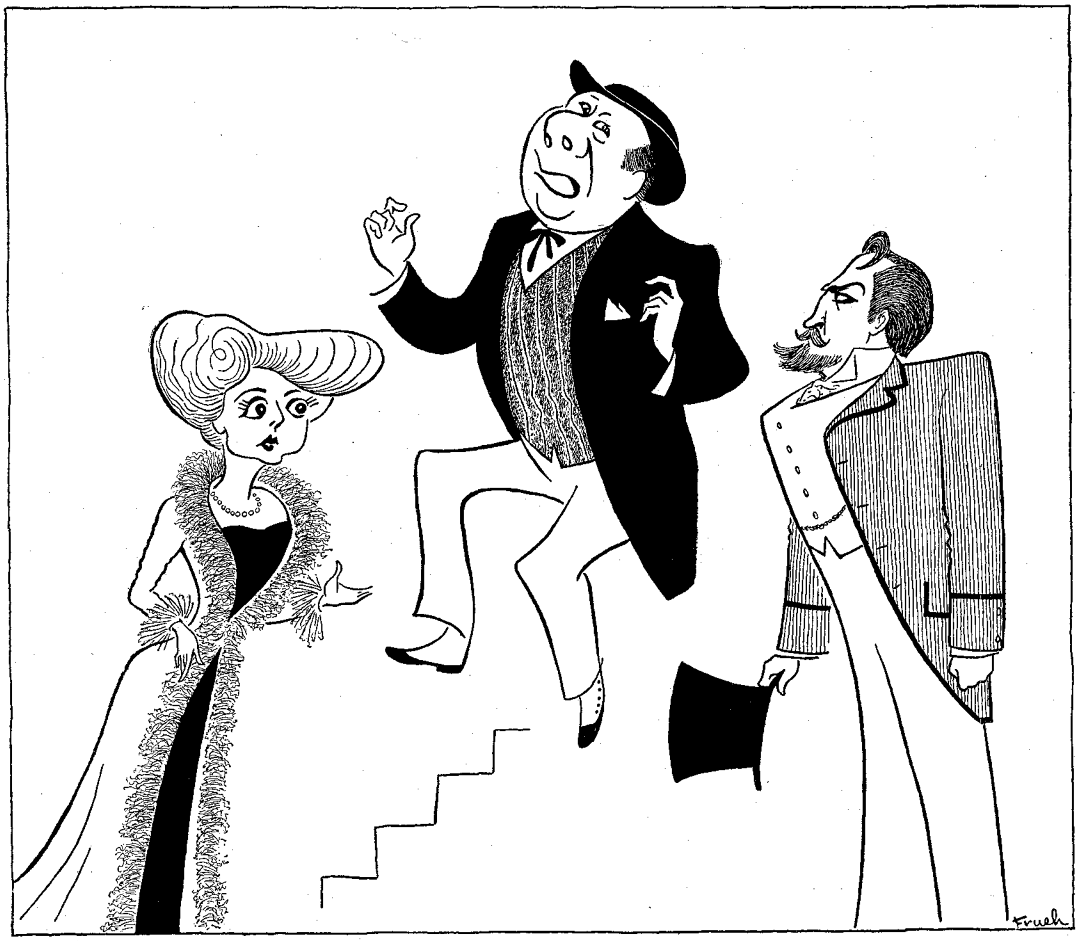
THE THEATRE

A TIRED TYRONE

IT is hard to see how Eugene O'Neill's "A Moon for the Misbegotten," which opened last week at the Bijou, will add anything to its author's currently towering reputation, or even how it will prove much more than endurable to the audiences obliged to sit still and watch its mournful unfolding for something like three and a half hours. O'Neill, of course, has been inordinately verbose before, and he has often written about people helplessly waiting for their inevitable destruction, but almost always in the past he has had something profound and searching of his own to say about the nature of human tragedy, and his sense of theatre—or, more accurately, perhaps, his inherited gift for melodrama—has served to bring his characters violently and terribly to life. The men and women in "The Iceman Cometh" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night," his two previous plays based on memories of his early days, were grotesques, in the sense that their degradation and despair were almost ludicrously beyond anything in our common experience, but they were also fascinating, with the chilling authenticity of something actually observed, and the shocking course of their downfall was told with a great playwright's feeling for theatrical effect as well as with a tortured man's passionate need to recover, understand, and forgive the past.

"A Moon for the Misbegotten," however, has almost nothing of these qualities of drama and truth. It deals, as you probably know from the abundant publicity that preceded its appearance, with the final disintegration of O'Neill's alcoholic older brother—here known as James Tyrone, Jr.—at a time some ten years later than that portrayed in "Long Day's Journey." It was O'Neill's last finished play, turned out when he was already seriously handicapped by illness and no longer capable of the endless and infinitely patient revisions that he usually made in his work, and this may account to some extent for its shapelessness and the monotony, and even the occasional incoherence, of its dialogue, but there are probably other considerations. For one thing, O'Neill was writing this time without the benefit of the direct personal participation that marked the other plays. The tragedy was his in that a member of his family was involved, but his recording of events and conversations must have been largely a matter of reconstruction and supposition, and while he was dealing with people he knew, he was obliged to rely on his imagination to tell him how they might have talked and behaved under the specific circumstances. I'm afraid that the effect, on the whole, is unreal and boozily literary, the hero in particular having the air less of a self-destroyed man of genuine talent than of a rather self-conscious poseur, entranced by his own depravity and given to quoting from the more florid poets—especially Ernest Dowson—with little or no provocation. For another, the play as written had to do, essentially, with a few hours of comfort and peace brought to a hopeless drunkard by a woman who is practically without hope for happiness herself, since she is an illiterate giantess (five feet eleven in her stocking feet and weigh-



"HOTEL PARADISO"

This picture seems to have caught Bert Lahr in that classic moment when somebody is boring a hole in the seat of his trousers. The lady and gentleman looking on are Angela Lansbury and John Emery, and the farce, adapted by Peter Glenville from an 1886 French original, is at the Henry Miller.

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ing a hundred and eighty pounds) who lives in a state of almost unimaginable squalor with her sodden and feebly crooked old father in the Connecticut equivalent of Tobacco Road. While the drunkard, at least in his physical aspects, is produced acceptably enough at the Bijou, no mammoth actress appears to have been available, and the young lady who has been employed is of conventional size and of more than usually agreeable shape and visage. It is quite possible, I suppose, to regret her immediate romantic and domestic trials, but very difficult to despair of her future. The fact that there is no real reason to suppose that the defeated heroine will be defeated at all does away with approximately half of O'Neill's point, and this is unfortunate, because I suspect "A Moon for the Misbegotten" is a play that needs all the sympathy it can get.

As the haunted Tyrone, Franchot Tone gives an admirable performance, showing great intelligence and restraint in a part that could easily be a tiresome caricature; Wendy Hiller, though highly implausible as a freak, plays the farm girl with a mixture of humor and pathos that I consider remarkable under the circumstances; and Cyril Cusack, as her father, is effective enough, even while detailing one of the most tedious real-estate transactions in history. It seemed to me that Carmen Capalbo's direction did all that could be expected with an interminable and dismayingly static script, but William Pitkin's ruined farmhouse is, I should say, just a little too much. Even Jeeter Lester lived more fashionably.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

IF Mamie exhibits any weakness in her daily schedule it's a tendency not to be able to say no when invited to some tea or luncheon for the wives of officers. At one of these luncheons recently she heard that the wife of a young officer who was there had cracked up the family car and was despondent over what it would cost to repair and the general bad state of their finances.

After the luncheon Mamie made it her business to find this unfortunate young wife. She told her several stories of the difficult times she and the President had had when he was a junior officer. Those words lifted the young lady two feet off the floor and sent her home with a new outlook on life.

she hit the ceiling—*Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel.*

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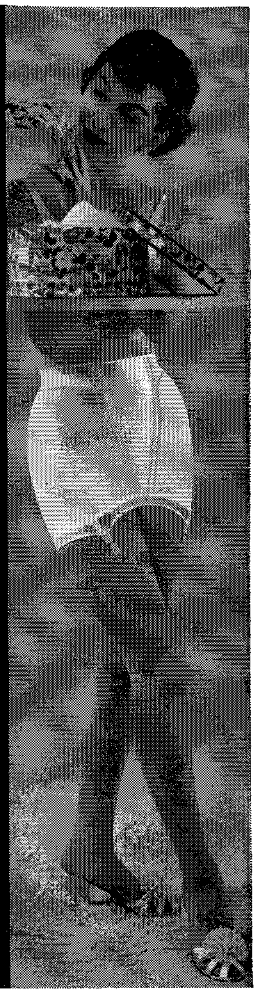

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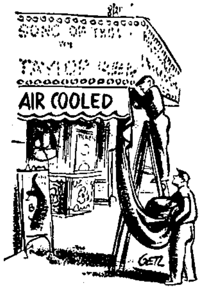
THE CURRENT CINEMA

One of the Brave



YOU'VE never seen an upper lip quite as stiff as the one exhibited by the protagonist of the British film called "Reach for the Sky." Lewis Gilbert, who wrote and directed it, has attempted to tell the story of a very real hero of the R.A.F.—a man named Douglas Bader—but he has made such an unholy hash of his theme that by the time the picture has run its course, Airman Bader, as represented by Kenneth More, has become something of a bore, and so, for that matter, have most of his associates. The actual career of Mr. Bader (who, incidentally, served as technical adviser on the picture) certainly should have provided the red meat of a rousing melodrama. A swashbuckling sort, he managed to lose both legs while skylarking in a plane shortly after joining the R.A.F., in 1928. He was reduced to desk work by this calamity, but he became so adept at getting around on artificial legs that, when the Second World War broke out, he was able to wangle a flying assignment, and quickly became one of the heroes of the Battle of Britain. Eventually shot down and captured by the Germans, he spent four years in a prison camp, and celebrated his release—and the end of the war—by leading a triumphal flight of three thousand planes over London. Regrettably, in explaining this noteworthy character, Mr. Gilbert employs a spate of "good-show-righto-stout-chap" dialogue and keeps hammering away at the notion that the aeronauts defending Britain were really no more complicated than a particularly euphoric group of Little Leaguers. Mr. Gilbert is also a great one for finding amusement in the primitive humor of training camps. I suppose Mr. More should be commended for making as much as he does of a hero who is presented here as a variation on Frank Merriwell, but there's not much to be said for the rest of the cast.

"THE LITTLE HUT," when it was running on Broadway a couple of years ago, tried to wrench a few chuckles out of the situation of an English gentlewoman cast away on a desert island with her cold husband and a warm-blooded bachelor. After some reflection about their peculiar predicament, the trio decided that the lady should be shared by the gentlemen on a sort of week-to-week basis. Obviously, this sort of stuff is odd material for Hollywood, but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has nevertheless attempted to twist the thing into a movie, and the result is gloomy. As adapted by F. Hugh Herbert, the picture is full of witless double-entendres, and the central trio, portrayed by Stewart Granger, David Niven, and Ava Gardner, never comes into any kind of comprehensible focus. The lady and gentlemen are as arch as can be, but also unconscionably dull, and I think that you'll be actively dismayed by the introduction of a shaggy dog who frustrates Mr. Niven's alleged plots against Miss Gardner's virtue.

"THE RIDE BACK" deals with the problems of a cowtown cop who has to shepherd a desperado from Mexico to Texas. He also has to worry about Apaches. Nothing seems to have changed much along the old trail, and William Conrad, who plays the cop, and Anthony Quinn, who plays the badman, are standard Western types. The Apaches look pretty familiar, too.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

SINGAPORE, APRIL 21

Fifty American sailors and merchant seamen fought in a cabaret in Singapore to-night. Patrols and dancers ran for safety as broken bottles and chairs were used as weapons.

Captain R. J. Oliver, of the British vessel Ikauna, was taken to the general hospital with several facial injuries and stabs in the chest. The police are looking for an injured seaman who ran from the scene.

The Ikauna (6,801 tons) is owned by the British India Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., and is registered at London.

Ships of four S.E.A.T.O. nations are paying a goodwill visit to Singapore. —*Manchester Guardian.*

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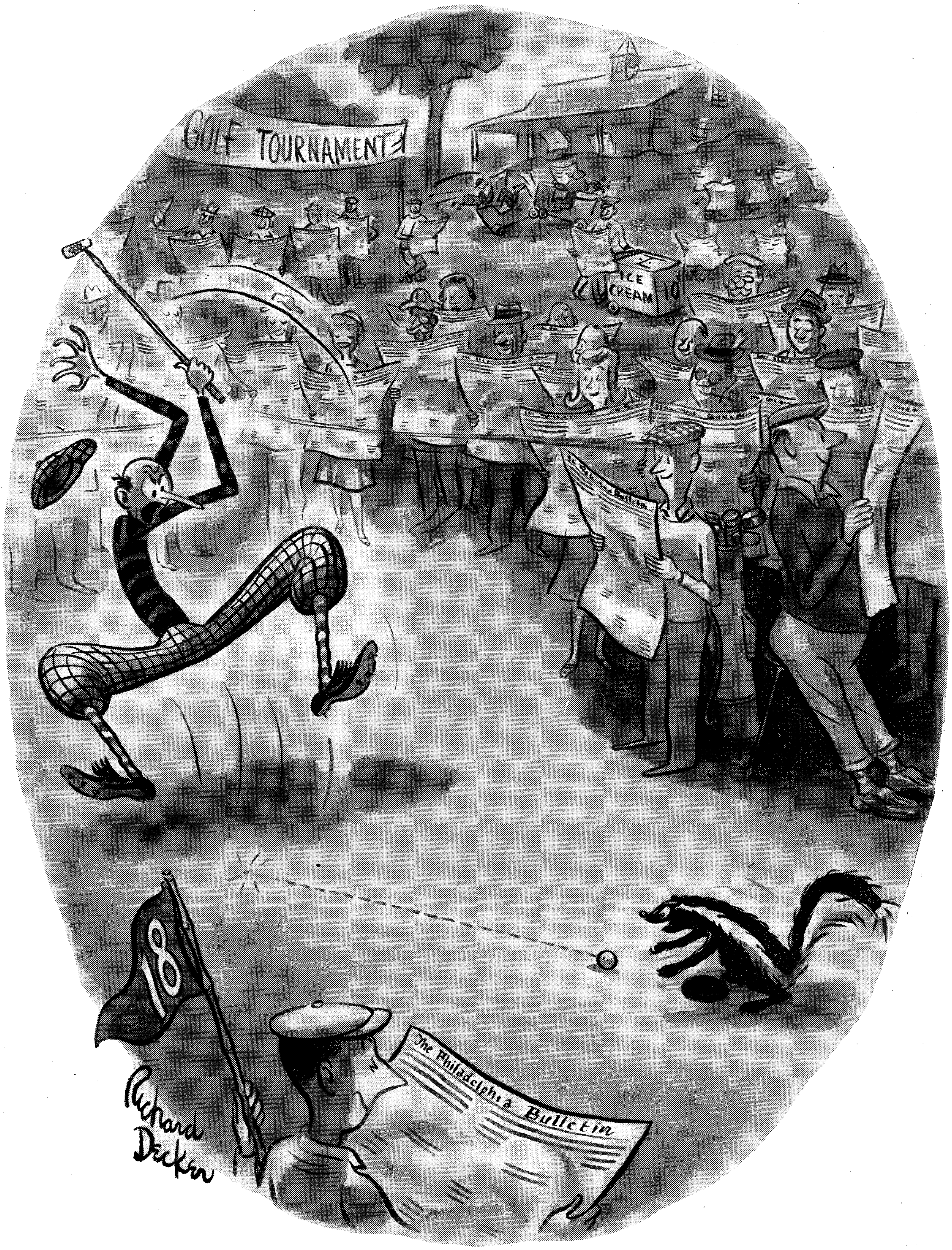
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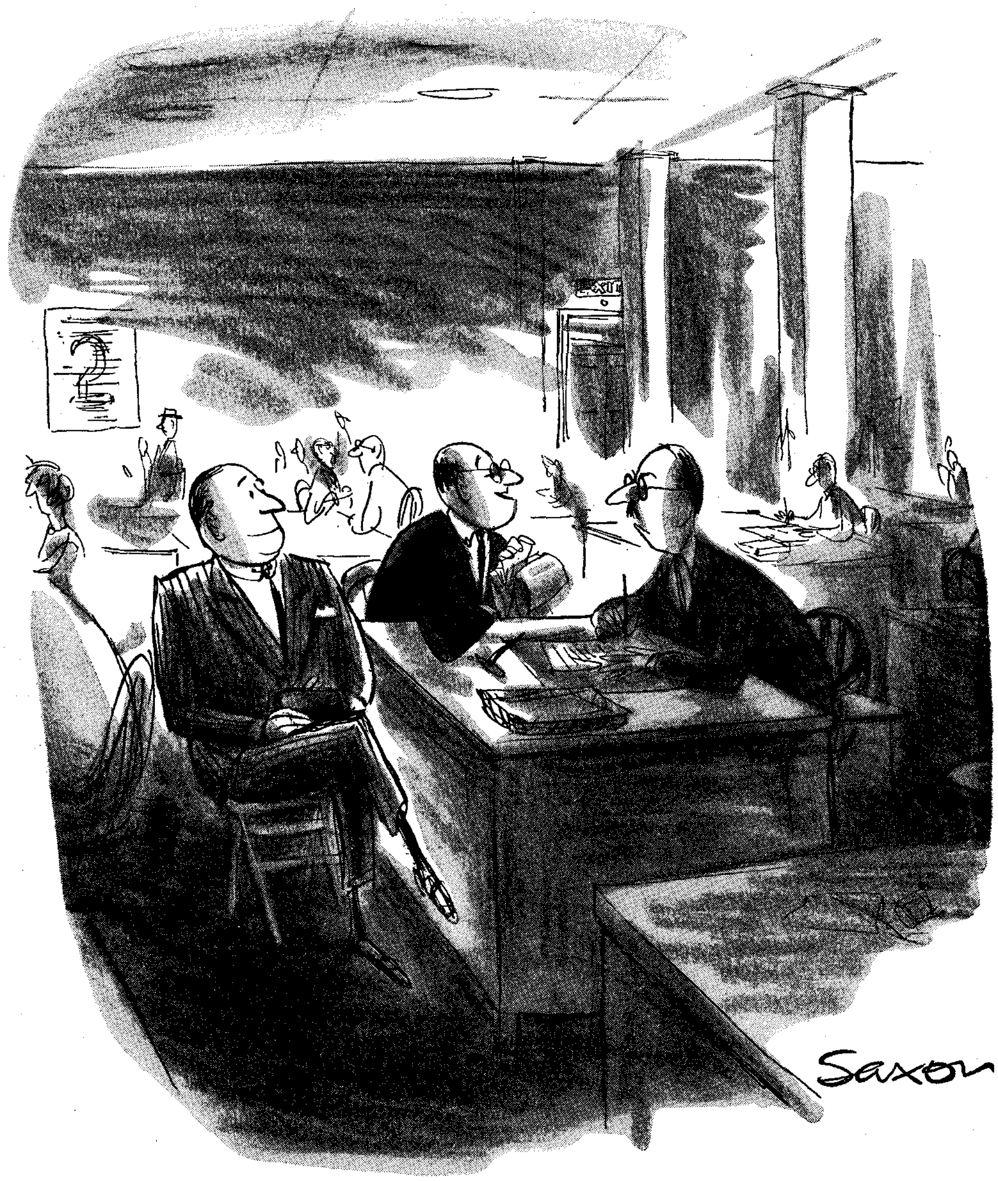
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

I BOW to no one in my admiration for Mark Twain, but it simply isn't true that nobody does anything about the weather. Now summer is just around the corner (it says here), and every shop in New York seems to have done something about it. Take Macy, whose Little Shop is showing cool and spirited clothes made especially at its request in Italy and France. For in town, out of town, or betwixt-and-between, there's a suit of royal-blue basketweave piqué. A detachable belt sits low at the back of the long box jacket, whose full sleeves end in cuffs of white cotton knit striped with the same blue; the skirt is tight. A dress of black cotton woven in a dot-and-dash pattern offers a standaway collar (cool in summer) and a slightly peg-top skirt. The lining is sheer black silk. A dress of salmon-pink-and-white checked cotton, and buttoning down the front, suggests a trench coat. Clusters of tucks, in which only the pink of the cotton shows, run from the middle of the back to just past the waist; below that, it's all pink-and-white unpressed pleats. Two-piece dresses, gay and refreshing in an Audrey Hepburn way, are of white polished cotton strewn with emerald, chartreuse, and violet dots the size of silver dollars. The top is fitted and scoop-necked; double box pleats go around the balloon skirt, and so does a sash with streamers. Dresses for cocktails, dinner, or sun tan are of white polished cotton, too, but the print is a black snakeskin design, and horizontal stripes of bright blue, purple, and black also get into the act. Country-club parties or garden wedding receptions are the purpose of a tunic dress done in white organdie on which wreaths of white flowers are embroidered, and a bouquet of black organdie posies flourishes beside one knee. Something between $40 and $155 will fetch any of these items. Play clothes run to much less cash. Navy-and-green plaid cotton with white pin dots is for shirts and for shorts that barely show beneath them; lilac basketweave piqué is for three-quarter tapered trousers with cuffs of lilac-and-white striped cotton to match the off-the-shoulder blouse.

MOST of the ready-to-wear clothes on tap at Amie, 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), are designed in the firm's workrooms. Amie's usual urbanity is visible in a travelling wardrobe. The long, svelte coat and the gored skirt are of one or another of several Italian silk tweeds, such as navy and gray flecked with bright blue and maroon, or tan and white in a herringbone pattern. The contrasting or harmonizing crêpe that lines each coat is the fabric of the accompanying blouse, which has a soft bow at the throat, and of a choice of dressier skirts. The tweed coat and skirt are $195; the crêpe blouses and skirts are $39.95 and $69.95, respectively. Two-piece town dresses, with bloused tops nipped at the waist by a drawstring, appear in beige silk covered with broken black checks; $145. Their country counterparts, of linen or striped cotton, are $95. Amie's flowered prints are superb. I thought highly of a shirtwaist dress that's of white English cotton with yellow pansies and gray leaves on it; also $95. I felt the same way about one of white surah with small orange and pink poppies; $145. Appliquéd petals of the silk curl up the sides of the small turnover collar, and the skirt is full and pleated. What could be bright-blue maple leaves, pale-blue elm leaves, and black blackberries decorate the white cotton of a halter-top bathing suit with little-boy shorts. The same stuff is employed for a blouse that knots at the midriff or the waist and for a street-length wrap-around skirt



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lined with white cotton and finished off inside the hem with narrow white lace. Cotton velours battle jackets from Switzerland are done in any of a dozen hues; $14.75. Dressed-up pullovers, likewise Swiss, are of yellow, blue, red, or white nylon matte jersey; $9.95. There's nylon ribbing at their V necks.

Abercrombie & Fitch offers two good-looking tailored dresses (Peter Pan collars, pleated skirts) that don't *have* to be ironed, because they're of black or navy orlon-and-cotton; $29.95. Bermuda shorts turn up in multicolored striped—yes, striped—madras from India. An ingenious fold, attached at the sides, front and back, of a culotte golf skirt, makes it look just like a skirt when you stand still. It's of navy, charcoal, or brown dacron-and-cotton. From England come short pleated skirts designed by Fred Perry, the old Davis Cupper, and they're intended for his favorite sport. The fabric is white cotton treated with a glaze that will hold the pleats in place when the skirts are washed (they can't be dry-cleaned). For companion pieces, there are shirts of cotton mesh, with nice long tails. Bass and trout lures are the decoration for some sleeveless shirts of white cotton.

British American House, at 200 Fifth Avenue (23rd), can provide first-rate raincoats that could pass as topcoats. A lot of them are visitors from Italy or England. Reversible ones of Egyptian cotton poplin, black on one side and mocha on the other, or Wedgwood blue or apricot on one side and beige on the other, are $75, a price that includes reversible hoods, mittens, and belts. The collars are wide and pointed; the pockets have flaps. Military brass buttons fasten the front opening of an adaptation of a trench coat in Burgundy Egyptian cotton gabardine, as well as the cavalry vent in back; $95, which includes a belt and hood but no mittens. A classic coat by Aquascutum is of iridescent Egyptian cotton gabardine in Black Jade, which is really the dark gray-green of an oncoming thunderstorm. The lining is silver-gray cotton overlaid with Tattersall checks of orange, blue, and black. Finally, there's a nice street-length raincape of beige or red Pima cotton; $29.95. It's double-breasted and the collar can be pulled up to protect the ears.

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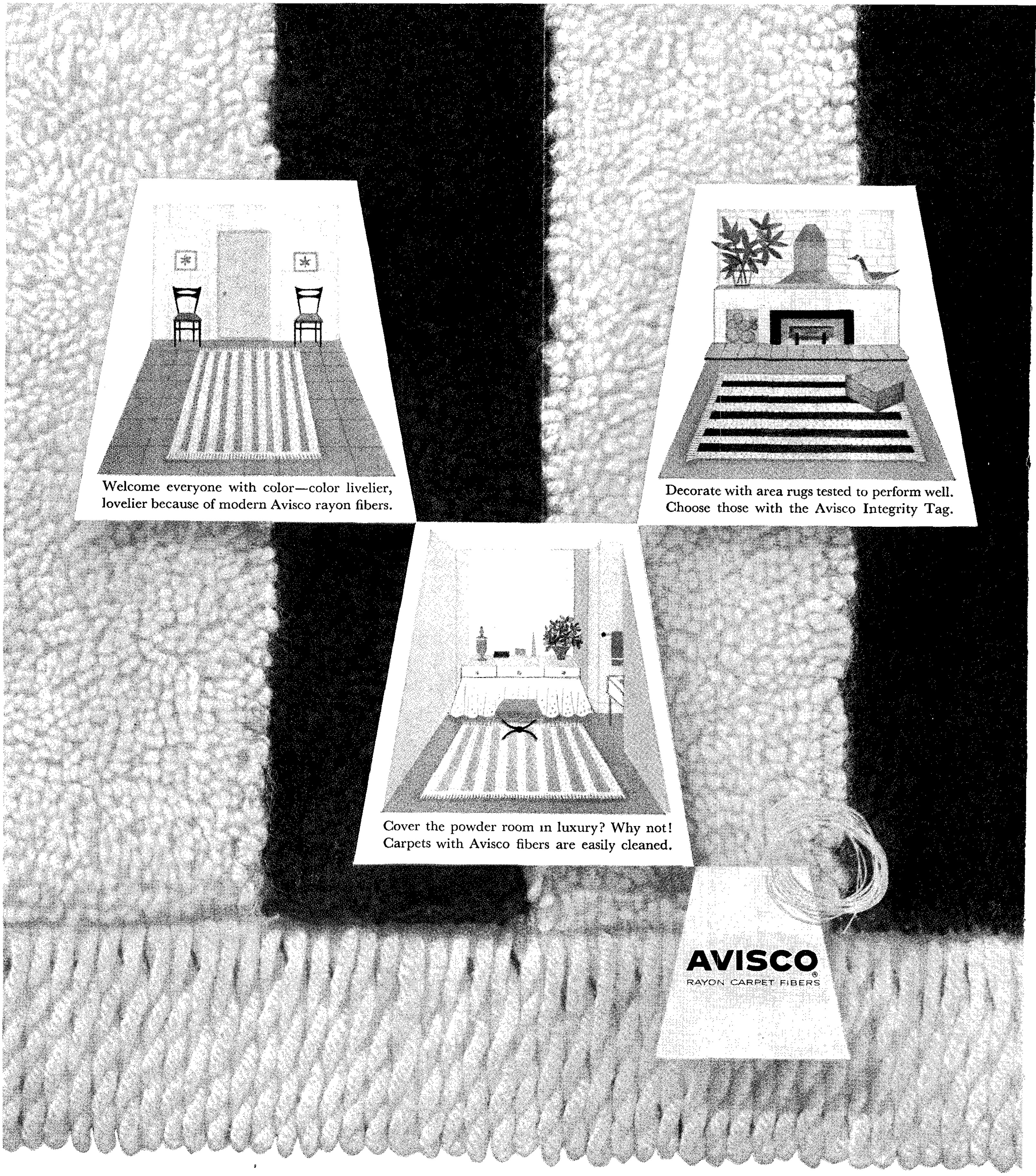

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AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

deed are the negligees of white nylon print chiffon (the motif is apple blossoms) over a layer of nylon crêpe in apple-blossom pink, such as a fitted robe, a flowing peignoir, and a duster, all of them belted in with green nylon velvet ribbon; $22.95 to $30. Nylon georgette crêpe, orange-ice and champagne, and encrusted with satin roses and écru Alençon-type nylon lace, is used for nightgowns, slips, and petticoats; $32 to $59.75. Hostess gowns of watermelon-pink or yellow linen, which slink down the figure in Oriental fashion, are adorned at the sides with chalk-white bead embroidery; $69.75. Miles of antique automobiles line up on a tailored robe of white rayon-and-silk; $17. A short wrap-around negligee is of white dacron-and-cotton striped in black. A Turkey-red bow gives the waist an extra touch of color. You could wear this for shopping in town or even for an urban lunch.

J. BERLÉ, at 26 West 58th Street, has been doing made-to-measure bathing suits outfitted with his lightweight wired brassières for I can't think how many years. The most dramatic of the present lot is a heart-shaped bodice, a practically bare back and partly bare sides (above the waist, thank heaven), and attached shorts draped through the hips. The stuff this dream is made of is white nylon satin on which immense purple roses, small yellow poppies, and yellow mimosa are printed. Halter princesse bathing dresses come forth in white cotton festooned with Shocking-pink-and-black tulips and black-and-taupe baby's-breath, or else in black cotton festooned with red-and-pink roses, bluebells, and turquoise-and-gold pansies. A bathing dress with narrow shoulder straps and a full, box-pleated skirt is of tan cotton on which navy fans are printed. Cutouts of the fans flutter down the bodice. Only the young and lissome should consider a bathing suit that wraps into a brief sarong. It looks its best in purple-and-black French cotton on which an African jungle thrives. The two-piece things are $95; the one-piece numbers are $135. Non-built-in brassières begin at $17.50. The newest, which is strapless and softly boned, is practically an all-in-one girdle, because it nips in the waist and covers the hips. It's of white, tea-rose, or black cotton net narrowly edged with matching lace; $125.

PEG NEWTON, at 3 East 48th Street, has Cole of California bathing suits with built-in brassières for women who

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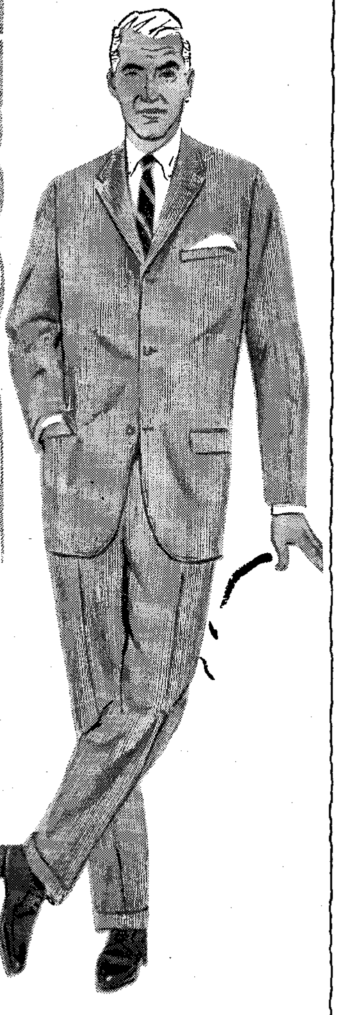

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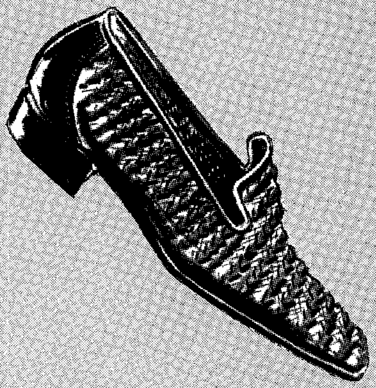
stand five feet seven to six feet one without benefit of wedgies. These brassières are of foam rubber. Suits of white or black Lastex are tucked above the hem of the half skirt. A magnificent suit of black rayon jersey is as intricately draped in front as a Dessès dress, and it's all puckered shirring in back. White elasticized cotton bands the décolletage and the little-boy shorts of a suit done in blue elasticized cotton poplin with a crossbar pattern in black. The Cole sizes are 32 to 40, and the prices run from $12.95 to $22.95.

MME. HELEN G. ALBERT, an arsenal of old lace, is a useful acquaintance at a time of year when so many women are on the bridal path, and a not at all expensive arsenal. She operates in a niche at 760 Madison Avenue (66th), where she'll add rose-point or duchesse lace to the hem of short gloves and trail a few bits over the hand, or edge a décolletage with Brussels appliqué, or add (for $65 to $80) Brussels appliqué or rose-point crowns to fingertip veils of French illusion—things like that. And she turns mantillas of Brussels appliqué into wedding veils and then attaches them to malines caps the shade of the bride's hair, so they won't slip. A performance of this grandeur runs to $450. Mme. A. can also do tricks with scraps of lace that have been lying around somebody's bureau drawers, such as removing the linen center of a lace handkerchief and converting the rest of it into an open cap, plus illusion veil. After the wedding she will put everything together so skillfully that it looks like a real live handkerchief again.

FOR brides who intend to be informal, Daria, at 9 East 53rd Street, makes floppy hats out of three layers of white French tulle and inserts imported lace around the base of the crown; $40. Bridesmaids' hats to match—a single layer of pastel tulle plus ribbon streamers—are $18.75. Orders take two weeks.

THE Alteration Center, at 37 Christopher Street, binds the seams of wool jersey outfits with silk tape so they won't rip; it lets out dresses, even beaded sheaths, as much as four inches through the middle with gussets made out of bits of cloth snipped off at hems, from inside the pockets, and such; it reorganizes baggy skirts; it turns long evening coats into dinner skirts and turns jackets into Etons or boleros; it rebuilds old hats into head-hugging cloches



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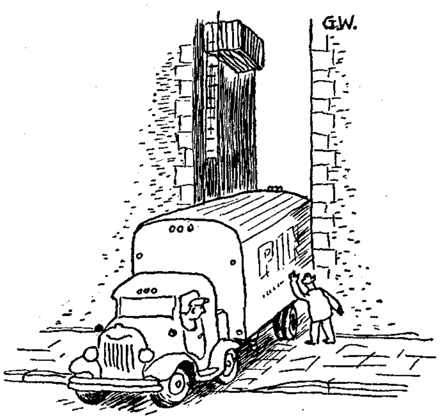
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN

or draped turbans. In fact, no problem is too weighty for this place to tackle. It's closed on Mondays, and it likes to work by appointment.

James Robinson, at 12 East 57th Street, has been collecting English gold seals (the ones he had in stock the day I was there dated between 1780 and 1825) and making them over into charms—hounds and hares, deer, leaves and scrolls, and so on. A gold seal inside a frame, and mounted on pivots so it can revolve, is trimmed with a little enamel flower. The bases, of semiprecious stones, are engraved with initials, crests, coats of arms, or mottoes. The seals range from $35 to $185. A gold rope bracelet to dangle them from is $138. Oh, yes, the prices include the luxury tax.

Hodgepodge: The Penthouse Gallery, at 15 West 55th Street, has aprons of white glazed chintz for women who like to read as they cook—recipes in French (black, and you have to read them upside down; the French, those busy domestic scientists, don't quite think of everything) and portraits of the ingredients (pastels) proceed across the two pockets in the front; $3.50. . . . Dior's most recent nylon stockings, seamless and reinforced at the toe and heel, are for closed pumps. In three shades of beige and in Strawberry Frost; $1.65, at Bergdorf Goodman. . . . B. Nelson, of 10 East 39th Street, has come up with hand-woven raffia loafers from Italy; $10.95, in black, white, or natural. . . . Nilmelior, at 700 Madison Avenue (62nd), has brought home some sunglasses from France. They have unbreakable green plastic lenses and bamboo temple pieces, and they weigh only half an ounce; $20. His English black or white plastic opera glasses, which look like Kodaks, are small enough to slip in a pocket or purse, and they and the plastic leather case add up to just three ounces;



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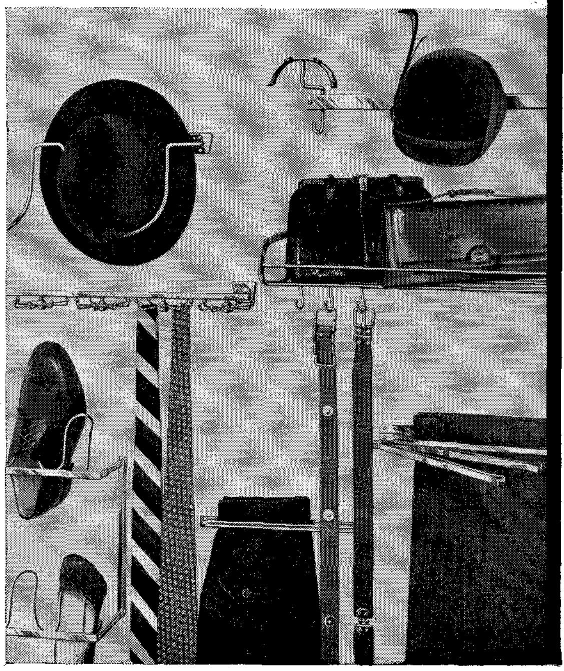

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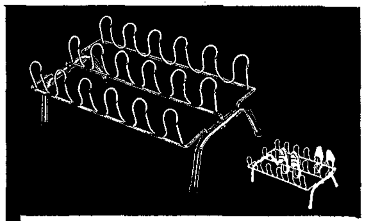
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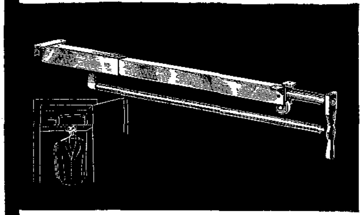
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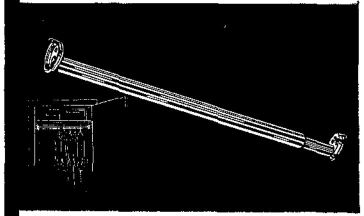
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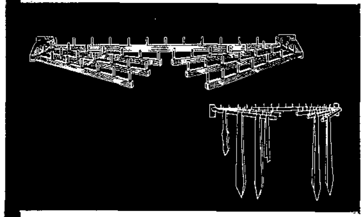
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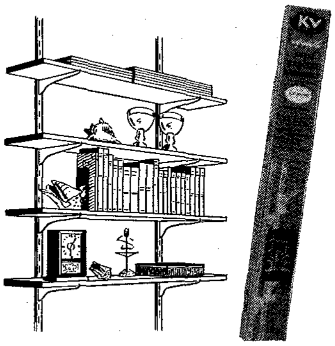

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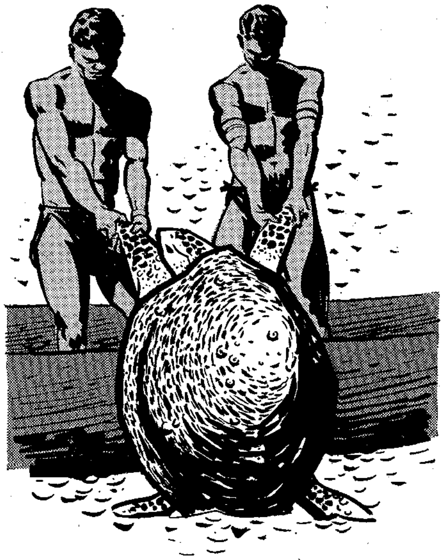

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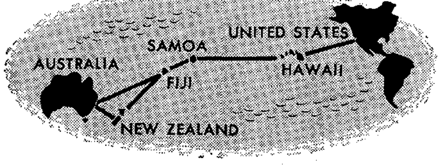

$5.50. . . . A reminder for both travellers and stay-at-homes: the old reliable Woolite, a cold-water soap powder that won't make wool sweaters shrink and keeps nylon lingerie bright and fresh, is around almost everywhere in small packets, twenty for $1. —M. M.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Treasure Hunt

BARGAIN-HUNTING home decorators, but only the most intrepid, are invited to follow me this week to the dusty and disordered premises of the Locate Market, at 1712 Second Avenue (89th), where, in a barnlike setting that might dismay a good many Fifty-seventh Street shoppers, a certain amount of interesting flotsam is to be found, along with a lot of totally uninteresting jetsam. The owners of this offbeat enterprise have sat in on the demolition of some of the most important old mansions, hotels, and public buildings that have disappeared from the local scene during the past decade or so, and have salvaged from them such assorted parts as antique panelling, oak beams, inside and outside shutters, doorframes, hardware, chandeliers, mirrors, and ornamental iron grillwork, all of which repose in the shop until they are ferreted out by decorators or enterprising householders. The decorator, of course, is shrewd enough to look out for himself, but I had better say right here that the Locate Market is a dangerous place for the homemaker with imagination. She will find it so hard to keep her head amid this wealth of bargains-with-possibilities that before she knows it she may become the bewildered owner of half a dozen doorframes, a marble hearth or two, and an iron stair rail.

How such fragile objects as glass cloches of the sort that Victorians put wax fruit and flowers under come to be in this collection of substantial architectural debris I don't know, but there they are, dozens of them, along with more lamp globes than you've ever seen assembled in one place before. Among the globes are a few with cut patterns—the kind of thing that householders are forever hunting to replace the original Early American globes that time and housemaids inevitably take their toll of. Most of them are of clear glass, but if you want them frosted, the shop will undertake to have the job done for you.

Even more numerous than the globes or the cloches are the inside shutters. Indeed, the supply seems limitless, and this is fortunate for everybody concerned, since the shutters are in more

colorful hors d'oeuvre tray

This handsome, 14" square, natural cherry wood tray is exclusive with America House. The 6" under glaze tile comes in your choice of a wide variety of beautiful hand decorated designs. Included are geometrics and accurately colored botanical illustrations of such flowers as rose, daisy, iris, jonquil; herbs, mint, thyme, oregano, rosemary and fruits, lemon, peach, lime, pear, raspberry and fig. $10.00. Add 75¢ for postage and insurance.

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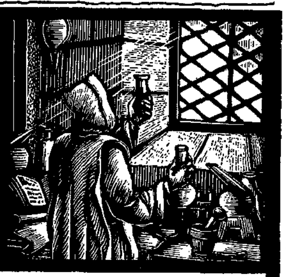

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Imported BRISTOL SHERRIES
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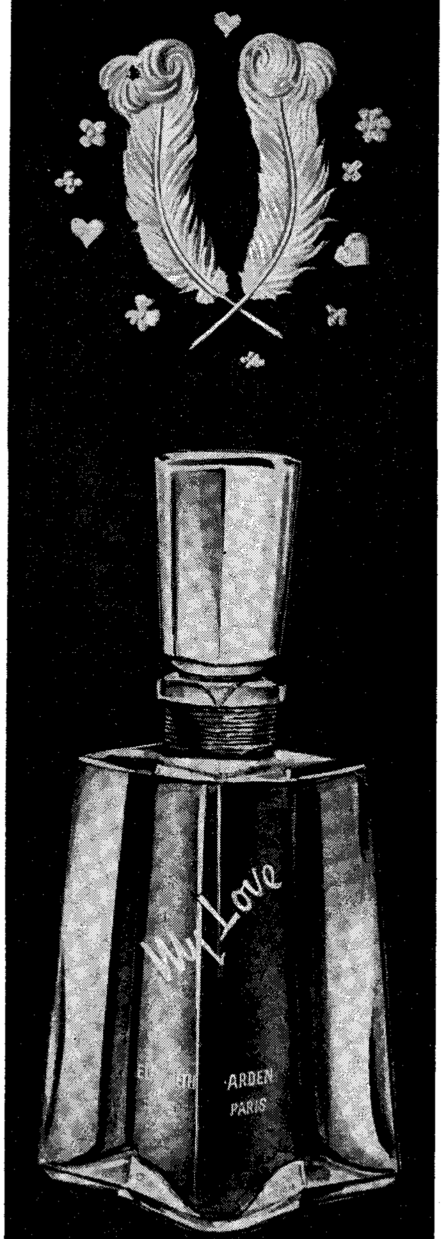

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constant demand than any of the other wares at the Market. While I was there, a couple of sets of them were sold; one, I was told, would be used to screen an alcove given over to a radio and record player, and the other went to a man who planned to build himself a bar out of them. Quite a lot of the shutters, which come from houses dating as far back as 1790, are made of prime sugar pine, and most of these range from thirty-six to forty inches in height. The purchaser can turn them into full-size doors or screens by setting them one on top of another and connecting them with splints of matching pine, which the shop is frequently able to provide. Carefully stripped of paint, the shutters cost from $4.50 to $7 each. Of the same mellow pine are some graceful hand-carved rosettes, four, five, and six inches square, that originally ornamented the window frames and doorframes of a Greenwich Village house built around 1820. Stripped, these go for $5 each, and as is, which means gaumed with the layers of paint they have acquired in the course of their long existence, they are $2.50. The doorframes themselves sell for $3 a running foot, stripped, and an enormous and far more ornate doorframe, taken from the Fifth Avenue Bank, is on hand for $400, as is. Doors are usually in short supply, being bought up almost as soon as they appear in the shop, but at the time of my visit there were thirty beautiful six-panel examples of Early American joinery, at $35 each (the original hardware was there, too, at $10 per door), and seven massive solid-oak doors, hand-carved in the elaborate linen-fold pattern, which once opened on the auditorium of the old Prudential Insurance building in Newark, at $75 each.

It is, of course, impossible to predict what may be found from week to week in this strange assortment, but at the rate buildings are coming down around us, it would seem that anyone's chances of finding some sort of prize are good. For instance, a large consignment of iron grillwork, taken from the stair railing of the New York Produce Exchange, has just arrived—the first lot of grillwork that the store has had since the lovely old balconies from the Rhinelander houses, on West Eleventh Street, were snapped up by eager customers. Among the other items stocked in such quantities that it is pretty safe to count on their being around for some time are what appears to be a ton or so of crystals from old chandeliers (these are sold from a barrel, at $2 a pound); some late-nineteenth-century Yale & Towne

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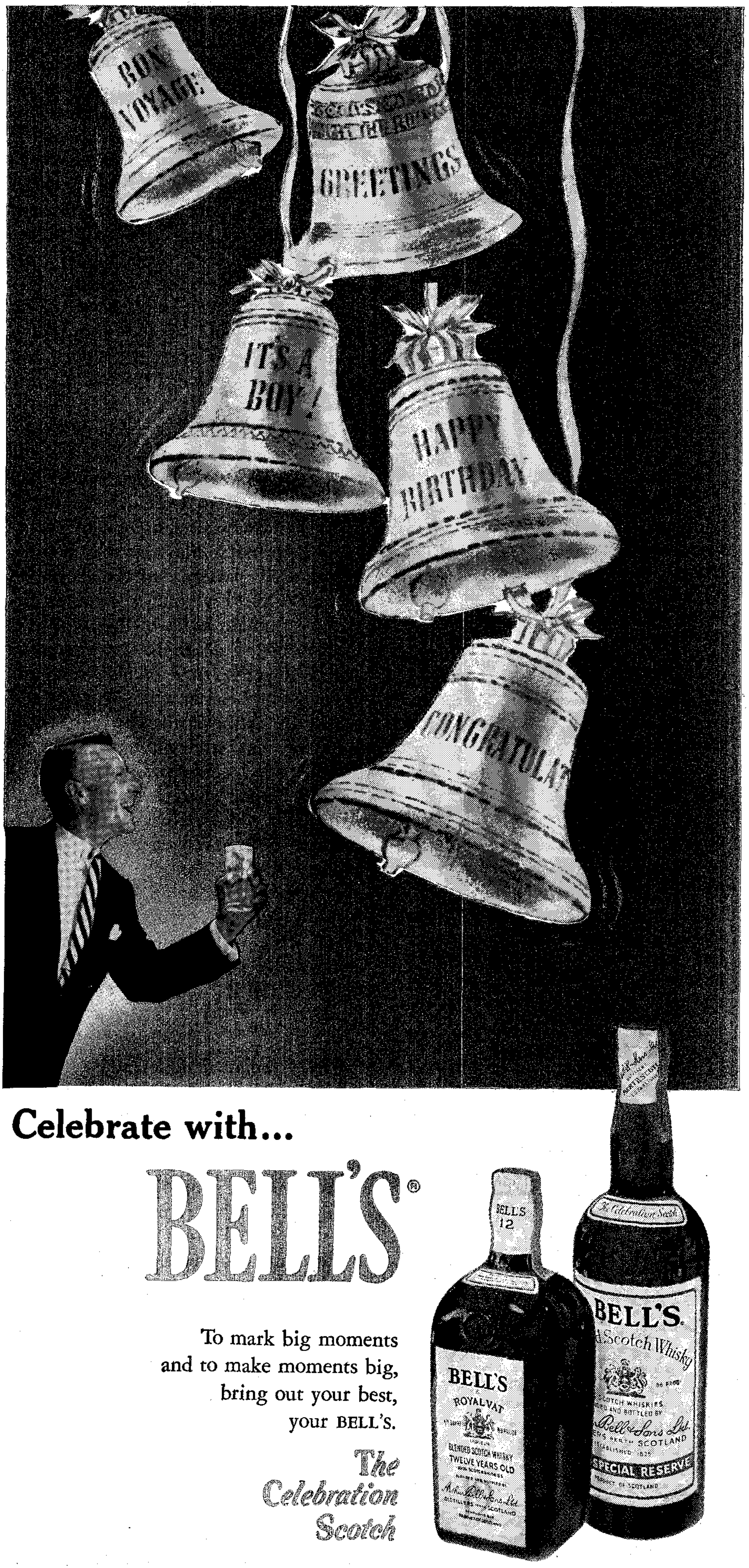
brass and bronze doorknobs, starting at $2.50; and hurricane-lamp shades and candle shades of all shapes and sizes, starting at $1. By the time you get around to paying the Locate Market a visit, you may or may not find three flagpoles, each topped with a brass eagle, also from the Produce Exchange ($25 for the three); two tall, handsome Victorian mirrors from a Beekman Place house (one at $75, the other at $100); and two Early American columned mantels ($100 each). But even though you probably shouldn't set your heart on picking up any of these, the trip to Second Avenue is likely to prove worth while just the same.

HAVING disposed of the old and discarded, we shall move on to the new and stylish, and take in an exhibition of the latest thing in floor coverings—an innovation called Vinceramic, produced by William Gold, 19 East 53rd Street. In case you don't keep your ear to the ground for such developments, I should explain that Vinceramic is a happy marriage of two materials you might not think would be particularly compatible—flexible vinyl flooring, which is a sort of transcendental linoleum, and rigid ceramic tiles, the tiles being set into the vinyl in any number of effective patterns. Since the tiles are of a different thickness from the vinyl, it is difficult to see how the two substances can be laid so as to form a smooth surface underfoot, but they can be, by means that Mr. Gold will be happy to explain to you if you really care. The tiles, which come in a dozen shapes and sizes, in whatever color you want, and with any decoration you order fired into them, have such a hard finish that their decorations are expected to last undimmed practically forever. The dozen varieties can all be seen at the Gold showroom, laid in model panels, some of which also have strips of brass, copper, or stainless steel, of varying widths, worked into the mosaic. One of the most pleasing samples on display consists of rectangular white tiles, six inches long and an inch wide, with a vaguely Moorish design of blue ivy, set in light-blue vinyl; another has small diamond-shaped tiles, each decorated with two red roses, set in larger diamonds of white vinyl, which, in turn, are outlined with metal strips; and still another is a big bouquet of field flowers done in exquisite colors and also set in white vinyl. The vinyl comes in six-, nine-, and twelve-inch squares, which, of course, can be cut to meet the requirements of any sort of pattern, and there



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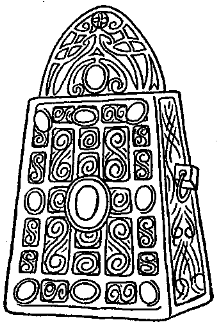
Ah, But The Bell Was St. Patrick's!



Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, National Museum, Dublin.

WHO BUT THE IRISH would take a bell of iron and put it in a case of gold? But there's a reason (there always is, with the Irish!): The bell was St. Patrick's, and it was King Donall Ua Laichlann who decreed that his craftsmen should encase it in a beautiful shrine of gold. The Irish have always treasured fine things—in the very earliest days, even before Irish gold was smelted, royal craftsmen were hammering out masterpieces of brooches and clasps in bronze.

And well may we say that Irish Whiskey is a masterpiece of the distiller's art. *Whiskey was born in Ireland,* many centuries ago. The original traditions of quality and patient aging have been jealously maintained.

With your very first sip, Irish Whiskey makes friends with your taste. Enjoy this masterpiece straight, on-the-rocks, highballed, in Irish Coffee or as 'Irish and tonic.' It's a very fine whiskey indeed.

That's why so many men who know ALL whiskeys drink 'IRISH.'

IRISH
WHISKEY

IRISH WHISKEY DISTILLERS, IRELAND

is a wide range of solid colors to choose from. As you can see, this flooring is capable of a good deal of versatility. I only wish I didn't have to bring up prices here, because they are likely to give you something of a shock. Installed by Mr. Gold's workmen, the one-by-six-inch tiles cost $4 each and the vinyl is $1.50 per square foot; the diamond tiles, six inches long and four inches wide, cost $10 each, installed. If your decorating problem isn't pressing, perhaps you could wait until the wreckers get hold of some of the grand new buildings with Vinceramic floors and pass the stuff along to the Locate Market.

While you are still at the Gold showrooms—provided you can bear to consider back numbers a full year old—you would do well to examine the firm's many handsome designs of vinyl combined with metal inlays, as well as some complicated patterns of vinyl set in vinyl. While I wouldn't want to disparage anything as up-to-the-minute as Vinceramic, I do think its originators have not yet learned to play with the tile-and-vinyl combination as easily and gracefully as they can with vinyl-and-metal or vinyl-and-vinyl, for some of the older styles are impressively good-looking. Since everything here is custom-made, almost any sort of decoration can be worked out: a copy of an ancient Roman pavement, something to harmonize with Early American furnishings, a sprightly modern design—whatever you like. The Gold creations are sold through decorators, or they can be ordered at Lord & Taylor.

THE talented designer Isamu Noguchi has recently made for Knoll Associates, 575 Madison Avenue (57th), one of the airiest, most graceful tables for informal dining ever to turn up in a modern interior. Although this table is new, it is so evidently evolved from Noguchi's celebrated and enormously stylish rocking stool that the design may seem familiar. The stool, I should probably explain for the benefit of anyone who has had the ill fortune to overlook it, has a walnut or teak disc to sit on and a disc with a rounded bottom for a base (it rocks as efficiently and determinedly as anything on the front porch of an Iowa bungalow), the two being connected by a sheaf of slender, V-shaped steel rods. Well, the table has a forty-eight-inch circular top of a substance called plastic laminate; a ring of black iron for a base (no rocking here); and a supporting

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For pipe smokers on-the-go! Zippered case provides safe travel accommodations for four pipes, with built-in pouch for tobacco. 7x4". Tan pigskin **$15**
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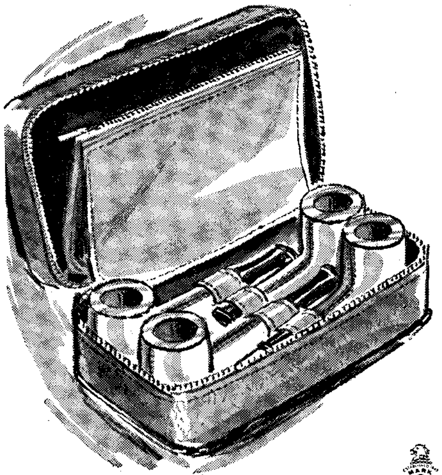

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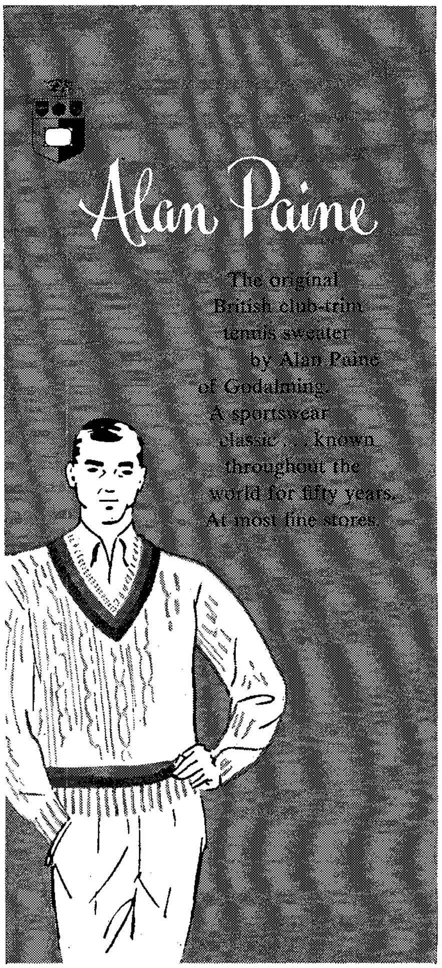
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column of interlaced V-shaped rods. These components work together to convey a gratifying impression of lightness and casual elegance. In fact, the illusion of lightness is so strong that when you start to move the table around you are surprised by its actual solidity. It seats four people comfortably, and costs $140; the same table with a thirty-six-inch top, for tête-à-tête dining, is $110. (The stools, which I keep harking back to, come in two heights—ten and a half inches and sixteen and three-quarters—and cost $43.50 and $45, respectively, in walnut. In teak, they are a few dollars more.) Very much the same design also shows up in a child's table, at $51, with a twenty-four-inch top of black or white plastic laminate (the stuff is stain-resistant, by the way), a pedestal of black-finished steel rods, and a solid-maple base. It is so pretty and so cheerfully unpretentious that parents who have searched in vain for attractive nursery furniture will, I think, wish fervently that Mr. Noguchi may be persuaded to turn his attention more frequently to the young, who so often have to put up with folksy horrors.

Another fine new Knoll dinner table, entirely different from the Noguchi design, is by Lewis Butler. It has a fifty-four-inch circular top of walnut plywood and four walnut legs, which are connected by stretchers made of laminated maple and placed so far under the table that any entanglement with the diners' legs is comfortably avoided. This table was originally intended to be used for business conferences, and since somebody or other had established that a table of slightly less than the conventional height engenders a less stuffy atmosphere than most conference tables do, it was designed to stand twenty-five and a half inches from the floor, which is four or five inches lower than usual, and the optimum height for doodling. Later on, less bureaucratic customers appropriated the table for eating, not only because it is a beautiful piece of furniture for the home but also because twenty-five and a half inches turns out to be just the height for relaxed and easy dining. It costs $222, and, like all Knoll furniture, is sold only through decorators. If you hold out for a shade more altitude in your dining surface, the same table twenty-eight inches tall costs $225.

THE engrossing exhibition of contemporary Scandinavian handicraft that was recently put on at Georg Jensen is at present touring the coun-

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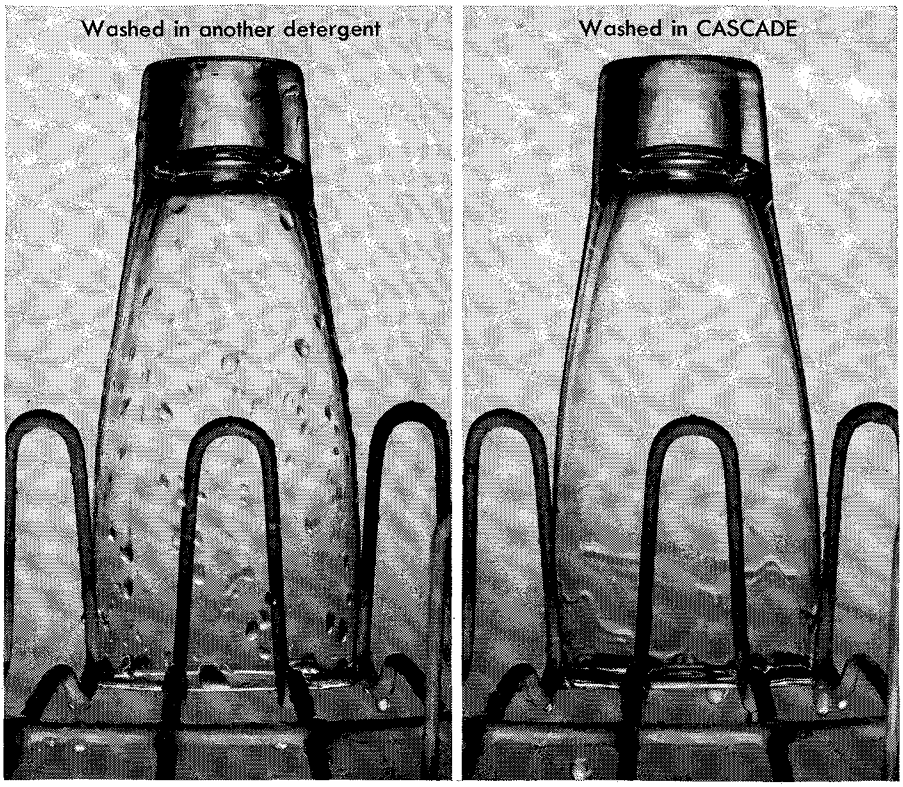

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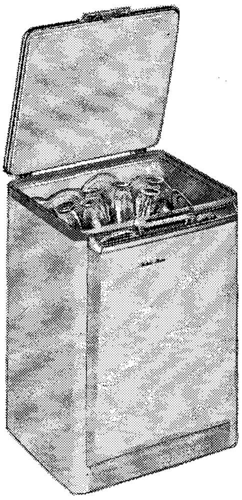

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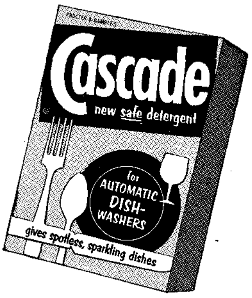

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try, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, and people who admired the work and miss having it around will be pleased to hear that some of the exhibits can now be bought—at Jensen, of course. The items available include furniture, silver, glassware, textiles, ceramics, and enamels, all turned out with great artistry and originality. Among the objects I particularly commend to your attention are an armless easy chair of natural oak with an intricately patterned rattan seat, designed by Hans Wegner, at $225; some exquisite blown-glass vases by the Finnish designer Timo Sarpaneva, which run from $15 to $250; beautiful homely table earthenware by the Norwegian potter Tias Eckhoff; and a selection of stunning cotton materials designed by the Ditzels, a Danish couple. Jensen has had the bright idea of making many of these enchanting cottons up into zippered covers for foam-rubber cushions, and they cost $7.95 apiece, complete with cushion. The cloth can also be bought by the twenty-nine-inch yard ($2.75), to do with what you will.
—S. H.

•

PLANTING A MAILBOX

Prepare the ground when maple buds have burst
And when the daytime moon is sliced so thin
His fibres drink blue sky with litmus thirst.
This moment come, begin.

The site should be within an easy walk,
Beside a road, in stony earth. Your strength
Dictates how deep you delve. The seedling's stalk
Should show three feet of length.

Don't harrow, weed, or water; just apply
A little gravel. Sun and motor fumes
Perform the miracle. In late July,
There a post office blooms.

—John Updike

•

Leaving us is Mr. Quentin Reynolds and his wife. He has been here collecting material for a book and has been seen about the town a lot.

Mr. Reynolds is one of a group of American personalities who is probably more admired in England than in his own country. The late Ruth Draper was also very popular in the West End.—*Moroccan Courier.*

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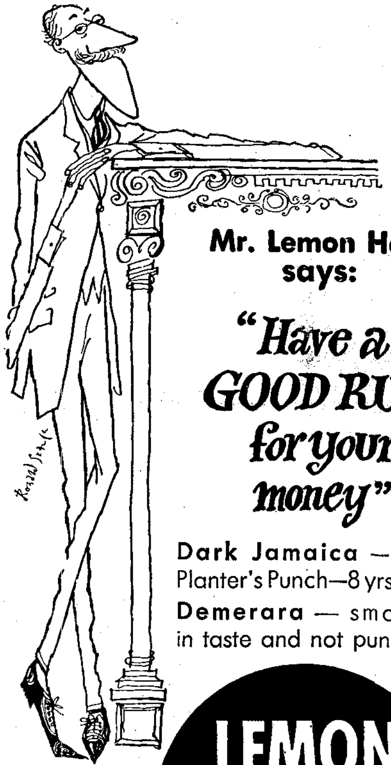

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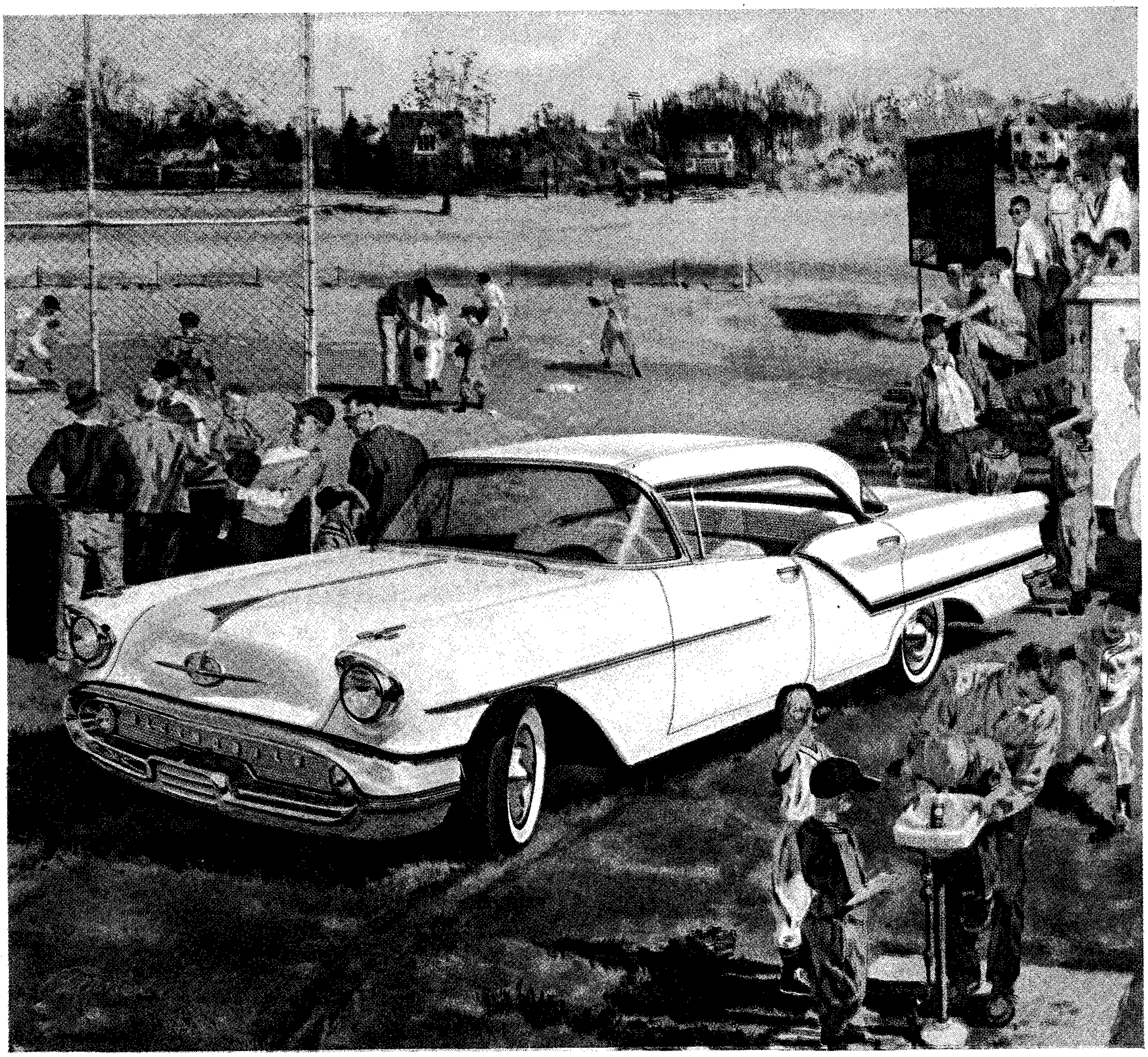

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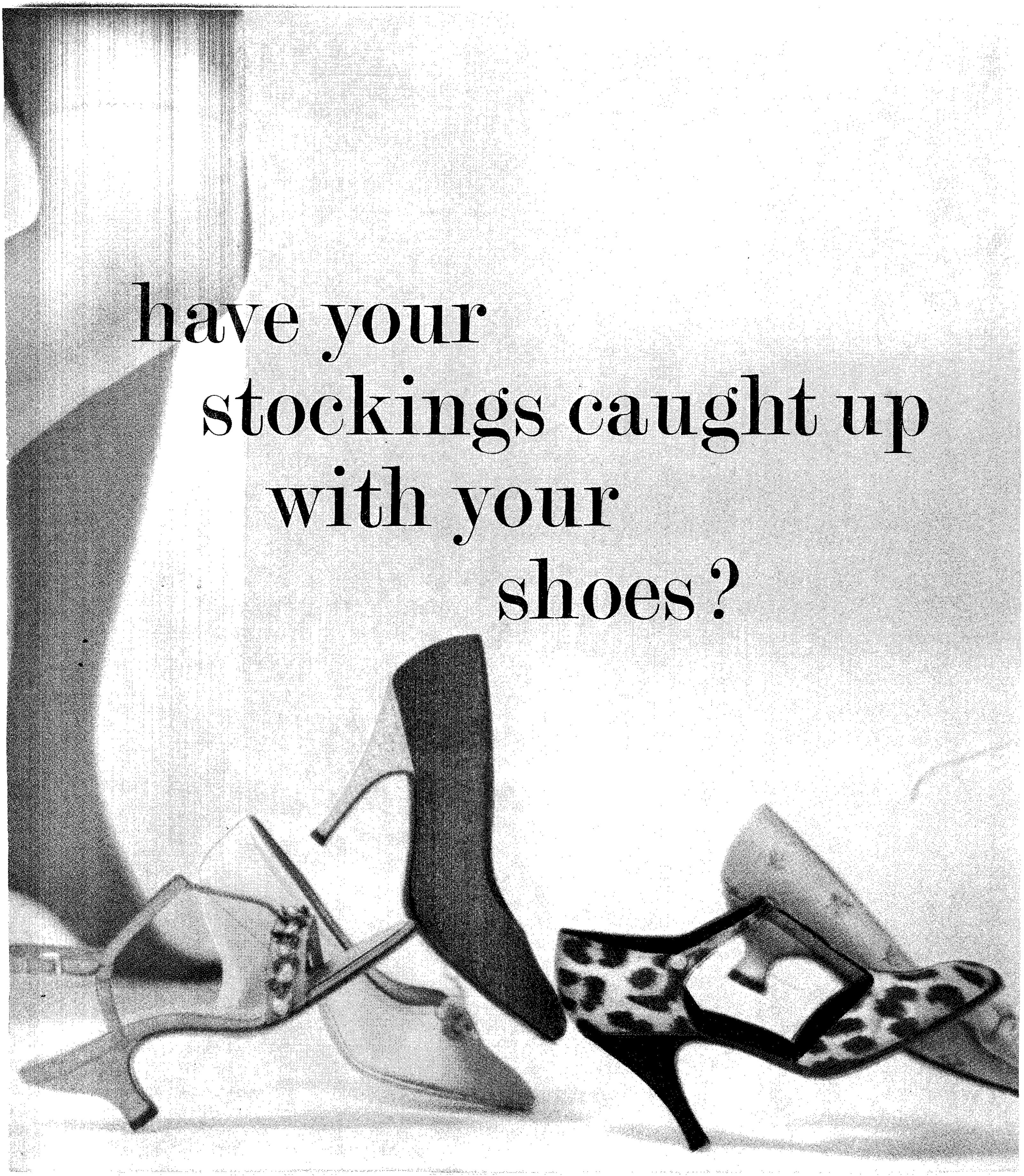

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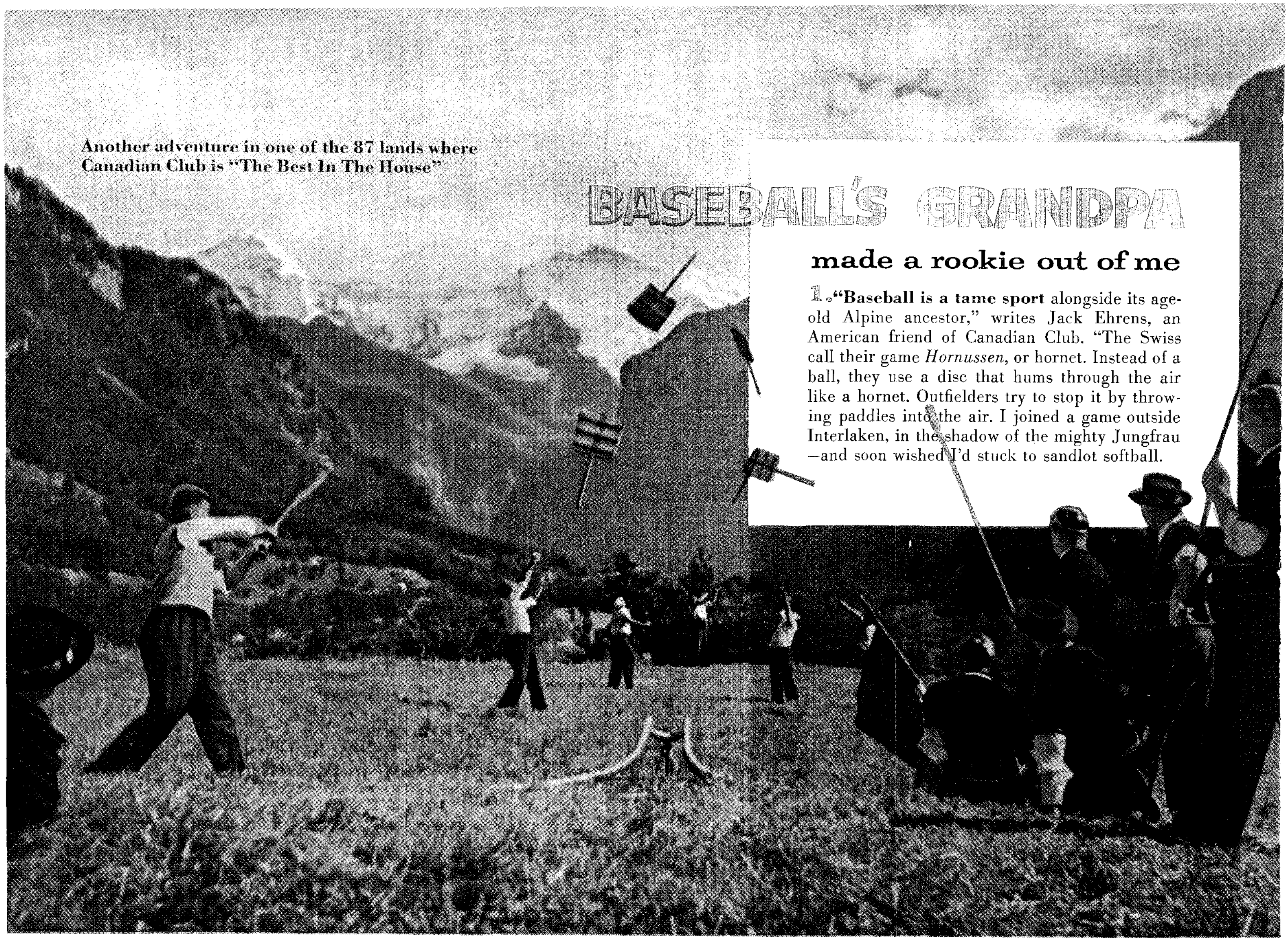

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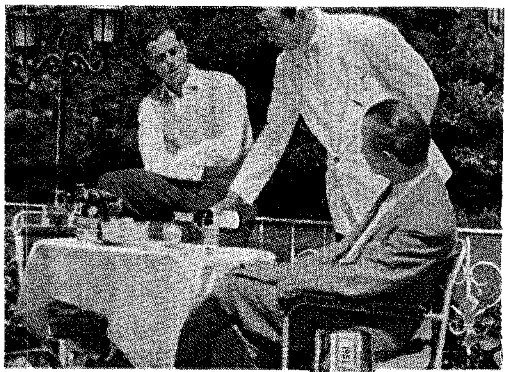
2. **"Smacking a little disc** with an 8-foot willow-handled mallet is like hitting a hockey puck with a fly rod. When I finally connected, the *hornuss* buzzed straight for the Jungfrau before it was knocked down.

3. **"Out in the field,** I sampled the game's other side. It still beats me how the players stop something they can hardly *see* by tossing paddles at it. It's no wonder they're often hit by the *hornuss* or by their own falling paddles. A paddle beaned *me*.



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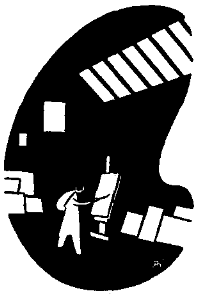
THE ART GALLERIES

A Hans Hofmann Retrospective



THE new exhibition of oils, water colors, and other works by Hans Hofmann, at the Whitney Museum, is for the most part a lively, attractive, and colorful affair, but in one respect it's a disappointment. As well-known as a teacher as he is as an artist, Hofmann is generally credited in the first of these roles with being the philosophical and artistic leader of the Abstract Expressionist movement in this country, largely because so many present members of the group have been at one time or another under his tutelage; in the latter role, he has long been accepted as its most mature and technically experienced exponent. And since the movement is still in the restless, questing, formative stage, where its announced principles are tentative and contradictory, its aims uncertain, and its sources vague (in art, people seem to learn what they're trying to do while doing it), it was hoped by many of us, including me, that a full-scale retrospective of works by its foremost practitioner would do a good deal to bring the whole school into clearer focus.

Unfortunately, it's in this one respect that the new show falls down, for though billed as a retrospective, it is a sadly truncated one—with only one of the fifty-four canvases on view (a conventionally Impressionist, almost Pointillist "Self-Portrait," done in 1902) to tell us anything about Hofmann's youthful impulses, a jump thereafter to a broadly Expressionist "Blue Vase," painted a full thirty-three years later, and the majority of the remaining pieces dating from the late nineteen-forties to the present. The gaps, the catalogue informs us, were unavoidable, since in his earlier years Hofmann apparently thought little of himself as a painter, preferring to teach, and what work he saved has disappeared. (A German, he'd been living in Paris till the First World War broke out, and he was in this country at the start of the second. In both cases, his work was either lost or confiscated.)

Otherwise, as I've suggested, the show is an unusually interesting one, and perhaps because the period it mainly deals with is brief, the coverage is gratifyingly intensive. In the course of it, there are certain changes and developments in the man's point of view to be noted. Hofmann was fifty-one when he settled permanently in this country. That was in 1931, and he had already been in close contact—in Paris (where he spent ten years of his youth), in Berlin, in Munich, and elsewhere—with the interrelated development of the modern movements, from Expressionism in Germany and Fauvism in France to Cubism and the later modes of abstraction in Europe. Possibly because of his work as a teacher, his approach in the early years here seems to have been fairly eclectic, and though the emphasis is predominantly on Expressionism, either "pure" or abstract, one sees a mixture of other contemporary influences—Picasso, perhaps, in "Idolatress, No. 1" and again in the earlier "Abstract Figure" (though the effect is more of a wildly exuberant Expressionist version of facet Cubism, if that can be imagined), Miró and Kandinsky here and there in the shaping of his forms, and van Gogh in his choice of color—while in the earlier work the style varies from the more or less representational "Truro River" and "Provincetown Harbor," through "The King," with its delicate "primitive" connotations, to the almost wholly abstract and fiercely explosive "The Poet."

These and other influences continue. (One sees Matisse in "Magenta and Blue," dated 1950, and a suggestion of archaic influences in the still later "Flight.") But they are in no way dominant, and from around the middle nineteen-forties Hofmann's painting can be said to be entirely his own—and an extraordinarily robust, wide-ranging, and generously colorful artistic expression it is. Though he's classed as the leader of the Abstract Expressionists, he is nowhere near so sternly antirepresentational as many of his followers are. Hofmann, it seems, is instinctively more Expressionist than Abstract, and one of the surprises of the collection is the number of his paintings that are based, in part at least, on figurative suggestions. It may be that this gives his work its air of strength and solidity; at any rate, it does help bring his concepts into focus, and I'd mention in this regard, more or less at random, such pieces as "Le Gilotin," with its grotesque, yellow-faced figure half hidden in greenery; "Perpetuita;" and, among

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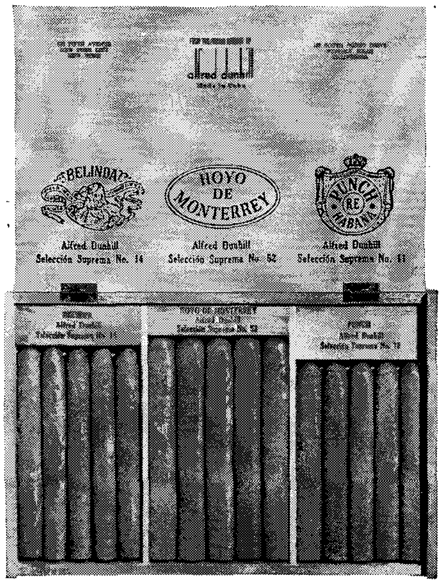
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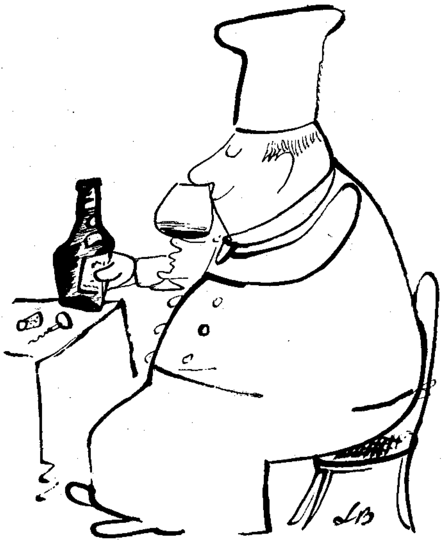
the ones clearly based on studies of interiors, "Exuberance" and the handsome, full-bodied, and colorful "Orchestral Dominance in Yellow."

There are times when Hofmann's own exuberance carries him away, and there are traces of what amounts to fustian in some of the pieces, such as the melodramatic "Flight" and "The Sun." Some, too, reveal a slight awkwardness of design. Hofmann, after all, is primarily a colorist, and he works best when his approach lets his forms develop, simply and naturally, out of his color, and not the other way around. When he seems to have reversed the process, starting with a formal concept and then translating it into color, he is likely to falter—as he does in the rather grotesque "Ecstasy" and the curiously muddled and harshly patterned "Unicorn." All this, though, is a result of the verve with which he attacks his subjects, and which gives his best work its peculiar air of joyousness and assurance. I'd cite especially "The Garden," with its almost Tachiste treatment of the petal patterns; the cooler, calmer "Blue and Gray;" and the truly poetic blue "Fairy Tale."

TWO contemporary Italians are on the list for this week—the sculptor Giacomo Manzù, at World House, and Giuseppe Santomaso, at the Borgenicht. Manzù, now forty-nine, is somewhat the better-known abroad, and his new show reveals him at about the peak of his powers. Working in bronze almost exclusively, he has always been an extremely deft and graceful artist, completely in command of his medium and materials, and with a dry, mildly ironic touch that gives a wry, tangy quality to his work. He is also a master of the tendency of contemporary Italians to include bits of homely detail in their



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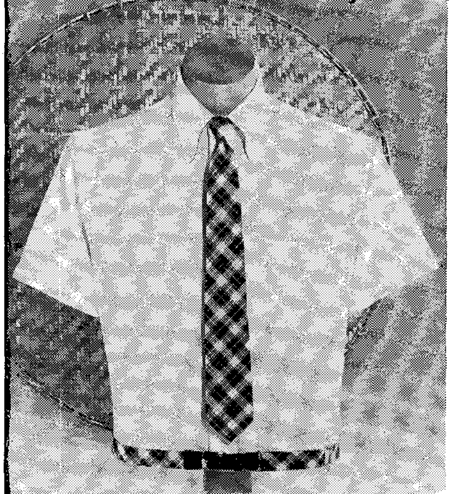

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pieces. In his nude called "Young Girl on a Chair," the chair *is* a chair—in bronze, of course—but a straight-backed kitchen chair, done in innocently loving detail—and its spindliness heightens the effect of the girl's adolescent frailty, just as, in "Crouching Woman," a study of a gleaner in the fields, the rough texture and blunt modelling accentuate the rustic earthiness of the subject. I liked, too, the beautifully posed "Dancer with Arms Upraised," and the series of cardinals, who, in their stiff regalia, achieve something close to the monumental.

Santomaso, a painter, like Hofmann is frankly a colorist, and a highly engaging one. There are certain resemblances to Afro, among others—the vague, cloudily abstract forms, the dreamy atmosphere, and so on—and his work, like Afro's, is inclined now and again to evaporate into mere meaningless mistiness. At its best, though, it has both force and feeling—especially in the luminously blue "Nocturne," the "Brooding Night," and the bright and whirlingly patterned "Towards the Sundial."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND

[*A letter received by a Cambridge man from the Pan American Society of New England, Inc.*]

To All Men Committee Members:

DEAR MR. P——,

As you know, the question of cutting in was brought up at the Committee Meeting and it has been decided that it would be a good idea to have some sort of procedure for the introduction to girls of unaccompanied men on the dance floor.

During some moment when you do not have a dance partner, it would be very helpful, once in a while, to contact some man standing at the side of the room and ask him if he wishes to be introduced to a girl. If he says "yes," ask him to remain in the general vicinity where he is, and cut in on anyone whom you wish. Introduce yourself to this girl, *remembering her name*, and ask her if she is willing to dance with a boy who very much wants to dance. If she is North American, explain there is a custom among Latin Americans that a man must first be introduced before asking a girl to dance.

If the girl agrees, bring her over and introduce the boy to her. If she does not, dance with her for a very short time and then double-cut her. (The process of double-cutting is tapping the man of another couple on his shoulder and asking him if you could exchange dance partners, with proper introductions.) Then ask the new girl if she will dance with someone you know would like to dance.

After you have introduced the girl, you will have finished doing your favor and be free to dance with whomever you choose.

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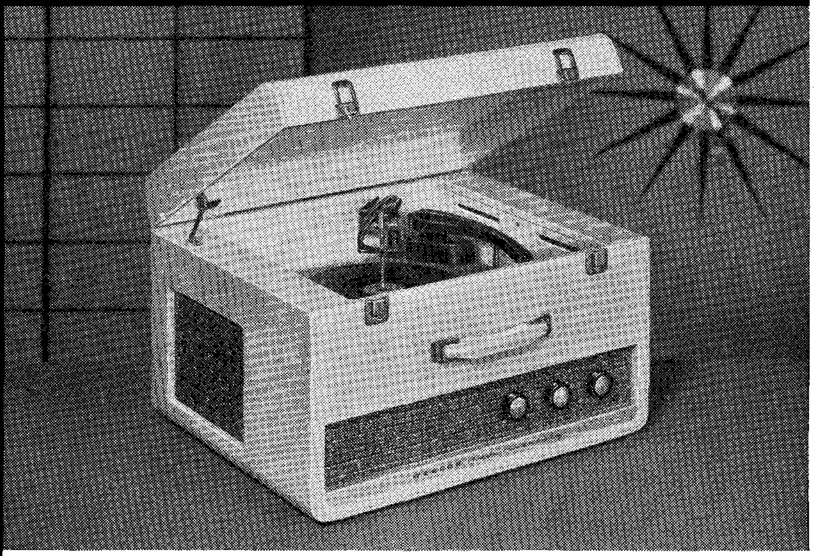

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

EARTH SATELLITE NO. 1

AT some instant shortly before sunset on a not yet specified day in 1958, if all goes well with the plans of a host of American scientists engaged in an undertaking called Project Vanguard, a seventy-two-foot-long, eleven-ton finless rocket—or, rather, an assembly of three rockets, known as "stages," that are adjusted to operate in sequence—will be launched from the Patrick Air Force Base, at Cocoa, on the east coast of Florida. In the nose of this contraption, and protected by an exceptionally tough plastic cone from the destructive effect of friction in the dense lower atmosphere, will be the pay load—a silvery sphere, twenty inches in diameter and weighing twenty-one and a half pounds, equipped with four three-foot aluminum antennae. Two minutes after the takeoff, the first, or rear, stage, having attained a speed of about four thousand miles an hour and having propelled the rocket to an altitude of thirty-six miles, out over the Atlantic, will run out of fuel, whereupon it will break away from the rest and fall into the sea north of Nassau. Now it will become the turn of the second, or middle, stage, containing the rocket's "brain"—an elaborate control mechanism for keeping the whole works on course—to take over as the propelling force. In the next two minutes, the second stage will push the rocket to an altitude of a hundred and forty miles, off Puerto Rico, and increase its speed to ten thousand miles an hour. At that point, the second stage will run out of fuel, but it will not immediately disengage itself, for the services of its brain will still be needed. The plastic nose cone, however, being no longer necessary in the rare upper atmosphere, will be jettisoned. For about five minutes, the rocket will simply coast along on its own momentum, covering a distance of seven hundred miles and rising to a height of three hundred. There the brain will see to it that the rocket levels off onto a path roughly parallel to the surface of the earth, and will start the engine of the third stage. It will then perform its ultimate service by suicidally disengaging itself and dropping into the Atlantic Ocean fifteen hundred miles east of Martinique. The third stage will streak through space, increasing its speed to eighteen thousand miles an hour in thirty seconds, and, finally, before going its own way toward eventual disintegration, it will release the spherical object from its nose. And thus, if (to hedge again) everything goes according to plan, ten minutes after leaving Cocoa an infant satellite will begin revolving around the earth—a man-made celestial body newly arrived on the cosmic scene.

Encountering almost no atmospheric resistance and held to its orbit by the same delicate balance of centrifugal and centripetal forces that keeps the universe from flying apart, Earth Satellite No. 1, to give the silvery sphere its formal name, is expected to travel around the earth once every hundred minutes, or about fourteen and a half times every twenty-four hours, for at least a year. As the first heavenly body to be launched by man (unless the Russians, who may also be constructing a satellite, should beat us to the punch), it will, in the opinion of many scientists, be the forerunner of a long succession of increasingly bulky and durable satellites, which may eventually carry human beings. In addition to being a forerunner, however, Earth Satellite No. 1 has a very serious immediate purpose, for it will be crammed with instruments, including a tiny radio transmitter, that will gather and report information on the zone lying between the earth's atmosphere and the almost perfect void known as outer space. This mysterious zone, called the exosphere, is the scene of many astrophysical events—involving, among other things, ultraviolet and cosmic rays, meteorites, and the earth's magnetic field—that affect the lives of all of us, but until now scientists interested in such spatial goings on have had to be content with the relatively meagre data obtained by instrument-carrying research rockets. (In this country, the launching place for many such rockets has been White Sands, New Mexico, where scientists have been conducting experiments with several dozen V-2 missiles that were taken from the Germans at the end of the war and with a series of more advanced domestic missiles.) Although in recent years some of these rockets have been able to penetrate the exosphere, none stayed up there for more than a minute or two, and the sum of the data they have furnished is negligible compared to what the satellite—"a long-playing rocket," as one scientist has called it—should collect on its very first spin around the globe. If its flight lasts a year, the satellite should provide so much information that, in the opinion of some scientists, the task

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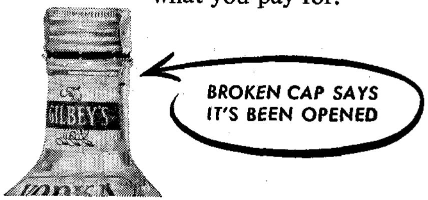

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of evaluating it and fitting it into our present knowledge of the scheme of things will take the better part of twenty years.

IN the first few years after the war, as rockets brought back increasingly tantalizing bits of information from the exosphere, scientists here and abroad became more and more firmly convinced of the feasibility of launching a satellite. Then, in 1954, the widespread theorizing began to crystallize. In October of that year, the International Council of Scientific Unions, a federation of scientific groups from nearly all the nations of the world, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, met in Rome to consolidate plans for the International Geophysical Year—or, more accurately, the International Geophysical Year and a Half, since it will last from this July 1st through December, 1958—during which a concerted effort will be made to solve various riddles of the earth and its atmosphere. In addition to approving a number of subjects for special study—among them glaciers, earthquakes, oceans, and weather—the Council unanimously approved a resolution reading, in part, "In view of the great importance of observations over extended periods of time of extraterrestrial radiations and geophysical phenomena in the upper atmosphere, and in view of the advanced state of present rocket techniques, the [Council] recommends that thought be given to the launching of small satellite vehicles, to their scientific instrumentation, and to the new problems associated with satellite experiments."

If such a resolution had been presented for consideration by the scientists of any one country or group of allied countries, it would very likely have met with a swarm of protests, for notwithstanding the blandness of its language, there is no disguising what it amounts to—an open invitation to any government to set loose a device that will indiscriminately and repeatedly violate aerial frontiers that are normally sacrosanct. In the interests of the International Geophysical Year, however, a sort of informal truce, at least as far as the upper atmosphere is concerned, had been declared on all sides, and would-be satellite-builders were free to ignore the diplomatic niceties. Accordingly, when the American delegates to the Rome conference returned home, they recommended to the National Academy of Sciences, the nation's top scientific body, that the United

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States, for one, should accept the challenge. After mulling over the likelihood of success, the Academy decided to go ahead with the project, and its Committee for the International Geophysical Year thereupon proceeded to set up a host of subcommittees and panels, composed of scientists from all over the country, to tackle various phases of the work. The Defense Department, with its airfields, its hardware, and its manpower, agreed to take over the task of constructing and launching the satellite and rocket—a task that it assigned specifically to the Naval Research Laboratory, in Washington, which at once gave it the code name Project Vanguard. (This is now commonly used to designate the whole enterprise, though sticklers prefer the term Earth Satellite Program.) Then, on July 29, 1955, President Eisenhower formally announced that a satellite would be launched sometime in 1958 and that whatever information it yielded would be shared with all other countries participating in the I.G.Y. (Last September, the Soviet Union disclosed that it, too, would release a satellite during the Year—it appears to be the only other nation intending to do so—but so far it has characteristically refused to let the world in on any of the details.)

AMERICAN scientists—as I discovered during a recent tour of some of the cities in which parts of the satellite program are being carried out—are exhilarated by the prospect of a first-hand report on phenomena in and near the exosphere, and many of them, particularly physicists and astronomers, believe that they are on the verge of monumental discoveries. Both physicists and astronomers have always been hampered in their work by the atmospheric blanket that shrouds this planet. The molecules composing the atmosphere absorb in large measure the powerful and in some cases perilous radiations that approach the earth from outer space, and while this is, of course, fortunate for mankind, it has prevented physicists from examining the radiations in their unscreened state; as for astronomers, the density of the atmosphere has never permitted them an undistorted view of the heavens. ("We've been like so many fish, looking up at things through a rippling, baffling surface," an astronomer complained not long ago.) The high hopes that scientists have for the findings of the satellite's instruments were summed up for me by two officials of the Committee for the I.G.Y. whom I met in Washington. The Committee's

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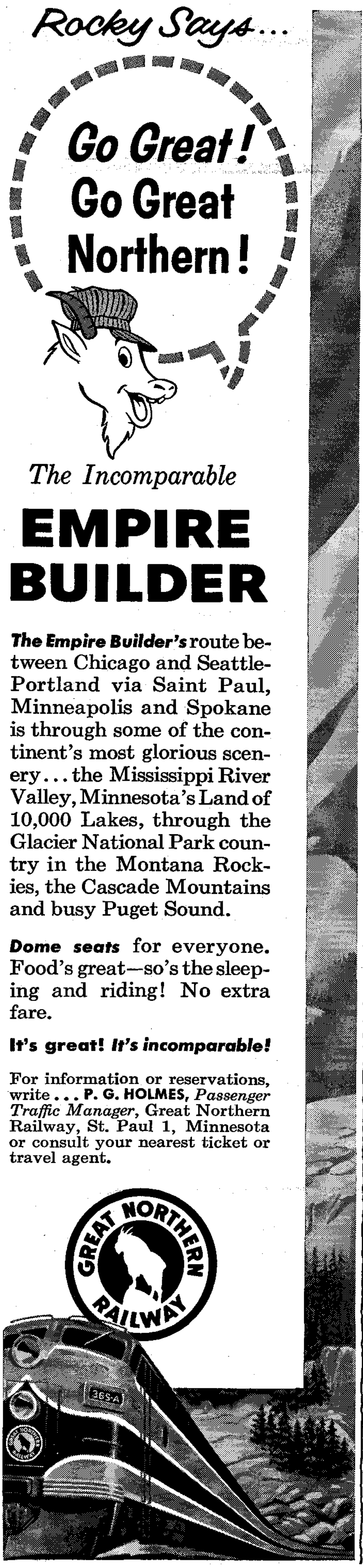

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chairman, Dr. Joseph Kaplan, who is also chairman of the Department of Physics and Meteorology of the University of California at Los Angeles, said flatly, "The satellite will be the greatest boon to astronomy since Galileo's telescope," and its executive director, Hugh Odishaw, pointed out that, among the satellite's other accomplishments, it should enable man, for the first time, to see his home as, conceivably, others see it. "People talk so much about space travel in the future," he said, "yet what has the earth ever been but a space ship—hurtling through space, spinning around the sun as it, in turn, wanders the galaxy? Now, with the satellite, we may at last find ourselves in a position to disembark and get a good look at this ship we've been travelling on so long." Obviously itching to disembark, Odishaw added, "Why, the satellite will be the most significant single achievement of the century, bar none. Atomic energy is a poor second."

Several of the scientists I talked with seemed to have developed ambivalent feelings toward the satellite program—feelings that Dr. James A. Van Allen, head of the Physics Department of the University of Iowa, expressed by first exclaiming "Isn't it remarkable that we puny people can even contemplate hurling our own moon into the sky!" and then soberly enumerating a few of the myriad details that have to be attended to before we puny people can advance beyond the point of mere contemplation. Test firings, he said, must be held at Patrick Air Force Base; international agreements must be negotiated for the use of patches of foreign soil by technicians engaged in tracking the course of the satellite; and harmonious relations must be maintained among the various scientific panels and a whole string of government agencies, as well as the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force.

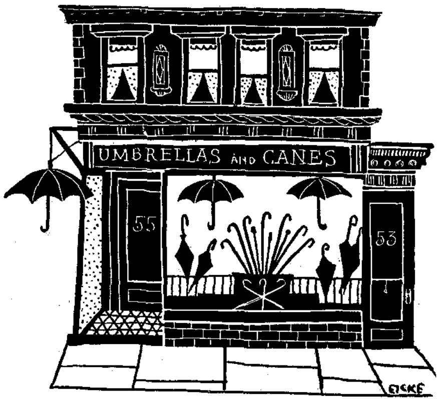
Some of the most ticklish details are being handled by the Naval Research Laboratory, and when I visited the place I learned from Dr. John P. Hagen, its ranking Vanguard official, that arrangements have been made for the construction not merely of one satellite and one three-stage rocket assembly but of six satellites and six three-stage rockets. "There's a good chance that any particular rocket will prove to be a dud," he explained. "Some of our people are pretty confident, and think we'll succeed on the first try, but others think we'll be lucky if even the sixth rocket gets properly launched." There is a possibility that the United States will be able to launch more than one satellite during the I.G.Y., I gathered, but the experts I talked to, perhaps giving in to an unscientific fear of hexing the whole project, never referred to the little sphere except in the singular.

The job of assembling the rockets has been entrusted to the Glenn L. Martin Company, of Baltimore, and the shells of the satellites are being put together by Brooks & Perkins, a Detroit firm, while all over the country dozens of manufacturers, specialists in precision work, have been engaged to make parts and instruments. The task ahead of these manufacturers presents many formidable problems, involving, as it does, the fabrication of mechanisms that range from the miniature radio transmitter to the swiftest rocket ever built—a rocket that will reach a speed of approximately twenty-five thousand feet a second. "The present speed record for rockets is twelve thousand feet a second," Leonard Arnowitz, an engineer at the Glenn L. Martin plant, told me grimly. "We hit twenty-five or we fail."

While I was at the Naval Research Laboratory, I dropped in to see Leopold Winkler, the chief consultant on the design and construction of the satellite, who told me that one of the many important considerations that have arisen in the course of constructing "the bird," as Vanguard people usually call the satellite, is the necessity of protecting its diminutive instruments both from disruptive jolts during its trip to the exosphere and from extremes of temperature once it gets there. To minimize the effects of the former, he said, the instruments will be cushioned with foam rubber of a special kind, selected for its unequalled lightness. Providing insulation against heat and cold is a far more complex business. Although the skin of the bird will measure only about half a millimetre, or not quite three one-hundredths of an inch, in thickness, it will consist of at least four layers. The outside layer is to be silicon monoxide, a transparent substance that will help keep the bird's temperature steady; then will come a layer of aluminum, for visibility, and a supporting layer of magnesium; and, finally, the innermost layer will be of gold, which, as an exceptionally poor conductor of heat, will help conserve the warmth inside the bird. Leading me into a workshop, Winkler showed me an experimental model of the satellite, which had only a layer of gold for a skin. Vanguard officials often liken the satellite to a basketball, but as the model rested, glittering, on a battered wooden table, with its four seemingly fragile antennae sticking out from its middle, it looked to me more like an outsize bauble for a Christmas tree. "That's twenty-four-carat gold—the purest there is," Winkler said. "The gold layer is only about a thousandth of an inch thick. It covers the bird, all right, but there's not enough gold in the whole thing to fill a cavity in one of your teeth."

THE expectation is that the satellite will follow an elliptical orbit. The Vanguard people would prefer a circular one, because it would simplify the interpretation of the satellite's findings, but to start it off on such a path they would have to have precise control of the speed and angle at which the bird is launched, and the art of rocketry has not yet attained anything like infallibility in these matters. Nor can the altitude of the elliptical speedway be controlled precisely, but if it draws no nearer to the earth than two hundred miles and no farther away than fifteen hundred, they will be quite satisfied, because within those limits, it is thought, the bird will remain aloft for its full year. The closer the satellite comes to the earth, the more rapidly its momentum will be dissipated by the comparatively dense atmosphere, and at only a hundred miles up its life would be over in less than an hour; if it should zoom out beyond the fifteen-hundred-mile limit, on the other hand, it would keep right on going into outer space, but for that to happen the third stage of the rocket would need to have forty per cent more power than it has.

Once the satellite is on its own in the exosphere, its existence should be a fairly tranquil one. It will not encounter buffeting winds, for the exosphere is far too rarefied to permit even the slightest breeze; indeed, the air up there is thinner than the air in a laboratory vacuum. If this were a manned satellite, the crew, while travelling at the rate of



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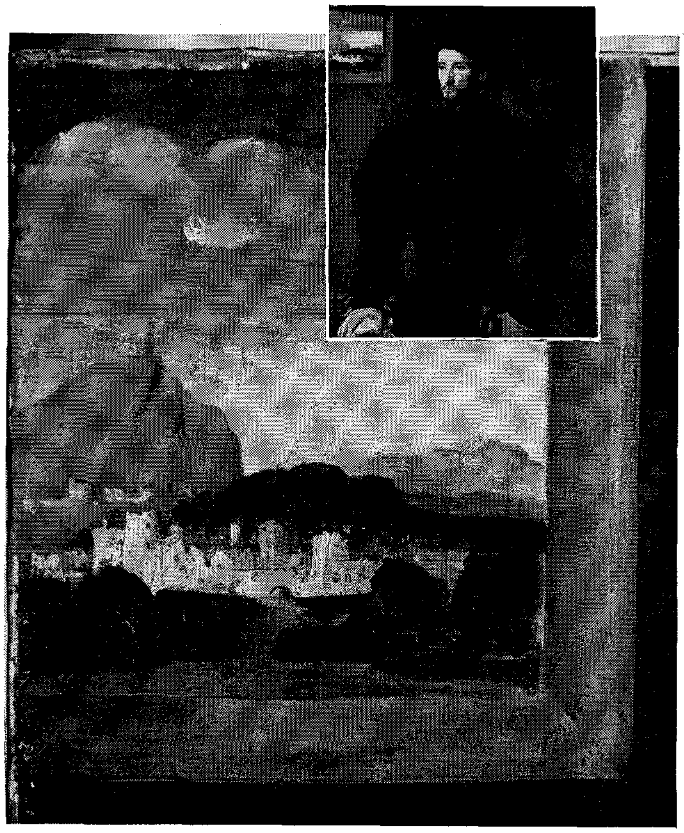
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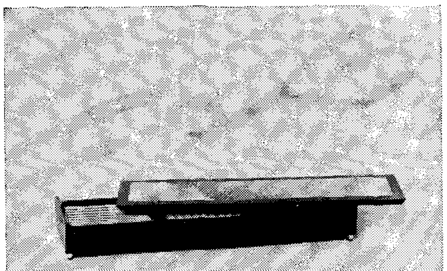
eighteen thousand miles an hour, would be no more conscious of motion than when standing still on the earth, which, together with its atmosphere, travels at the rate of sixty-four thousand miles an hour as it circles the sun. In the near-void where the satellite will have its orbit, molecules are solitary objects, each something like twelve miles from its nearest neighbor. (At sea level, a molecule's nearest neighbor is usually about a millionth of an inch away.) The sun, like other celestial bodies, shines with far greater brilliance in the exosphere than it does on earth, but it shines in darkness, for air is needed to diffuse light; here and there, where the sun's rays happen to strike a molecule, a pinpoint of light will be visible in the satellite's path, but otherwise the bird, itself dazzlingly bright where the sun strikes it, will race on engulfed by blackness. Far below it, the earth, in the daytime, will be bathed in a luminous blue glow. Speaking of this glow, Dr. Homer E. Newell, head of the Naval Research Laboratory's Division of Astronomy and Astrophysics, told me, with a musing smile, "A young couple finding themselves at the altitude of our satellite would probably prefer to gaze at the earth rather than at the moon. Our atmosphere scatters blue light, and produces a deep, lovely glow—deeper and lovelier than moonlight."

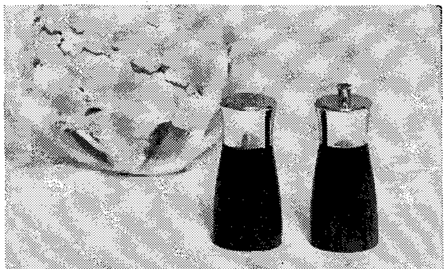
While the air in the exosphere has a constant temperature of around three thousand degrees Fahrenheit (the temperature of a substance is determined by the speed at which its molecules are moving, and the widely scattered molecules in the exosphere move fast), there is so little of it that it will constitute no danger to the bird's skin. The temperature of the satellite will, however, be affected by the direct heat from the sun above and the reflected heat from the earth below. As the bird makes its fourteen and a half daily trips around the globe, passing through the earth's day and the earth's night in the course of each revolution, its external temperature will range from a little below zero to well over a hundred, and it is for this reason that so much care must be taken to insulate its instruments. "The equipment will be happiest at room temperature," Winkler said, and added that he has good reason to believe the bird will prove capable of keeping its equipment happy. Another possible hazard is the meteorites that will pelt the satellite as it speeds along. The exosphere abounds in these fragments of metal and stone, most of them less than a thousandth of an inch in diameter, which fall to the earth at the rate of a million tons a year—a figure that scientists have arrived at by studying the age and the chemistry of sludge from the bottom of the ocean. "Those meteorites are among the things we hope to find out about," Dr. Hagen told me. "Do they come in showers or is space constantly filled with them? Most of them are just particles, but some may be the size of a pea, and a few are a whole lot bigger. What would a big one do to the satellite?" To get an idea of the force of the meteorites' impact, the designers of the bird are using a device called a resistance-strip erosion gauge, which, like all the satellite's other instruments, will be able to communicate its findings to the scientists by means of the radio transmitter. "We'll put a thin strip of metal on the bird's skin, and the amount of erosion it undergoes will indicate how heavily the meteorites strike it," I was told by Dr. Richard W. Porter, chairman of the Technical Panel of the Earth Satellite Program, which is responsible for deciding what instruments the bird will carry.

Dr. Porter went on to give me an idea of the information that the satellite is expected to pick up about radiations—specifically, ultraviolet rays, which come from the sun, and cosmic rays, which probably come from outer space. In 1958, he said, the mysterious blemishes known as sunspots will be out in full force (their activity reaches a peak every eleven years, and they are now approaching one of these peaks—a circumstance that was largely responsible for the decision to schedule the I.G.Y. at this time), and since they are usually accompanied by dramatic changes in the intensity of ultraviolet and cosmic rays, the satellite should have many momentous facts to report. Its observation of ultraviolet rays may, for instance, go a long way toward explaining how atoms absorb and expend energy, and a study of these processes, which occur under what would appear to be nearly perfect laboratory conditions in the upper regions, may, in turn, provide clues to such an age-old enigma as the nature of the glow in the night sky. The bird will carry a Geiger counter to measure the intensity of cosmic rays—those immensely powerful but little understood radiations that may eventually provide some clue to the manner in which stars come into being as well as help clear up certain matters connected with the mutation of genes, and thus with the entire process of biological evolution. What may be more readily comprehensible to many people, however, will be the findings of some other instruments that the satellite is to carry—a magnetometer, to measure the magnetic field in the exosphere, and a set of bolometers, to determine how much heat the earth absorbs and how much escapes from it. If the magnetometer performs its task, it may solve some of the riddles that now envelop the subject of magnetic storms—disturbances that cause compass needles to gyrate wildly, and disrupt radio and long-distance-telephone communications. The bolometers, too, may solve some weather problems, Dr. Porter told me. "Until we know what the earth's intake and outgo of heat is," he said, "talking about the weather is like talking about a steam engine without knowing how much pressure it's got. The information from the bolometers will enable weathermen to make far more accurate long-range predictions—about cyclones, for one thing." And Dr. J. Allen Hynek, professor of astronomy at Ohio State University, said he is looking forward to the day when, by means of more or less permanent satellites, it may be possible to keep tabs on meteorological conditions all over the world. "In that case," he predicted solemnly, "we'd all know when good weather was ahead, and plan our vacations accordingly, which would make for one hell of a lot of congestion."

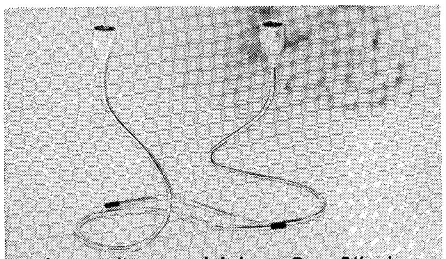
Because the satellite's transmitter is expected to function for about three hundred and fifty hours, it can broadcast only for the first two weeks or so, but all year long the satellite itself will continue to be a splendid source of information for a good many scientists—particularly those concerned with geodesy, or the study of the curvature, shape, and dimensions of the earth. "For all our talk of exploring outer space, we still have only the haziest idea of where we are on earth," Dr. John A. O'Keefe, chief of the Research and Analysis Branch of the Geodetic Divi-



3-pack cigarette box. Its sterling inlay a handsome frame for engraving. $25.



Salt shaker and pepper mill in sterling-walnut combination. 4" high, $20 a pair.



Slim sterling candelabra. One 8", the other a complimentary 9¾". $30 a pair.

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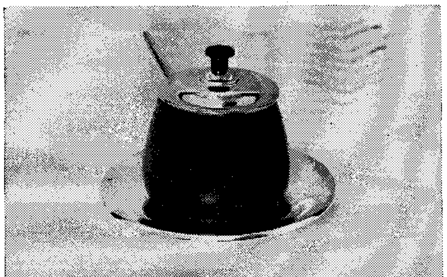
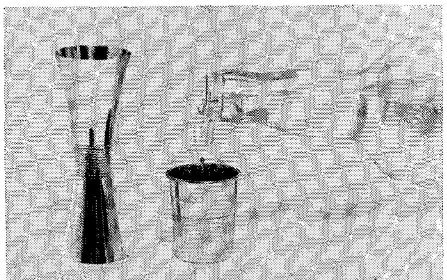


Sterling and black ceramic jam jar with solid sterling spoon and saucer. $13.95.



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The custom of drinking a toast had somewhat similar origins. According to one story, distilled liquor was a rare and prized beverage in England more than a thousand years ago. When the Danes invaded England, long before the Norman conquest, the drinking of distilled potions was a privilege reserved to the conquerors. Englishmen were forbidden to drink them under pain of death, unless the permission of a Dane were obtained.

Englishmen who sought such permission wanted to be very sure they had it. Therefore the custom grew of drinking only in company with a Dane, after receiving from him a significant wish for "health" or "long life". It was a promise that a man's neck was safe—for that day.

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sion of the United States Army Map Service, told me when I called on him in Washington. "We simply don't know the relationship between here and there. Our latitudes and longitudes are fuzzy because they're supposed to be determined by using the exact center of the earth as a point of reference, and how can we know where that is until we know the exact size of the earth? And we don't know that because we can't measure it exactly. In fact, we have reason to believe that on our maps the position of some of the Pacific islands is off by at least half a mile." Dr. O'Keefe said that the Map Service plans to station teams on the islands of Wake, Guam, Kwajalein, Tutuila, in American Samoa, and Luzon, to correct such errors by sightings based on the satellite. The classic method of determining geographical position, he told me, is by sightings on the sun or the stars, but while this is good enough for most practical purposes, it cannot avoid minute inaccuracies, which have long troubled geodesists. About a decade ago, they began using the moon as a reference point, but this method has not been wholly satisfactory, either. "At best, the moon has been of marginal value to us," he went on. "For one thing, it's just too far away. For another, it's greatly affected by the sun, which produces shifts in the plane of its orbit. And, for still another, the edge of the moon, as we see it, is broken by mountains and valleys, and that, too, leads to inaccuracies in our calculations. The bird will be a thousand times closer to the earth, it won't be affected by the sun, and its skin is perfectly smooth. All in all, I'd say that when we get our satellite going, we'll have an efficient moon at last."

A NIGHTMARE fear that haunts even the most sanguine booster of Project Vanguard is that once the satellite is launched, no one will be able to find it. Looking for it will be comparable to dragging the Pacific for a golf ball, and the fact of the matter is that the bird may circle the globe fourteen and a half times a day for a year or more without ever being detected. "Until we make our first sighting, things are going to be tense," Dr. Van Allen said, after assuring me, as several of the other scientists I talked with had done, that the possibility of such an outrageous anticlimax is far from purely theoretical. Elaborate precautions are being taken to minimize the risk of this fiasco. The satellite will be tracked both by a network of radio receiving stations and by

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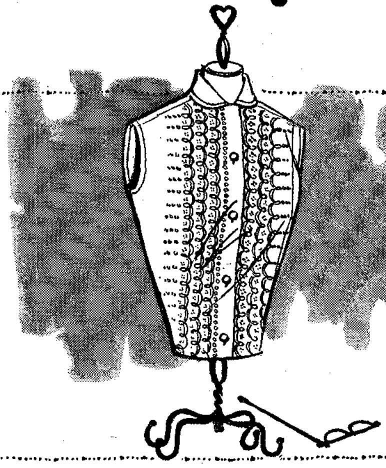

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a multitude of watchers, spread over much of the world. The radio tracking system, which is now being organized by the Naval Research Laboratory and is to be known as Minitrack, has certain obvious advantages (it can carry on in any kind of weather and will not be hampered by either a blinding noonday sun or the blackness of a cloudy midnight) and one obvious disadvantage; namely, that it can function only during the two weeks that the satellite's transmitter remains in action. The orbit that the satellite will select for itself is expected to remain within the zone between the fortieth parallel north of the equator (about on a line with San Francisco, Kansas City, and Philadelphia) and the fortieth parallel south of it (slightly below Buenos Aires), and in order to cover this span Minitrack will string out ten stations—a sort of radio fence—along the seventy-fifth meridian, from Washington to Santiago, Chile. During its first two weeks, the satellite will be sending out a constant signal, for tracking purposes, and each time it crosses the meridian this will presumably be picked up by at least one of the Minitrack stations. As soon as a Minitrack station detects the satellite, it will radio or teletype a report to a building on Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, which the International Business Machine Corporation has leased for the duration of Vanguard, and there one of I.B.M.'s most awesomely talented high-speed electronic computers will digest the information and make a rough prediction of where and when the bird will next be detectable by the trackers. As the bird passes overhead, the Minitrack station will beam a signal up to it, and the tiny transmitter will thereupon send back a message on the findings of the instruments. Though Minitrack is making its preparations with the utmost care, its director, John T. Mengel, conceded that the satellite might very well elude the trackers. "The transmitter might go haywire, or the antennae might be out of position, or any of a dozen other things might go wrong," he said.

Barring any such unwelcome development, the I.B.M. predictions will be sent on to the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, on Observatory Hill, in Cambridge, Massachusetts—the headquarters of the optical tracking system, which will have a chain of twelve camera stations spread around the satellite's orbital belt, in such out-of-the-way places as Las Cruces, New Mexico; Naini Tal, India; Woomera,

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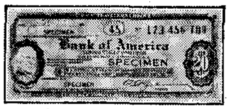

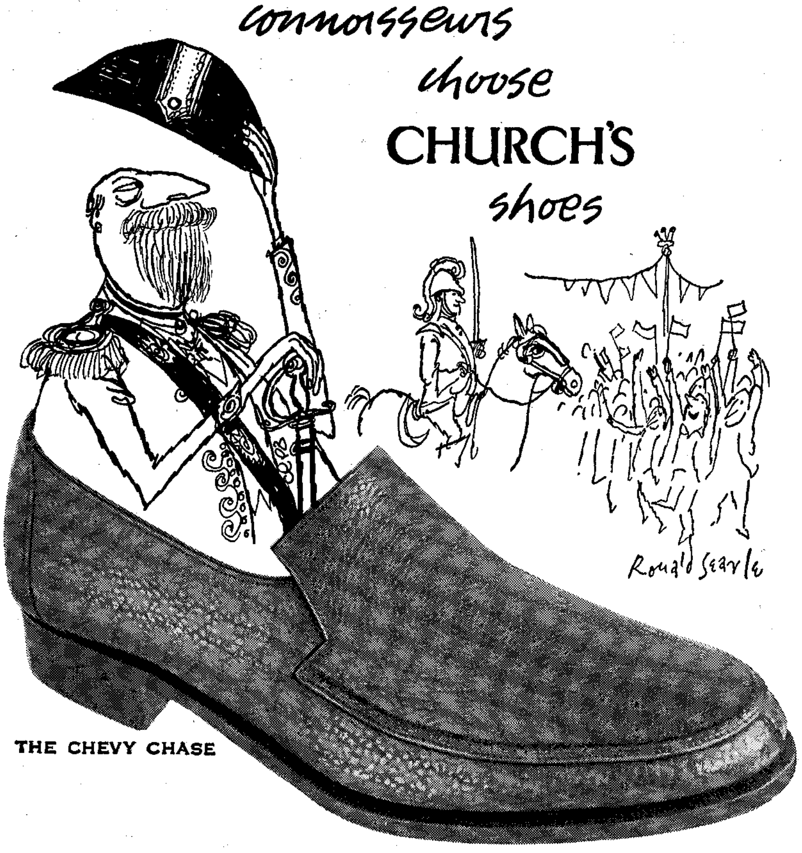

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Besides the Minitrack and camera teams, numerous other groups and individuals, professional and amateur, will be on the lookout for the bird. Astronomical observatories with telescopes of enormous power will pitch in, and so will radio hams and back-yard astronomers. And it seems more than likely that the general public will be out in considerable numbers to scan the sky. (In New York, which is just north of the orbital belt, a telescope will be needed to see the satellite, but anyone directly below its path should be able to get a glimpse of it with binoculars, and perhaps even with the naked eye.) "I think it's safe to say that the satellite will have more people watching the sky than flying saucers ever did," Dr. Hynek, the Ohio State astronomer, told me. "If they catch sight of it, they will see what looks like a dim star moving so rapidly it will vanish in a few seconds."

Of all the trackers who will be at their posts at the moment the satellite is launched, probably none will be more zealous than a polyglot assortment of some thousands of men and women who have so far volunteered to serve as members of an organization, named Project Moonwatch, that has been set up under the auspices of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. These volunteers will operate as teams, and so far seventy-five teams have been organized in the United States (they vary in strength from a dozen or so to well over fifty, and include on their rosters steamfitters, schoolteachers, retired Navy officers, physicians, prep-school boys, and at least one priest), and fifty or so will probably be organized in Britain, Spain, West Germany, South Africa, and Japan. Each team will set up its own watching station—on the roof of a building, in an empty city lot, in a country field—and its members will all have telescopes about a foot long. At the center of the station will be a pole with a crossbar at its top, and, using this crossbar for orientation, each team member will watch his own small portion of sky; collectively, a team will monitor a strip of its meridian extending a hundred degrees north and south of its own station, and it is hoped that by the time the bird is launched there will be enough stations to provide fairly complete coverage of large sections of the orbital belt. When, or if, a Moonwatcher spies the bird, he will shout "Time!," whereupon the hour, minute, and second will be recorded. The watcher will then plot the position of the satellite in relation to certain stars, and, by radio or telephone, the captain of the team will relay the information to headquarters in Cambridge. Moonwatch teams are already holding periodic practice sessions, and when the launching day draws near, the Air Force is planning to simulate the satellite for them with tiny lights trailed by darkened jet planes.

However simple the equipment of the Moonwatch stations may be in comparison with the paraphernalia of the professional trackers, the morale of the Moonwatchers is high. "That bird isn't going to get past *us*," I was assured by one of them—a meteorologist named G. R. Wright, who works in the Weather Bureau's Washington office and has a small observatory, which he built some years ago, out back of his home, in Silver Spring, Maryland. Dr. Fred L. Whipple, the director of the Smithsonian Observatory, told me that

the Moonwatchers will make their most useful contribution to the program at the start of the satellite's flight, before its orbit has been accurately plotted, and toward the end of it, when the orbit will begin to wobble unpredictably. The Moonwatchers' high morale is fortunate, he said, since they will be required to rise before dawn and hurry to their posts and then, after their normal day's work, hurry back at dusk; only at sunrise and sunset, when they themselves are in shadow and the bird is brightly illuminated, will they be able to see it. In the summer, when twilight may last as long as three hours, the Moonwatchers will perhaps grow a little restless at their telescopes, but some of them may have the experience of seeing the satellite twice at a single sitting and of realizing that while they were lingering there in the dusk, the bird had made a complete flight around the earth. "It'll be hard work, no doubt about that," Dr. Whipple said, "but it'll be fun, too, as the volunteers get to know each other and share each other's excitement. And their work should bring them some solid satisfaction. No serious scientific project has ever before depended so heavily on rank amateurs."

In many places, it is business firms—insurance companies, automobile agencies, radio stations, newspapers, and the like—that are putting up the modest sums of money needed to finance community Moonwatch teams. In Phoenix, Arizona, the Valley National Bank has invited the local team to use the roof of its skyscraper, and in St. Louis a similar offer has been made by the 7-Up Company, possibly on the hypothesis that any kind of up-consciousness is good for business. And there are also some less subtle links that have been forged between commerce and the bird. Some camera shops are pushing a Satellite Special Telescope, for instance, and a recent department-store advertisement showed a teacher displaying a model of the satellite to two pupils dressed in sweaters made of Heavenly Yarn. A transparent plastic model of the satellite has been exhibited at the Coliseum in New York and is now on the road, being used as a come-on for orange festivals, industrial fairs, and the like. Warner Brothers is preparing a film to be titled "Satellite in the Sky," and the picture's advance advertising reveals that its producers "moved Heaven and Earth to bring you The First Drama of the man-made satellite that could Rule The World!" Not long ago, an Ohio manufacturer designed a

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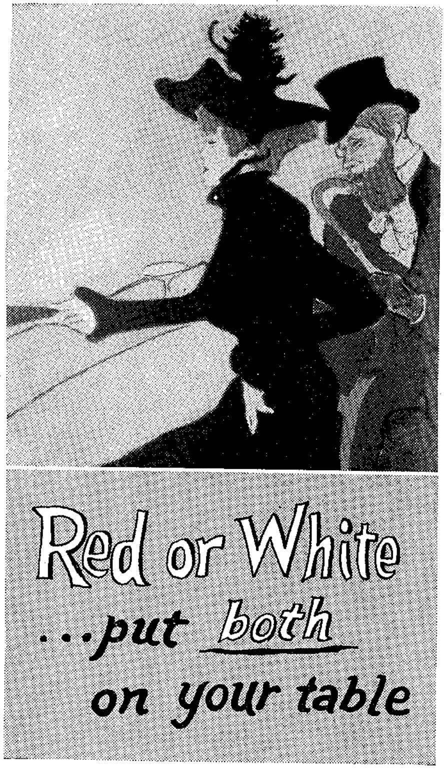

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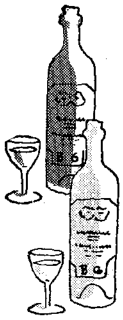

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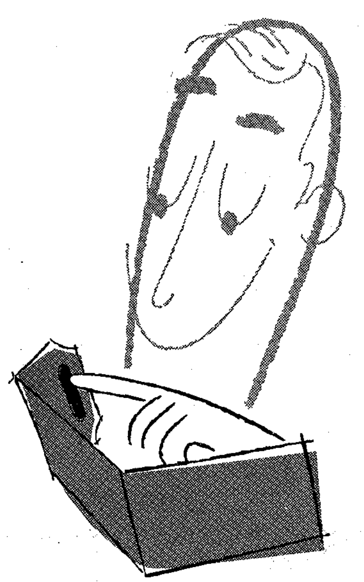
novelty napkin portraying various aspects of Project Vanguard, and, on his own initiative, submitted it to the Naval Research Laboratory for security clearance. His conscientiousness, it turned out, was all for the best. "There's practically nothing classified about Vanguard, but darned if that napkin didn't show the bit that is," Walter McDonald, one of Vanguard's information officers, told me. "How the manufacturer got hold of it I don't know—just dreamed it up, maybe." One attempt to exploit the satellite has fallen through for reasons unrelated to security. That was a request from a used-car dealer for permission from the Naval Research Laboratory to light up the bird with a neon sign advertising his wares. "The Navy never endorses any product" was the reply.

At least one restaurant, one motel, and one sundae have been named after the Earth Satellite, and now a bill—H.R. 2873—has been introduced in Congress that would name the Earth Satellite itself something else. Sponsored by Representative Frank M. Karsten, of Missouri, the bill reads, "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That Earth Satellite Number One be officially designated as the 'Astranaut.' " Since the Founding Fathers made no provision for naming satellites, the bill fluttered around a bit before landing in what is presumably the proper pigeonhole. "The House Parliamentarian didn't know which committee to refer my bill to," Congressman Karsten told me. "He favored the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee for a while, and then the Armed Services Committee, but he finally turned it over to Foreign Affairs, and that's where it's roosting now."

As if the Vanguard scientists weren't sufficiently occupied with the technical details of their project, they are constantly being called upon to explain what they are up to in addresses before civic organizations, fraternal lodges, high-school clubs, and so on. Complying whenever they can spare the time, they make a point of toning down the wilder notions about the bird that have got around, and of gently but unequivocally impressing upon the taxpayers the fact that this first attempt to set a satellite in motion may quite possibly end in failure. These talks are usually followed by discussion periods, and one question that the speakers are frequently asked is "What keeps it from flying off into space?" Dr. Newell, who, as a repre-

father wants...



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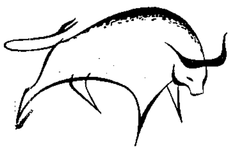

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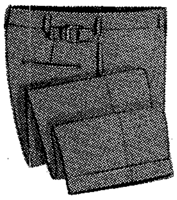

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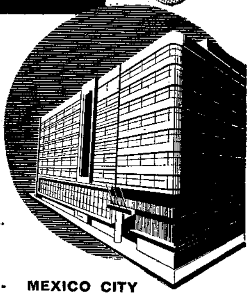
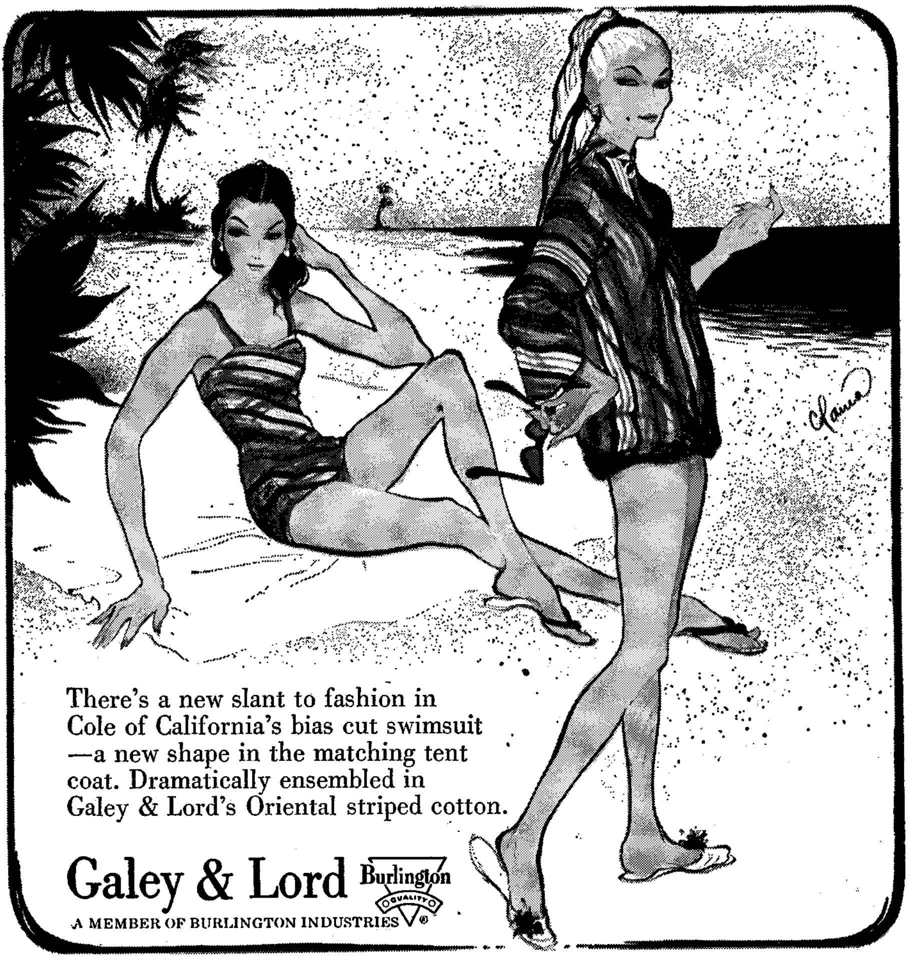


sentative of the Naval Research Laboratory, has delivered his share of speeches on the satellite, assured me that he has a ready answer for this one. "I tell them the same thing that keeps the moon from flying off into space—in other words, gravity," he said. "The commonest misconception we have to straighten out is that the pull of gravity stops abruptly at a certain point. Jules Verne and his story about a trip to the moon are to blame for that one. Gravity doesn't stop abruptly, of course. It just keeps getting weaker."

Busy though the Vanguard workers are, they occasionally find time to discuss the broader implications of what they are trying to accomplish. At such moments, they sound much like the laymen they lecture to—groping and oddly unexpert. "I have a feeling that the satellite will help rid people's minds of superstitions having to do with the mystery of the heavens," the head of this nation's I.G.Y. activities, Dr. Kaplan, observed recently. "The Eskimos—and plenty of other people, too—see the aurora and take it as a sign of God's pleasure or wrath, but if the satellite should give us an adequate explanation of this phenomenon, it would no longer be interpreted in such a misguided fashion. And the explanation should bring these people a feeling of safety—even a feeling of elation. Some months ago, a swami of the Vedanta school in Los Angeles—a friend of mine—asked me to address his following. I told them that we scientists will never learn enough about the universe to remove the need for faith in men's hearts, but that knowledge of the kind we hope to acquire from the satellite may enable us to free faith from superstition. The audience seemed pleased, and, of course, I was, too, as I always am when I've said what I believe."

In an equally pensive mood, Dr. Newell remarked to me, "This is our first step off the earth, and its possible significance is so staggering that I try to calm myself now and then by thinking of Columbus. For all he knew at the time he set out, he'd find nothing but man-eating sea serpents before his ships toppled over the edge of the world. We're a lot more fortunate. We not only know that we're stepping out into a new region but we already know what some of the things are that we're definitely going to encounter."

And Odishaw, the executive director of Dr. Kaplan's committee, wound up a talk with me by saying, "Contemplate the satellite and you inevitably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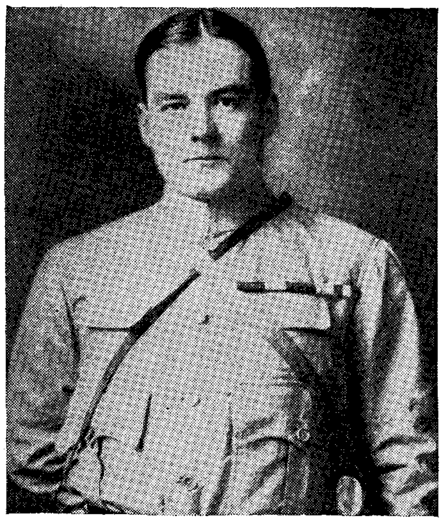

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But 24 hours later, Richard Harding Davis nonchalantly rode back to Brussels in a German general's limousine.

By that time, Davis had become an old hand at getting out of tight spots. It was, after all, his sixth war. And as early as his third, he had been officially commended for cool courage and offered a commission. His admirer: Colonel Roosevelt of the Rough Riders.

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think about it in terms of yourself; that is, of your destiny, and of the transience of life. I've lived with it for almost three years now, and it still excites great curiosity in me—a curiosity that is at once intellectual and spiritual."

The only concerted opposition to Project Vanguard has come from people who don't like it for religious reasons. While the fanatics among them berate the scientists as the architects of a diabolical plan to appropriate God's firmament, more temperate misgivings have been voiced by those who see the satellite as an undeniable harbinger of space travel, and wonder if we—mankind as a whole—know what we are getting into and can be sure we aren't finally pushing our cleverness too far. Quite a number of people are uneasy at the thought that the discoveries of a space age may ultimately challenge their beliefs. This uneasiness has been clearly and sympathetically put into words by a Vanguard scientist. Addressing the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church of Greenwich, Connecticut, not long ago, Dr. Porter, the General Electric consultant, frankly presented some of the questions that the exploration of outer space may eventually pose for theologians. "Our Christian doctrine is based on the importance of man and the belief that God the Creator Himself became a man for the purpose of saving all mankind from its own sin," he said. "But suppose we seriously consider the possibility of queer but intelligent creatures on some other planet. Are they, too, 'saved' . . . by the self-sacrifice of Jesus? Are their sins the same as ours? Since they very probably didn't descend from Adam, how do we know they are sinful at all?" Dr. Porter went on to say that the satellite program, "even in its early phase," may throw light on the evolution of the universe that will necessitate a sweeping reappraisal of Genesis. Evidence might be found, he suggested, to prove that the universe is still being created—an atom of hydrogen at a time—throughout the far reaches of space. Such a discovery, he pointed out, would require "a new and painful adjustment" in the believer's understanding of God and the universe. "With all these implications, perhaps it might be easier just to give up the whole idea of artificial satellites," Dr. Porter concluded. "But, unfortunately, since Eve tempted Adam to take the first bite from the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, man has been unable to let well enough alone. We can, therefore, only hope that we will be given the wisdom to use the results for

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our good, rather than for our confusion and self-destruction."

IN the end, the satellite will perish. Even though the exosphere may be several billion times as rarefied as the atmosphere at sea level, the resistance it offers is bound to slow the bird down in the course of its thousands of trips around the world. As its speed ebbs, the force of gravity, gaining in power, will draw it toward the earth, and its orbit will show an increasing tendency to waver. After a while, it will waver so rapidly and erratically that the telescopic cameras will no longer be able to make a coherent record of it, and then the Moonwatchers will be working harder than ever, in an effort to plot the waverings for future study. Slipping down at last to a level where the atmosphere begins to approach the density that man is accustomed to, the bird's forward motion will be slowed to a relative crawl. Then friction with the air may gradually tear it to pieces or abruptly set it ablaze; no one can be sure which will happen, but disintegration of some sort is believed certain. Its lighter parts—the aluminum antennae and the skin—will probably be the first to go, and its heavier ones, among them the long-dead transmitter, the last. Finally, it is assumed, the one-time satellite will complete its descent through the atmosphere in the form of dust, most of which, like the dust of so many meteorites, will end up as sludge at the bottom of the ocean.

—DANIEL LANG

•

good (go͝od), *adj.;* BET′TER; BEST. [AS. *gōd.*] . . . 10. **a** Honorable; untainted. **b** In unquestioned standing; orthodox; as, *good* Republicans. —*Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Heavy Hands

ONE of the most striking phenomena in the music of the past fifty years is the virtual disappearance of lighthearted emotion from the work of highbrow composers. There has been a certain amount of satirical writing directed at the conventions of the classical and romantic eras, and there has been a great deal of the sort of humor—to me, only moderately amusing—that consists of inventing funny noises for orchestras to play, but genuine joy expressed in musical terms seems to have practically vanished since the time of Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier." While one reason may be that contemporary composers take a rather dark view of the world they live in, another is undoubtedly that music—always one of the most contrived of all the arts—has recently suffered a multiplication of its contrivances. As a result, the contemporary composer is so loaded with complicated techniques that he is no longer able to give even the appearance of spontaneity or insouciance. His means of expression are so elaborate and so heavily freighted that any germs of happiness he may wish to convey are almost invariably buried in masses of self-conscious artifice. The world at present contains no Rossinis or Offenbachs. On the contrary, today's lighter music—I am thinking of comedy opera in particular—seems to be divided squarely between two quite different fields of endeavor. Lighthearted inspiration has become the exclusive province of the Broadway musical show, where it appears unadorned by any particularly interesting or subtle workmanship. The highbrow comic opera, meanwhile, has become a demonstration of more or less interesting and subtle workmanship but is, as a rule, devoid of lighthearted inspiration.

Benjamin Britten's comic opera "Albert Herring," which received its first full-scale New York performance on Wednesday evening of last week at the Kaufmann Y.M.H.A. Concert Hall, is, I think, a case in point. Its plot concerns the adventures of a shy and not very bright young man who is named King of the May because the village in which he lives contains no damsel sufficiently virtuous to provide a suitable Queen. In the tumult of glory that follows, he gets drunk, loses his shyness, and goes off on a toot, from which he returns a wiser and more self-assertive man. This story is, it must be admitted, somewhat slight. Still, in its setting, which is an English village at the turn of the present century—a village filled with strait-laced and pompous bourgeois characters—it has the makings of something fairly amusing, and a composer like the great Arthur Sullivan, who was not burdened with any obligation to exhibit mammoth technical achievements, might have converted it into a pleasant bit of entertainment. But Mr. Britten lacks the wonderful simplicity and gaiety of a Sullivan, and "Albert Herring" has emerged from his hands as a rather pretentious essay in monumental craftsmanship. It is impossible not to admire the deftness and complexity of his orchestral scoring, which is full of *ostinatos*, canons, and intricate contrapuntal devices, and which here and there even contains moments of poetic feeling. But there is not a first-rate melody anywhere in the work, and the few points at which it approaches something like lyricism are crushed by the weight of Mr. Britten's tireless ingenuity.

The performance his opera received was, I must say, gratifyingly expert, and obviously the result of painstaking rehearsal. Siegfried Landau, the conductor, brought out every detail of the complicated score with the utmost clarity, and the very difficult ensemble passages for the singers—including what seemed to me a good deal of unnecessarily shrill writing for female voices—were accurately negotiated. Among the principals who perhaps deserve special mention were Dorothy Marshall, as a schoolteacher; Irene Sherrock, as the local *grande dame;* Arne Markussen, as Albert; and Ramon Gilbert, as his rival in love. As a matter of fact, the entire cast sang and acted with an exuberance that the score itself, unfortunately, seemed to lack.

THURSDAY evening's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall was chiefly notable for the New York première of William Walton's Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, a work of some substance, in which Gregor Piatigorsky undertook the solo part. In my opinion, the most eloquent sections of it were the first movement and the closing moments of the finale, where Mr. Walton, using certain conventions of major-minor harmony and oblique chromatic progression that he shares with the late Sergei Prokofieff, has written music of considerable vitality, well adapted to the singing tone of the solo instrument. The middle Allegro Appassionato, which is obviously very taxing, struck me as a bit of a scramble, and I was unable to follow all the convolutions of the theme and variations that form the major part of the last movement, but I daresay that another hearing would clarify them for me. Evidently, Mr. Walton has written what is, on the whole, a very superior modern virtuoso piece for the cello, and Mr. Piatigorsky seemed to regard it as a worthy challenge. The orchestra (conducted on this occasion by Dimitri Mitropoulos) takes a subsidiary role in the proceedings, providing a frequently fascinating background against which the soloist is able to exploit a great deal of striking bravura technique.

Another contemporary composition on the program was Luigi Dallapiccola's "Tartiniana," a divertimento for violin and orchestra that uses some of the themes and a lot of the mannerisms of the "Devil's Trill" Sonata of the famous eighteenth-century violinist Giuseppe Tartini. The solo violin part was ably played by John Corigliano. Altogether, the work seemed to me merely another of those fairly familiar "neoclassical" affairs, in which eighteenth-century style is peppered with enough wrong notes to make it sound contemporary, and in which one occasionally has a vague feeling that somebody has got lost but really doesn't care very much one way or the other. In any case, despite a crisp performance, I found Mr. Dallapiccola's effort a bore.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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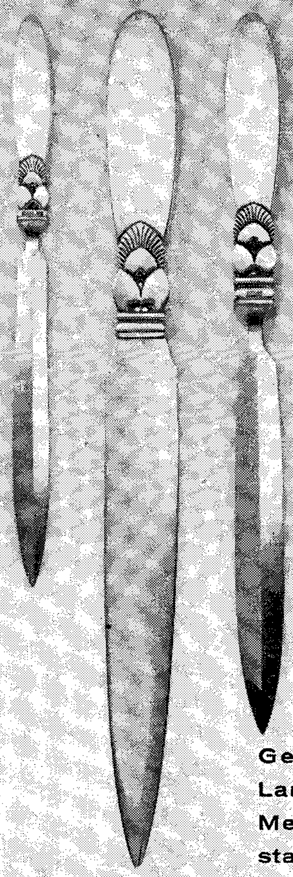

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quickened their imaginations. Still, there's more to it than that. Over the years, Rodgers and Hammerstein, in choosing a subject for a new show, have always made a point of picking a story entirely different from any of their previous ones. Now and then, this has led them astray—certainly John Steinbeck's boozy novel "Sweet Thursday," which they translated into "Pipe Dream," proved a spectacularly unsuitable framework for their particular talents—but on the whole this pursuit of novelty has probably been wise, because the songs themselves haven't varied very widely from show to show. As a matter of fact, you can turn up pieces comparable to three or four of the "Cinderella" numbers in several other R. & H. scores; the delightful thing about this bunch is that it finds both men at the top of their form, or very close to it. And I think that in addition to approaching their task with a commendable freshness, they were happy in their choice of "Cinderella" for a book. I will admit that a new musical treatment of "Cinderella" would seem about as urgently needed as a cantata on "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," but the fact is that the simple love story has furnished exactly the right sort of material for their tender, gently humorous, and optimistic aesthetic; with Julie Andrews in the title role, and all those lovely songs, it seemed to me as I listened to the recording that life was very full indeed.

Miss Andrews can do no wrong, as far as I'm concerned. When she raises her sweet lyric soprano in Cinderella's solo, "In My Own Little Corner," my heart goes out to her; when, with her fairy godmother, she runs through a lively number entitled "Impossible!," she is as sunny as Nellie Forbush was in the gloom of the Pacific war; while singing to her prince the engaging strains of their first waltz, "Ten Minutes Ago," she is enchanting; and in the stunning love duet, "Do I Love You Because You're Beautiful?," she is all any man could reasonably ask for. Good as these songs are, there are others of equal merit; "A Lovely Night," for one, sung by Cinderella, her stepsisters, and her stepmother, is a brisk and tuneful bit of reminiscence, and the march, "Where Is Cinderella?," is a bright and buoyant little offering. Miss Andrews is not the only singer heard on the record, of course—there are also Edith Adams, Howard Lindsay, Dorothy Stickney, Ilka Chase, Alice Ghostley, Kaye Ballard, and Jon Cypher, and they're all

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LIKE practically everybody else, I guess, I look upon Fred Astaire with awe, and I am happy to report that the gay old dog sounds fine singing some of the Gershwins' songs to flattering orchestral backgrounds on the Verve record called "Funny Face," which was taken down from the sound track of the movie. Back in 1927, you know, Astaire and his sister Adele had leading parts in the Broadway show of this name, and one of the admirable things about the current enterprise is that the producers, instead of thumbing through the Gershwin catalogue to dig up nothing but sock standards for the picture, have actually gone to the original score for four of the numbers, with the result that such things as "He Loves and She Loves," "Let's Kiss and Make Up," and the title number (the perennial " 'S Wonderful" is the fourth) sound fresh and superior to most of the stuff being turned out today. Of course, it would have been *nice* if two other worth-while items from the original—"The Babbitt and the Bromide" and "My One and Only"—had been included, but what the hell, you can't have everything. What you can have are "Clap Yo' Hands," from the previous year's "Oh, Kay!," and "How Long Has This Been Going On?," from the following year's "Rosalie." In addition, for reasons of plot, a few numbers that do no particular harm have been provided by a team of Hollywood songwriters. As I observed earlier, Astaire's graceful renditions of the old pieces are captivating, and he and Kay Thompson do a duet of "Clap Yo' Hands" that is a knockout. While I could have got along without the new songs, I could have even more easily dispensed with the musical padding on the record. Producers of these sound-track effusions have a way of letting the music for the big production numbers run on long after the vocal is finished, and the listener, lost in this welter of sound, with its tricky changes in tempo and volume, can only wonder what on earth is supposed to be happening on the screen. All this is probably quibbling, however; taken as a whole, the set is quite stimulating.

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to a Marvelous Party," "Why Must the Show Go On?," "What's Going to Happen to the Tots?," and others), and some sentimental experiences, too (among them "Half-Caste Woman," "Sail Away," and "Zigeuner"). Nothing on this record is quite as inspiriting as the "Let's Do It" episode from "Noel Coward in Las Vegas," put out year before last, but things move at a rapid clip right on through the final number, headed "The Party's Over Now." (*Columbia*)

GLADYS SWARTHOUT SINGS YOUR FAVORITES—This recital of enduring popular songs, most of them show tunes, has been put together from old Victor Red Seal records, and I must confess that my primary pleasure was listening to Miss Swarthout do Vincent Youmans' "You're Everywhere," which strikingly embodies two of his major characteristics as a composer: first, the manner in which his genius sometimes led him to go beyond what we conceive of as the popular-song form and achieve something almost in the nature of an art song or an aria, and, second, the almost perfect inanity of the lyrics. (Perhaps a more familiar example is his "Through the Years," which is also included.) Youmans had either bad luck or bad taste when it came to picking lyricists; otherwise, many more of his works would be in common usage. Other songs on the record are such trusty war horses as "Begin the Beguine," "Dancing in the Dark," and "In the Still of the Night." Miss Swarthout sings them just the way you'd expect. (*Camden*)

DO-RE-MI—Bobby Troup, with a jazz septet. This collection of twelve songs, for which the soloist wrote the words and music, reveals a fragile but somewhat appealing talent, in both the writing and the singing. A few of the pieces—"Route 66," "Daddy," and "Snootie Little Cutie"—have enjoyed fairly widespread favor, but the one I liked best is a relatively unfamiliar number called "Baby, Baby, All the Time," a fluent expansion of the twelve-bar blues form to an extended composition of some sophistication. (*Liberty*)

—DOUGLAS WATT

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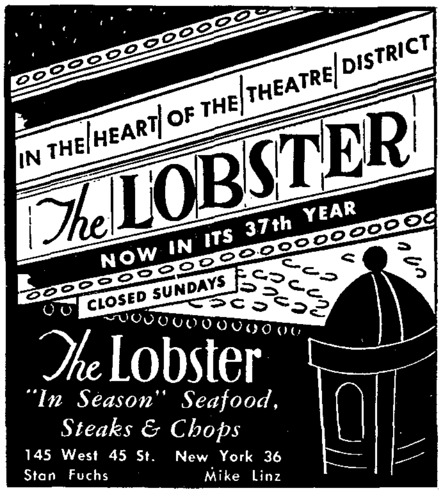
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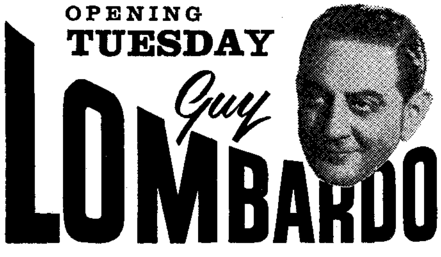
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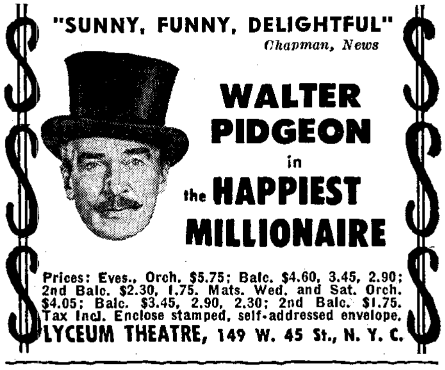
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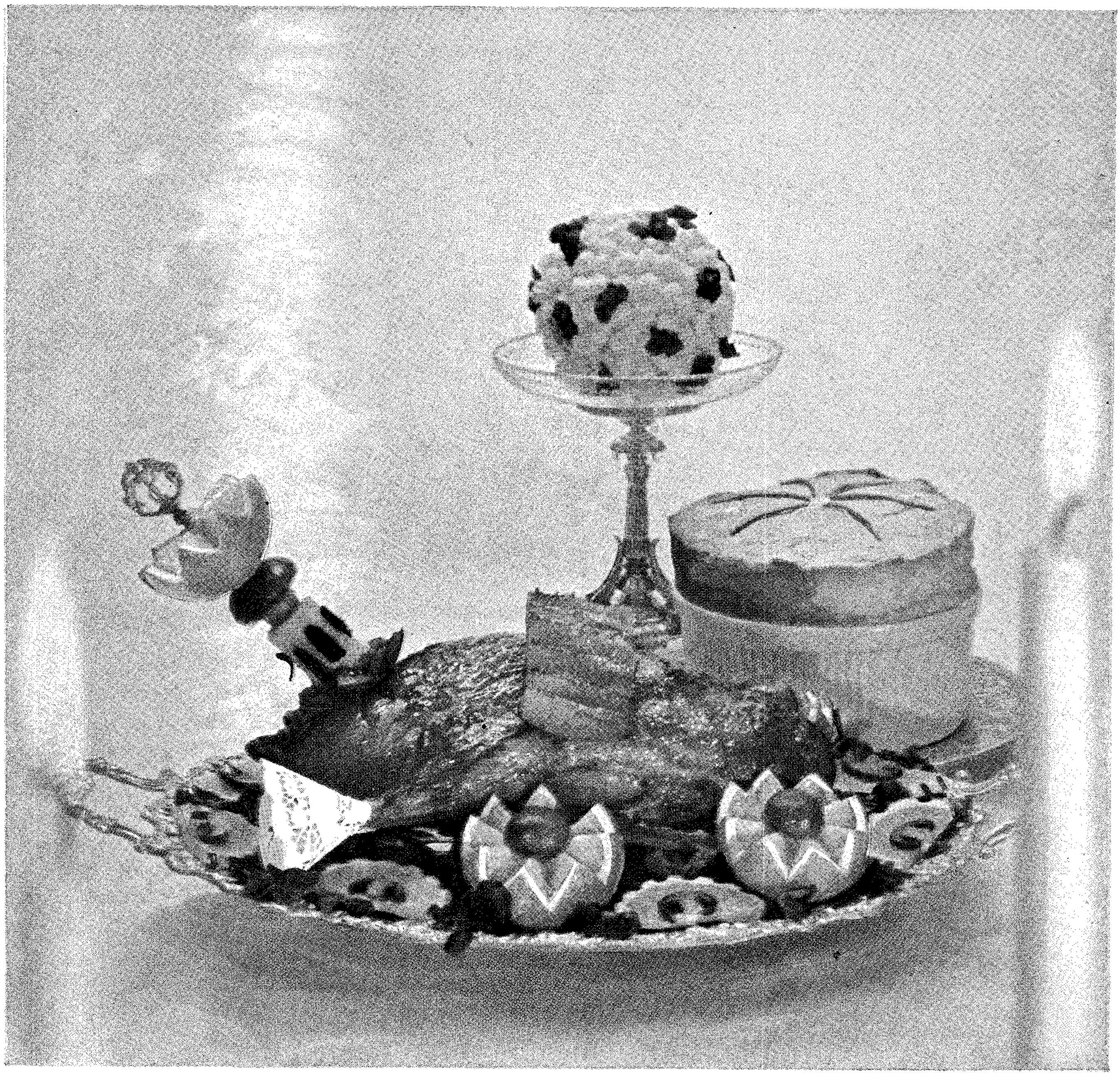

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RETURN TO THE RANDOLPH

ON a recent Friday morning, at breakfast, my wife handed me an item she had clipped from the previous evening's *World-Telegram & Sun*. It read:

> CARRIER OPEN TO PUBLIC
>
> The 42,000-ton attack aircraft carrier Randolph will be open to public inspection when it arrives at Pier 88 at the foot of W. 48th St. Friday. During World War II, the Randolph destroyed more than 300 enemy planes and sank more than 87,000 tons of enemy shipping.

I hadn't seen the Randolph since the gray morning in October, 1945, when, having served as one of her Air Department officers, I left her at Pier 7, Norfolk, Virginia, on her return from the Pacific at the end of the war with Japan. Since that time, I knew, she had been in the mothball fleet, then a training ship, and, after that, a part of the Mediterranean Fleet. At work in my midtown office that morning, I began thinking about the ship and her crew for the first time in years. I wondered how it would feel to go aboard again, and what it would be like to see some of my old shipmates, if there should be any among the visitors. I had never tried to get in touch with any old Randolph men, partly because I disliked the idea of sitting down and endlessly reminiscing about a life that seemed almost impossibly remote. But, again looking over the clipping my wife had given me, I became curious, and eventually I decided I would have just time to run over and see the ship at noon.

After a hurried lunch, I caught a cab going west on Forty-fifth Street, and presently, as the driver pulled up in front of Pier 88, I saw her—the unmistakable flat top, the blue-gray paint. But the bow looked different from the way I remembered it; it was all enclosed. Then I saw the familiar "15" on the side, and I felt a tremor of excitement.

I went into the pier building and walked up to the second floor. When I got there, I was surprised to see no one around; the vast floor was empty except for a sailor walking past, dressed in his liberty blues and carrying a camera in a leather case. Where was the visiting public? I supposed that I was one of the first arrivals, and that the other early comers were aboard. On my right, there was a large opening in the wall of the pier, and from it extended the forward gangway of the ship, with a Marine in dress uniform standing guard beside it. Walking over to him, I said, "I'd like to go aboard for a while. I used to be on this ship." Again I felt a tremor of excitement.

"We don't have no visitors today," the Marine said. "Not till tomorrow and Sunday."

"Oh," I said. "I didn't know that." I should have checked before I came, I thought, but the news item had certainly given me the impression that the ship would be open to visitors that day. "Well," I said, "I wonder if I could just go aboard for a minute or two. I'm going to have to be out of town over the weekend."

The Marine jerked his head toward the other end of the gangway, where the officer of the deck, a senior lieutenant in blue, with his service ribbons showing, was talking to an ensign. "He won't allow nobody aboard. You might try aft."

Far off at the other end of the building was the aft gangway, which was used mainly, I knew, by enlisted men. I had been a lieutenant on the Randolph—the assistant Air Combat Information officer—and I thought that perhaps if I explained my situation to the officer of the deck, he'd let me on the ship. But I didn't want to be in the position of the grad who comes back to reunion and immediately starts insisting that he must see his old dormitory room. I went aft.

No Marine guard was there, and I quickly walked down the gangway to the deck, where an enlisted man and a petty officer in a blue raincoat were standing beside a small table. I told the petty officer I'd like to look around a little; it was my old ship, I said.

"Well," he said, "we're just trying to get cleaned up today, to get ready for visitors. Tomorrow we're going to have some men here waiting to act as guides. I can't let you aboard without a guide. You know anybody on the ship?"

"Not any longer," I said.

The petty officer turned to the en-

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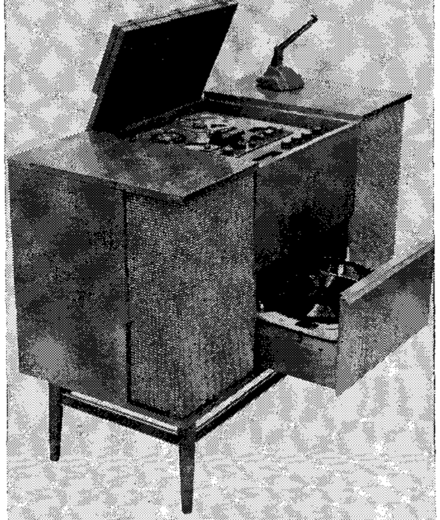

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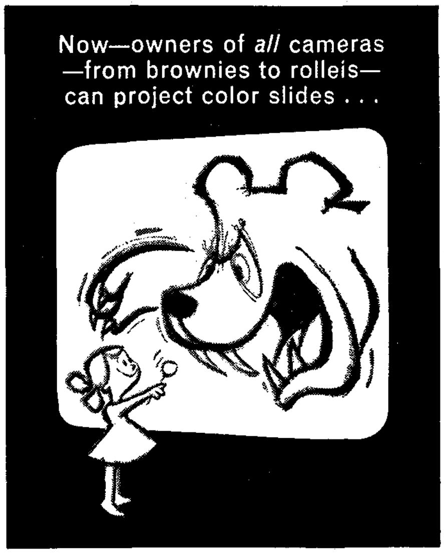

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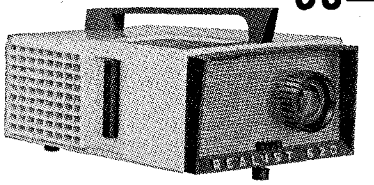

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listed man. "Call one of the boys and see if he'll take this fellow around."

The man made a call over a telephone on the small table. "Somebody'll be up in just a minute," he said to me.

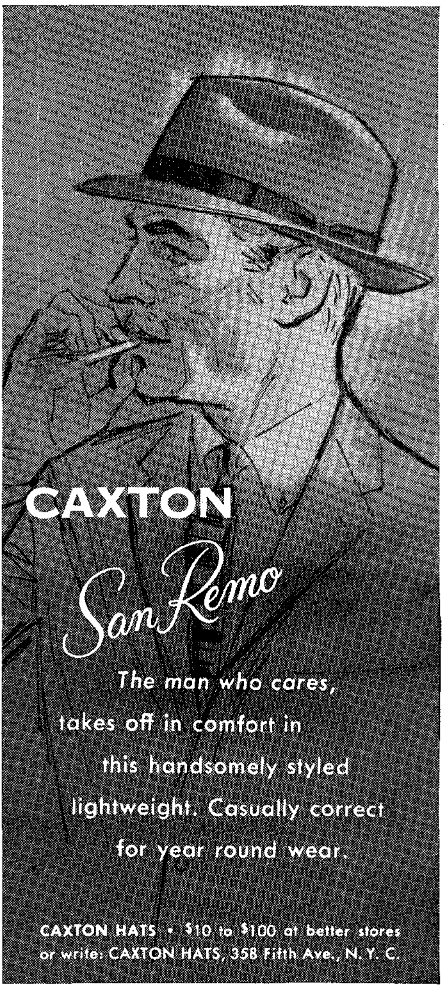
"Thanks," I said.

THE end of the gangway, where I was standing, rested on the hangar deck. The deck looked narrower than I remembered it. There was a bulkhead that hadn't been on the old Randolph. I told this to the petty officer, and he said that there were spaces on the other side of the bulkhead, and that the flight deck above was wider than it used to be, with a greater overhang. I noticed that a couple of whaleboats and motor launches and the captain's gig were stored aft. There were no planes, of course; they were now probably at some naval airfield.

Perhaps it was the absence of planes—anyway, I suddenly remembered the night off Okinawa when I left the after deckhouse and, not realizing how dark it was (the ship, of course, was blacked out), started forward on the hangar deck and soon found myself bumping into parked aircraft. I got down on my hands and knees and tried to crawl between the planes, but, in the intense darkness, I still collided with wheels and propeller blades. Finally, when I was in real desperation, unable to find my way either forward or aft, I spied a tiny dot of light on the starboard bulkhead, and managed to make my way to a ladder and then, feeling very sheepish, to a passageway leading forward.

I guess this ridiculous little memory was like a leak in a dike, for suddenly I began to be flooded with memories of the Randolph, and, more than that, I wanted to talk about them—preferably to my shipmates, but to somebody. I looked at the petty officer. Just then my guide appeared. He was a slender sailor in blue—lean, tan, sharp-featured, and rather stern-looking. "I appreciate this," I said. "Could we go up to the flight deck first? In the old days, I used to spend a lot of time up there. I never got tired of seeing the planes come in to land." The sailor nodded, and led the way to a nearby ladder.

ABRUPTLY, the way you emerge from the tunnel at the top of the first loop of a roller coaster, my guide and I came out on the flight deck. It wasn't the old flight deck. There was a new, diagonal runway, and attached to one side of the island—the big, pyramidal control tower, with its bridges and stacks and guns and radar gear—was a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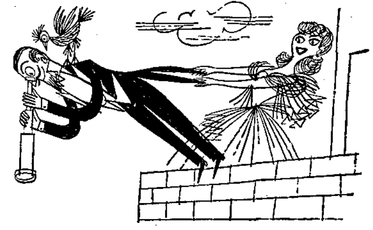

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kind of little greenhouse that I had never seen before. The broad surroundings of the ship herself were unfamiliar, too. Instead of a destroyer off the stern to act as plane guard, there were the bright cliffs of New Jersey, standing out sharply in the noon sun. And the bow, instead of plowing through the blue Pacific, merged into the towers of Manhattan. Still, it was the flight deck—deserted now except for the sailor and me—and almost automatically I turned and began walking toward the stern.

"I remember the night the kamikaze hit us," I said. "It was right about here, and it tore hell out of the deck. The plane was what we called a Frances—a three-place bomber—and somehow it got through the radar net. And right about here"—I walked toward the port edge of the deck—"there was a humped-up tarpaulin, and I remember that late that night, after the fire had been put out, someone lifted it and flashed a light, and there were parts of the bodies of the three Jap crewmen. It looked like—"

I stopped, feeling suddenly embarrassed. I glanced up at my guide (he was a little taller than I) to see if he was looking amusedly at me—at one of those old guys, with a bit of a paunch, who had come back to talk about *his* day on the ship. The sailor must have heard dozens of these accounts, I thought, but he seemed to be listening politely, though without emotion. "I wonder if there's any sign of the hit left?" I said, making it a question. I was now a bit rattled.

"No," he said. "That was all replaced when we modernized." The muscles in his lean jaw stood out as he spoke.

"Of course," I said, wincing a little at "modernized." The question had been silly.

I *could* tell him some things about the Randolph, I thought. Why, it was right down there on the fantail that I saw Admiral Mitscher come aboard in a boatswain's chair after he had been bombed off the Enterprise. Back off the starboard quarter—I looked out into the Hudson, where a tug was passing—I had seen the Bunker Hill get hit. And I happened to be standing up there on the searchlight platform of the island, soaking up some sun, when they broke out the victory flag. I didn't say anything about any of this to the sailor, though. He would, I told myself, hear plenty about all of it tomorrow, when he was showing other visitors around. Some of them would be men from the

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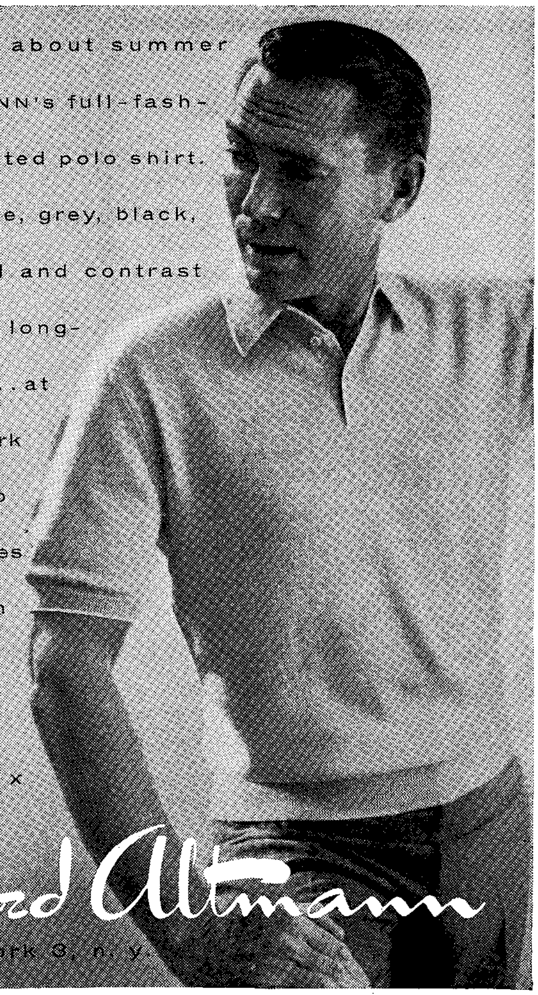
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old Randolph, eager to bend anybody's ear.

Still, I might tell him about some less well-known things, I thought. For instance, there was the time, off Japan, that one of our below-decks officers, sightseeing on the flight deck, was scratched on the neck by a twisted bit of metal torn from a propeller when one of our planes nosed over as it landed. Some of us heard about the incident, and we got one of the enlisted men, who had a rating as a combat correspondent, to interview him, ostensibly for the papers back home, and we had him half believing that he was going to get a lot of publicity, and maybe the Purple Heart. Would my guide want to hear about that? Perhaps not. Well, at least, I thought, I might tell him about the time, coming back through the Panama Canal after the war, that *we* took on a lot of visitors—Canal employees and their families. There was a troop of Boy Scouts among the visitors, but instead of staying up on the flight deck and watching the delicate maneuvering it takes to get a big ship through the Canal, they spent most of their time in the wardroom playing the slot machines.

I didn't tell the sailor that story, either. One man's war is another man's boredom. Wondering how long I'd been just standing there and thinking, I said to him, deliberately bringing things back to the present, "Tell me, how does this angled deck work out?"

"It works out fine," he said. "The jets can come in at ninety-five per cent of throttle."

My God, I thought. Jets. And at that speed. I looked at the long diagonal runway, which had a wide yellow line down the center. "Coming in that fast makes it pretty hard on the L.S.O., doesn't it?" I asked, glancing back at the port quarter of the deck, toward the screen that, I knew, served as a background for the Landing Signal Officer.

"They don't use the L.S.O. much, any longer," he said.

"What?" In my day, the L.S.O., with a paddle in each hand, performed an intricate and deadly ballet as he motioned a plane in to land, suddenly jerking down his paddles when the plane was ready to cut its engine and drop to the deck, and waving them in a vigorous crisscross if the plane was not in the right position to land but should circle and make another approach.

"Well," I said, "if the L.S.O. doesn't signal the wave-offs, who does?"

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wave-off. He lines himself up in a mirror here on the flight deck, and when he's dead center, he lands. If he doesn't line up right, he keeps going."

"A mirror? How does *that* work out?" I asked.

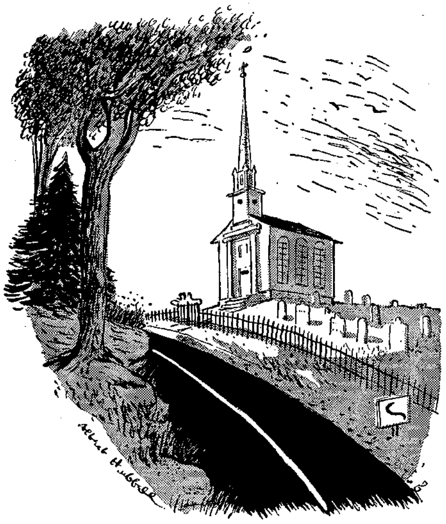
"Fine. Hardly any crackups," the sailor said. "We don't have much use for Tilly." He nodded toward a big crane, mounted on huge rubber-tired wheels, that was used to pick up disabled aircraft. He went on talking matter-of-factly, his jaw muscles flickering. "We've made a good record, both abroad and in the States. In sports, too. I'm hoping we're going to win the basketball championship of the Atlantic Fleet." He added that he thought they would be leaving in a few days to pick up their air group, which was now based in Florida, and then go back to "the Med."

"How do you like it all?" I asked.

For the first time, he smiled, and his face seemed to soften a little. "It's been good duty. We've had lots of fun and excitement on this ship, and I'll hate to leave her, but my time's running out."

I looked at my wristwatch. "So is mine," I said. It was almost two o'clock, and I had left the office about twelve. "I've got to be getting back to work."

WE went down to the aft gangway, and I thanked the sailor and the petty officer, wished them good luck, and walked back through the pier, my heels echoing hollowly on the vacant floor. After I had gone down the stairs and emerged from the building, I glanced up once more at the enclosed bow of the ship, and I thought that no longer could anyone sit on the old open bow, under the flight deck, the way I had sat when I was off watch, and look at the dreamy, hypnotizing sea. I began thinking then of Leyte Gulf and Guam and the surf at Ulithi, and of the sound



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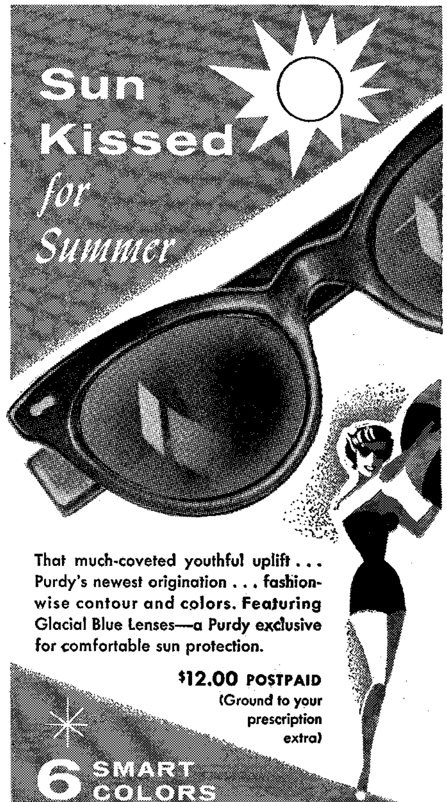

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of canvas flapping on the parked planes on the flight deck at night when I had the watch in Air Plot. The memories were flowing again, but there was nobody to talk to about them. A man was coming along the cobblestones under the West Side highway—a dock worker, to judge by his appearance. I thought of myself wryly as the Ancient Mariner, who might grasp this man by the arm and make him listen, and when I flagged a cab and got in, I thought, not entirely in jest, that I might tell the driver something about the ship I had visited, and my old life at sea. But the driver had already started talking on a more up-to-date topic. As we rode across town, he said that he had just seen a late headline saying that Dave Beck, president of the Teamsters Union, had been suspended as an A.F.L.-C.I.O. vice-president. "What a stinkin' mess!" the driver said.

—MONTGOMERY NEWMAN

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Take from the whole year together
  The most deceptive of days,
  And two-thirds of them will be
    May's.

Summer, the summer is coming—
  But summer has not yet come;
Noontide is vibrant with humming
  Of insects that soon will be dumb
  While the telegraph wires will hum.

Undeterred by the nagging north-
    wester,
  Golden the dandelion glows;
Sorrel and *planta genesta*
  Bloom while the mad wind blows—
  But never a lily or rose.

Tent caterpillars gnaw the wild cherry;
  The Japanese beetles hatch out;
Cold germs are belligerent—very,
  And if you go wandering about
  Without wool, they will seize you no
    doubt.

Wool, it is wool you should wear now,
  Though reading these lines you may
    say,
"What a joke for this piece to appear
    now,
  On this marvellous morning of
    May!"
  Ah, well—then have it your way.

—ROBERT HILLYER

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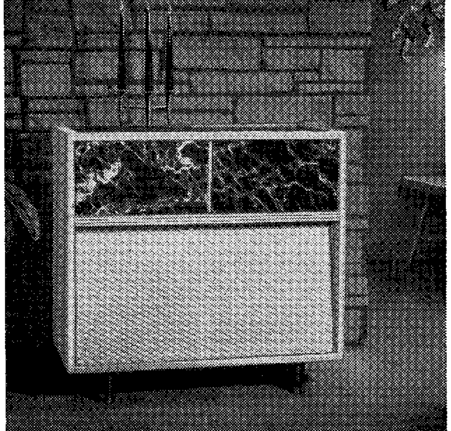

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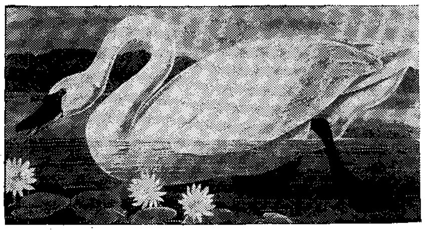

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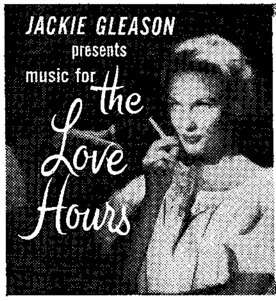

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University of California,
Los Angeles, Calif.
April 25, 1957

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

A MONTH or so ago, Mr. Noel Perrin reported in your pages ("The Nightingale Song," March 16th) that with the help, or hindrance, of his Cambridge supervisor, as well as of his roommate and an Oxford don, he once tried to find out what nightingales say when they sing—whether they go "jug jug," or "tereu," as certain poets have said, or do something else—and that his efforts led him down some literary bypaths. Now Mr. Perrin's story has been followed by a letter from Janet Schrock Jones (in the issue of April 6, 1957), who declares that, according to her phonograph record of "The Pines of Rome," the true syllables of the nightingale's song should be spelled in ways different from any discovered in books by Mr. Perrin and his associates.

In view of all this, I feel that I, too, must speak up. If Mr. Perrin, his supervisor, his roommate, and the don had looked at the entries in the Oxford English Dictionary under "Jug" and "Tereu," they would probably have found themselves led into a still more complete investigation of the song's poetic history. I did this myself, and was rewarded by the discovery that, as early as 1523, John Skelton, in his poem "Garland of Laurel," gave the nightingale's song as "Dug, dug, Jug, jug, chuk, chuk, chuk, chuk!" George Gascoigne's version of what the bird says is perhaps the first in English to include "Tereu," and is very likely the most detailed. It appears in a poem called "The Complaint of Philomene" (1576). According to Gascoigne, the nightingale says "tereu, tereu; fy, fy, fy, fy, fy; jug, jug, jug; némesis, némesis."

But if it is a question not of what poets may have fancied they heard but of the nightingale's *actual* song (which is what Janet Schrock Jones is after), surely most bird fanciers must recall the description set down by the German ornithologist Johann Matthäus Bechstein (1757-1822) in a work known in its English translation as "The Natural History of Cage Birds." Dr. Bechstein writes (pages 214-15):

> Twenty-four different strains or couplets may be reckoned in the song of a fine nightingale, without including its delicate

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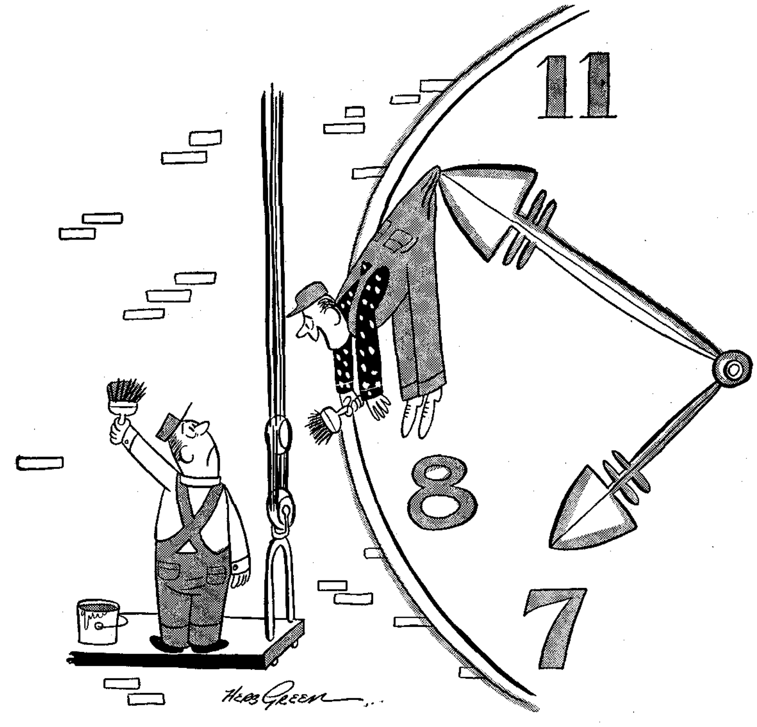

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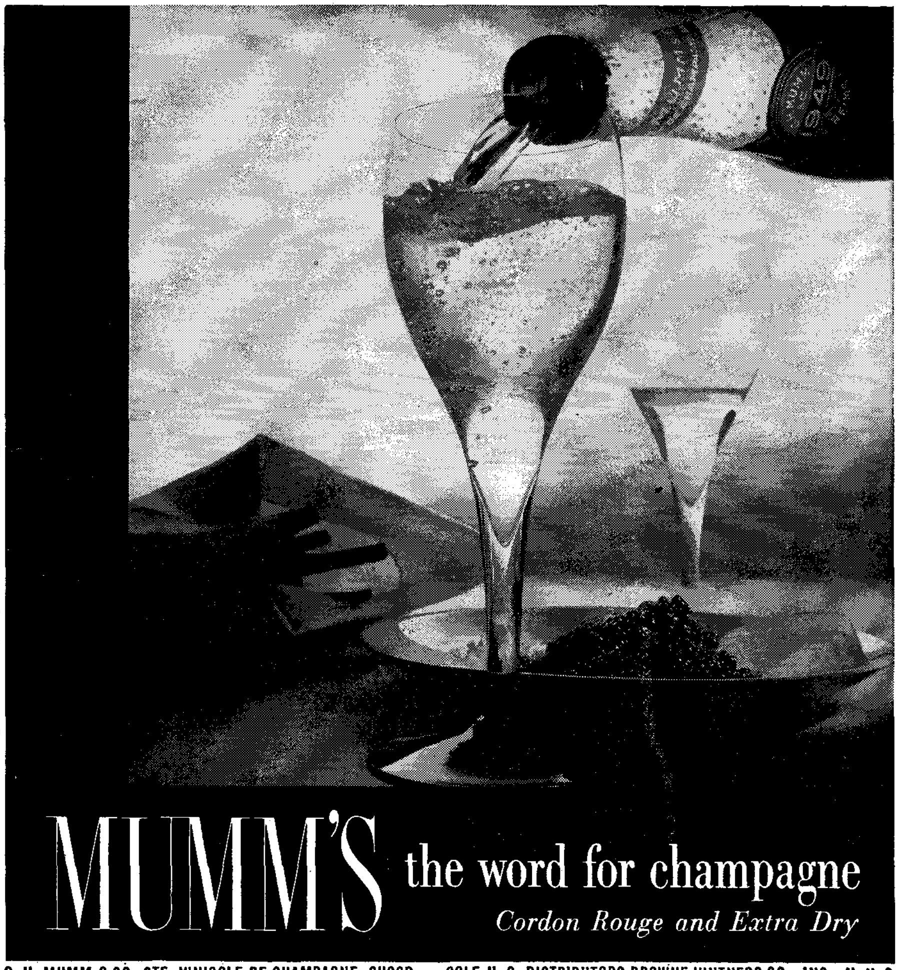

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little variations; for among these, as among other musicians, there are some great performers and many middling ones. This song is so articulate, so speaking, that it may be very well written. The following is a trial which I have made on that of a nightingale in my neighbourhood, which passes for a very capital singer:

Tioû, tioû, tioû, tioû.
Spe, tiou, squa.
Tiô, tiô, tiô, tiô, tio, tio, tio, tix.
Coutio, coutio, coutio, coutio.
Squô, squô, squô, squô.
Tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzi.
Corror, tiou, squa, pipiqui.
Zozozozozozozozozozozozo, zirrhading!
Tsissisi, tsissisisisisisisis.
Dzorre, dzorre, dzorre, dzorre, hi.
Tzatu, tzatu, tzatu, tzatu, tzatu, tzatu, tzatu, dzi.
Dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo.
Quio, tr rrrrrrrr itz.
Lu, lu, lu, lu, ly, ly, ly, ly, liê, liê, liê, liê.*
Quio, didl li lulylie.
Hagurr, gurr quipio!
Coui, coui, coui, coui, qui, qui, qui, qui, gai, gui, gui, gui†
Goll goll goll goll guia hadadoi.
Couigui, horr, ha diadia dill si!
Hezezezezezezezezezezezezezezeze couar ho dze hoi.
Quia, quia, quia, quia, quia, quia, quia, quia, ti.
Ki, ki, ki, ïo, ïo, ïo, ioioioio ki.
Lu ly li le lai la leu lo, didl ïo quia.
Kigaigaigaigaigaigaigai guiagaigaigai couior dzio dzio pi.‡

What has always given me particular confidence in Dr. Bechstein, in spite of his bird's occasional Teutonisms, is the precision with which he distinguishes between the song of the common nightingale (*Motacilla Luscinia*) and that of the greater nightingale

---

*These syllables are pronounced in a sharper clearer manner than the preceding "*lu, lu,*" etc.

†I possess a nightingale which repeats these drawling melancholy notes often thirty or even fifty times. Many pronounce "*gu, guy, gui,*" and others "*qu, quy, qui.*"

‡However difficult, or even impossible, it may be to express this song upon an instrument (excepting, however, the jay call, made of tin, on which is placed a piece of birch cut in a cross, and which is held between the tongue and the palate), yet it is very true that the accompaniment of a good piano produces the most agreeable effect.

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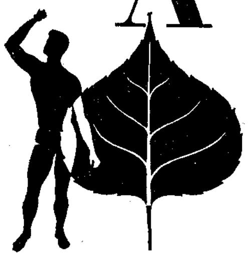

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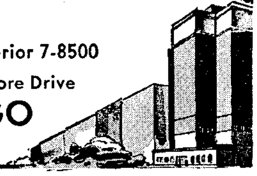

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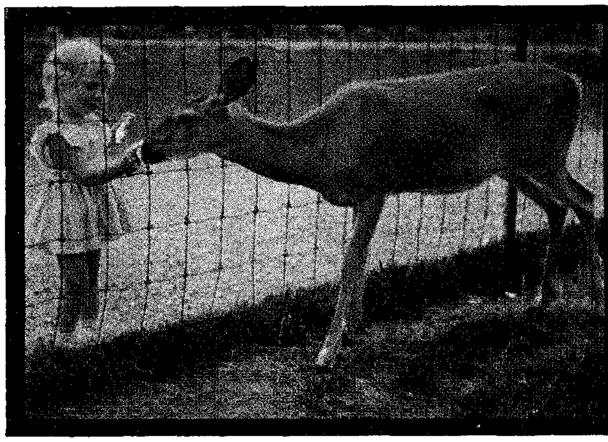

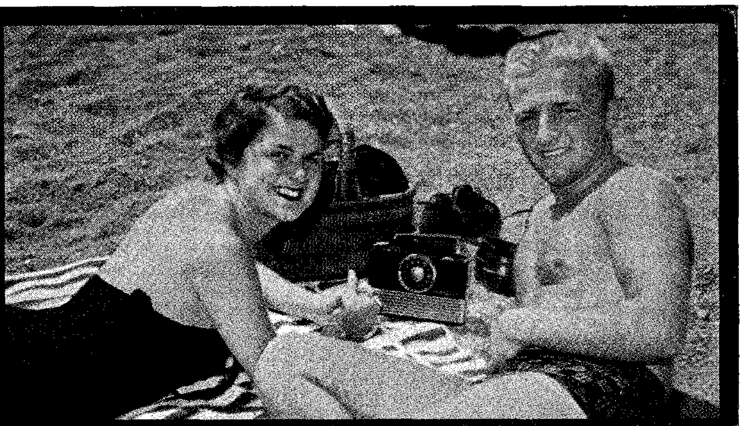

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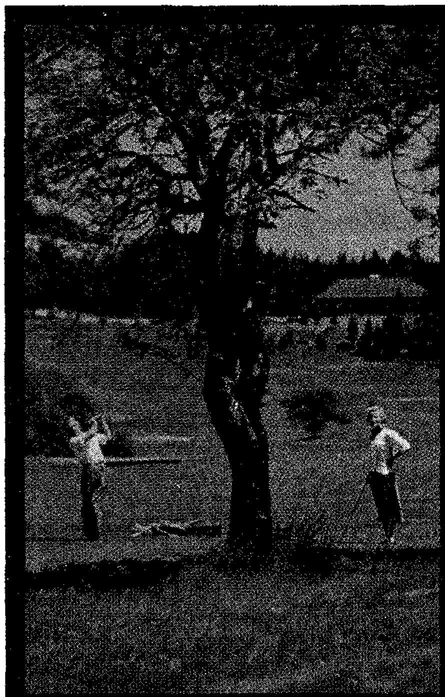

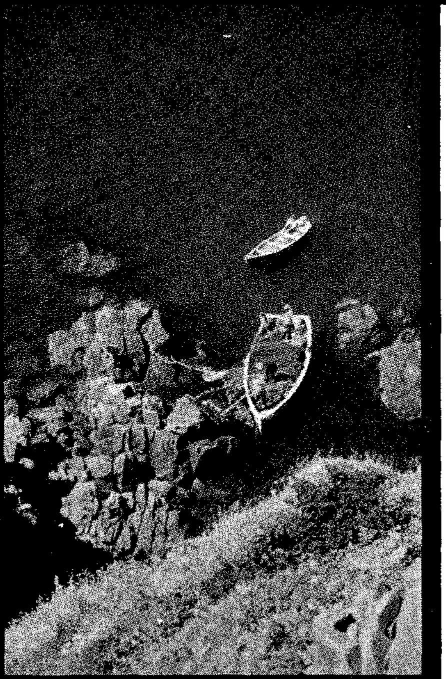

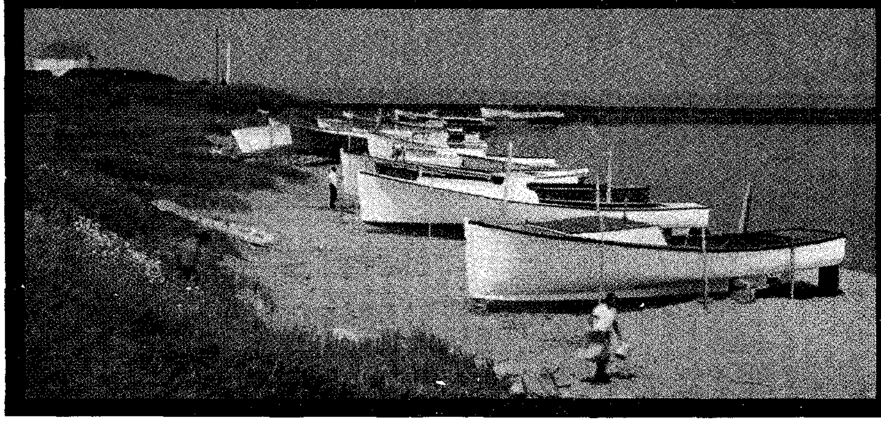

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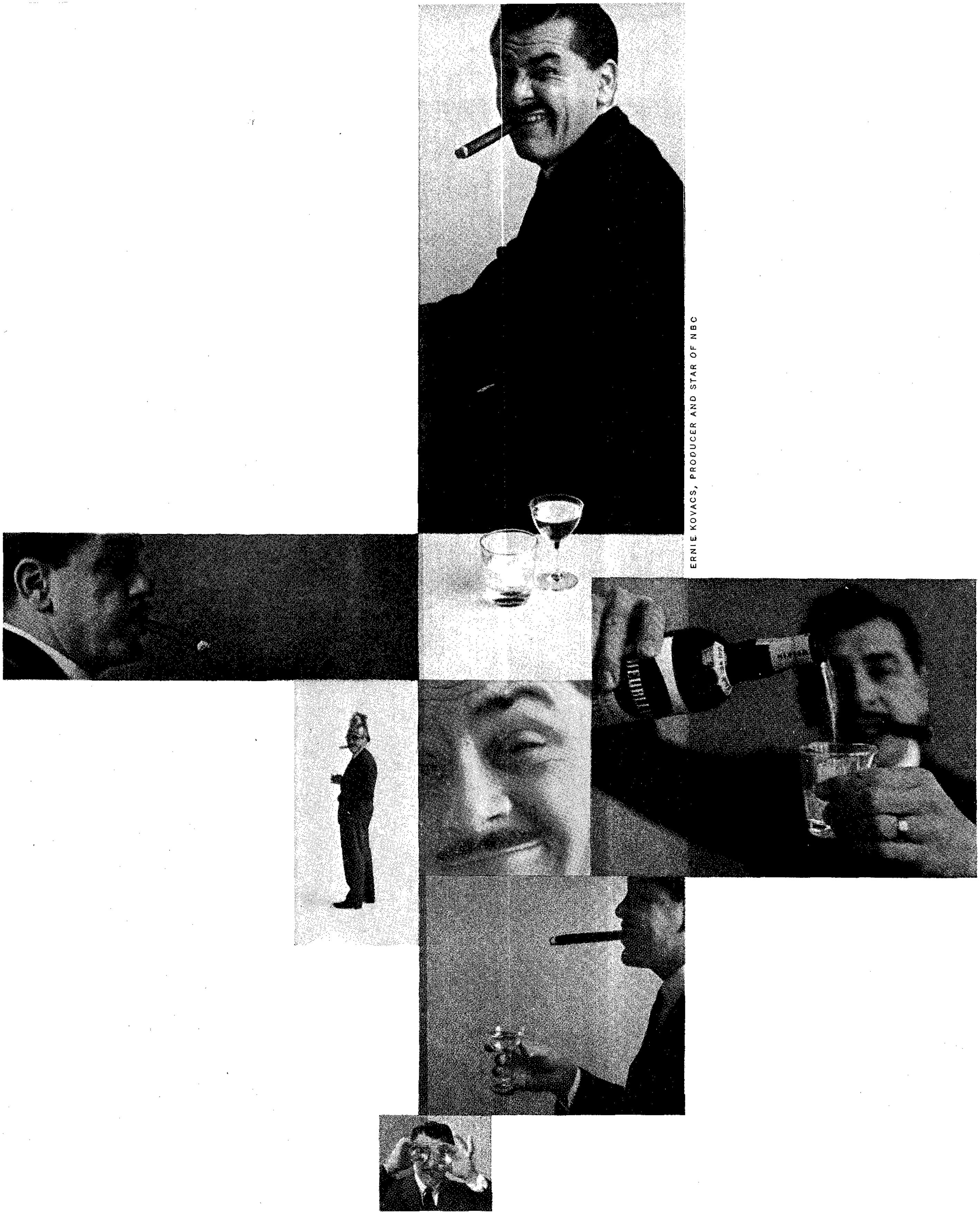

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(*Motacilla Luscinia major*), which, if this is any comfort to Mr. Perrin, is not native to England. He writes (pages 221-22):

> Its [the greater nightingale's] call is . . . very different: "hi! glack arrr!" It seems also to pronounce "David," "Jacob," and generally begins its song by the latter word. If the song is complete, it consists of the following strains:
>
> Guia, gu, gu, gu.
> Hajai, hajai, dzu, dzu, dzu, dzu.
> Gorgué, guéguéguéguéguéh,
> Hoa goigoigoi gui.
> Dzicka, dzicka, dzicka.
> Davitt, davitt, davitt.
> Gogock, gogock.
> Guedum, guedum, guedum, guedum, gueï!
> Gai, goi, goi, goi, guirrrr.
> Golka, golka, golka, golk.
> Hia, guiaguiaguiaguia.
> Glockglockglockglockglockglock.
> Gueai, gueaigueai gui!
> Goi, guaguaguagua guagui.
> Heid, heid, heid, heid, hi.
> Voi dada! voi dada!
> Gai, gai, gai, gai, guirr, guirr.
> Hoi, gueguegue gui.
> Hoi goi.

I myself have never heard either the common or the greater nightingale. I have never felt the need.

Voi dada!

JOHN J. ESPEY

•

Twenty-four high school seniors from Middleton, Ky., a suburb of Louisville, are here this week as part of a student exchange program. Manhasset students visited Middleton in February. Such exchange programs are practiced by eighty high school systems.

"You talk in such a strange way with such strange accents," Jimmy Keyes said. "How do you understand each other?"

Not everything pleased the visitors. They were not too impressed with Southern fried chicken, Northern style. Some boys and girls complained that the milk shakes were not as thick nor the beefburgers as large as those in Kentucky.

Also, they said, Northern boys could learn from their Southern friends the art of dancing. In what way?

"I guess we wiggle more when we dance," one of the Southern girls said timidly. Several demanded: "Demonstrate, please."

Thereupon Kay Broecker and Joe Wise gave an impromptu exhibition. While their classmates clapped hands and sang, Kay and Joe demonstrated Southern "bop" right on the classroom floor. School was never like this.

Not to be outdone, Nancy Bierds and Kenneth Hatcher of Manhasset gave a Northern version of "bop." To an observer, the wiggles were fairly equally distributed.

Dr. Goddard said the exchange program brought better understanding and appreciation of each other's way of life.—*The Times.*

Yes, Dr. Goddard.

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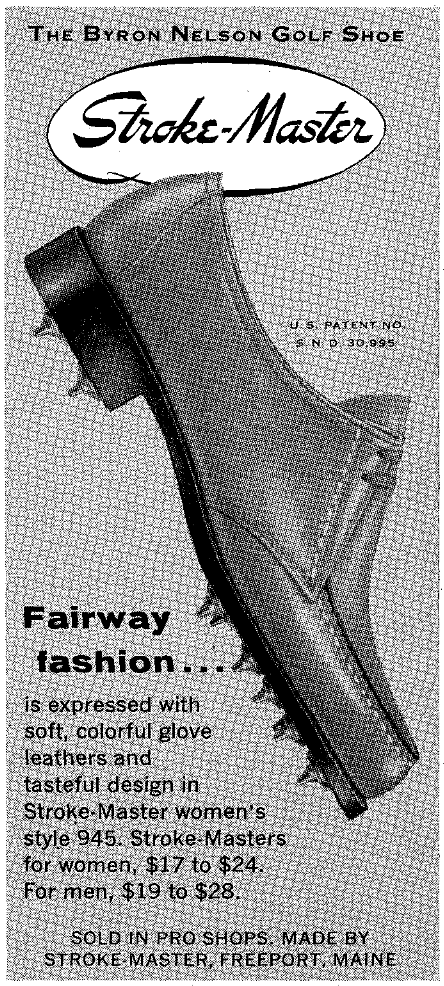
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THE RACE TRACK

Luck Will Find a Way

EVERYONE who visited Churchill Downs last weekend for the eighty-third running of the Kentucky Derby must have come away convinced that Calumet Farm is hard to beat. Its particular Derby horse, Gen. Duke, was recovering from a spot of foot trouble and had to stay in the barn, but the stable's second best, Iron Liege, came through beautifully, winning by a nose from Gallant Man. Round Table was third and Bold Ruler, the favorite, was fourth. This year's Derby, which was the sixth that Calumet has won, will probably go down in the annals as the Lucky Derby, because Willie Shoemaker, who rode Gallant Man, mistook the sixteenth pole for the winning post, thought the race was over, and started to pull up his mount. But for this check, Gallant Man would almost certainly have won, because after the boy realized what he'd done, he got the colt going again and, two strides past the finish line, was in front. It was the second time that Shoemaker, who many people say is our best jockey, has made a costly error like that. At Hollywood Park last summer, he eased Swaps in the final sixteenth of the California Stakes, and Porterhouse, coming up with a rush, beat him.

I know this sounds like an old wives' tale, but one night shortly before the Derby, Ralph Lowe, who owns Gallant Man, dreamed that he was in the stands at Churchill Downs watching his horse about to win when suddenly, in the last furlong, the jockey stood up in his stirrups, the colt slackened his stride, and the race was lost. The next morning, he told his dream to Johnny Nerud, his trainer, and then, the night before the race, Nerud told it to Shoemaker. I expect Shoemaker will be having dreams of his own for a while. Curiously, it was only by chance that he came to ride Gallant Man. Early last week, he asked Nerud for the mount, but Nerud said he was going to use Choquette, the stable's jockey. Choquette was suspended for rough riding in a race at Jamaica the following day, and Nerud called in Shoemaker.

Luck to one side, the Derby was a thrilling and well-contested struggle, and I would like to state my opinion that Iron Liege is a good horse. He was always close to the pace, he was crowded badly by Federal Hill in the backstretch, and he had to make three separate runs to dispose of Bold Ruler and Federal Hill and stand off Gallant Man. That wasn't easy.

There were nine runners—the fewest since 1948. In the parade past the stands before the race, Bold Ruler looked a picture, moving freely, with his fine head held slightly to one side. Gallant Man, on the other hand, seemed lighter in flesh than he had been for the Wood Memorial, and his coat didn't have the same sheen. Federal Hill and Round Table were fit and bright, but Iron Liege, beyond the fact that he was cool, calm, and, like all Calumet horses, well trained, attracted hardly more than casual notice.

There was no delay at the post, and Jim Thomson, the new starter, sent the field off in fine style. As was expected, the Louisville-owned Federal Hill was the first to show in front, and Bold Ruler and Iron Liege were the quickest of the others. Gallant Man was away slowly, and didn't get properly into his stride for more than three-quarters of a mile, but when he settled down he moved fast—almost fast enough. The time of the Derby—2:02⅕ for the mile and a quarter—was disappointing to those who make fetishes of their stopwatches. Since Bold Ruler, Round Table, and Federal Hill had all broken track records elsewhere this season, and since the footing for the Derby was, as someone remarked, as hard as the floor of a bank, it was expected that Whirlaway's mark of 2:01⅖ would be bettered. One reason it wasn't, I think, was that Federal Hill, who is noted for his early speed, wasn't allowed to go all out at the start. The hope was that he'd last longer, but he didn't. Bold Ruler let his backers down badly. He went well for nearly a mile and a furlong (at one point I thought he'd take the lead), but then, as Arcaro, who rode him, put it, "He just ran out of gas."

IT'S too bad that Gen. Duke had to suffer a bone bruise early in the week, either while training or while running in the Derby Trial, which Federal Hill won. The injury itself wasn't serious, but, racers being the brittle things they are, I think the stable was wise to take no chances with him. Anyhow, his stand-in handled the situation. If you haven't seen Iron Liege, I can tell you that he is strongly made and workmanlike, rather than handsome, and that he is a bay—a color he comes by from his sire, Bull Lea. He has an interesting pedigree on his dam's side. She is Iron Maiden, a daughter of the Derby winner War Admiral, and her first foal (Iron Liege's half sister, naturally) is the mother of Swaps, who won the Derby two years ago. Moreover, Betty Derr, who was Iron Maiden's mother, also produced Clyde Van Dusen, who won the Derby in 1929, on the wettest day I can remember at a race track. Iron Liege's form as a two-year-old was nothing extra, but in Florida last winter he was in the money in four important stake races. He'll probably win again, too, because now his stable knows the way he likes to run. Incidentally, Ben Jones, who manages the Calumet stable and has saddled half a dozen Derby winners, doesn't get credit for this one. The trainer of record is his son Jimmy, who now has his first Derby winner. Sentimental horseplayers who always bet on Calumet in this race did all right. Iron Liege paid $18.80 in the two-dollar mutuels. Of course, he'll run in the Preakness at Baltimore a week from Saturday. Gen. Duke will be ready then, too.

THE enthusiasm of the spectators and their hoop-la Derby Day antics were chilled by the weather, which was colder than any that the oldest old-timers could recall for this event. Actually, the temperature was in the forties all afternoon, but the wind from the north made it feel ten degrees colder. I was warmer at Bowie two months ago. The crowd, especially in the infield, was the smallest that has been seen for a Derby in many a year. No doubt a good many people stayed home and watched the race on television. I envied them.

THERE isn't a lot to say about the rest of the racing at Churchill Downs last week. Lori-El won the Kentucky Oaks by four lengths, beating Pillow Talk, Dale's Delight, and nine others, and the collection of fillies that ran for the Debutante Stakes, won by Margaretta, was no great shakes, either. —AUDAX MINOR

•

LA9—ACTRESS SHELLEY WINTERS PUSHES FIANCE IN FACE AFTER ARGUMENT WITH PHOTOGRAPHER. (GOOD)—*A.P. Wirephoto list.*

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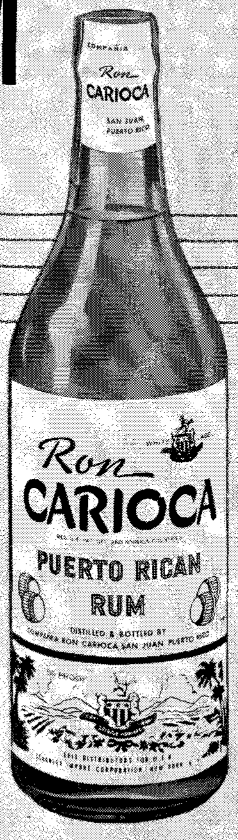

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BOOKS

Mortal Men and Mermaids

THE secret of John Cheever's power is between him and each of his readers. His writing is a celebration. He celebrates mortal love, different for all of us as our celebrations of it are different. Mr. Cheever describes a man's sense of himself as one of a generation, and his apprehension of himself as the son of generations of men and as a father. The two weights—birth, death—that balance and bruise and time our lives, pulling us always in two directions while we travel always in the implacable direction, are the measure of "The Wapshot Chronicle" (Harper). Mr. Cheever's book is founded in his understanding of and joy in man's fruitfulness—in the enduring surge of the sexual instinct—and in his stony knowledge of his own mortality. Upon this common living ground, or bed, we see a man, Leander Wapshot, who knows that he depends for every next minute of his time upon two small threads, two accidents—the one that happens and the one that does not happen. This is the story of Leander's life, the history of the accidents that happened. The book is divided into thirty-seven chapters. Each chapter contains, not in miniature but in varying perspectives, an exact image of the great plan of the book—the enduring ground, or bed, underneath, and, above, the play of accident, the rush of time, and the clank and music of family chains, all illuminated always by the blessed presence of love—beneficent love, gentle love, love who is craven and comical and murderous, love who appears sometimes masked and wrapped in her cloak, and sometimes in false face, and sometimes naked.

Well, take a year or add a year, it is the twentieth century. The Wapshot family belongs to St. Botolphs, Massachusetts. St. Botolphs is an old river port, once prosperous but now decaying into an excursion point for tourists:

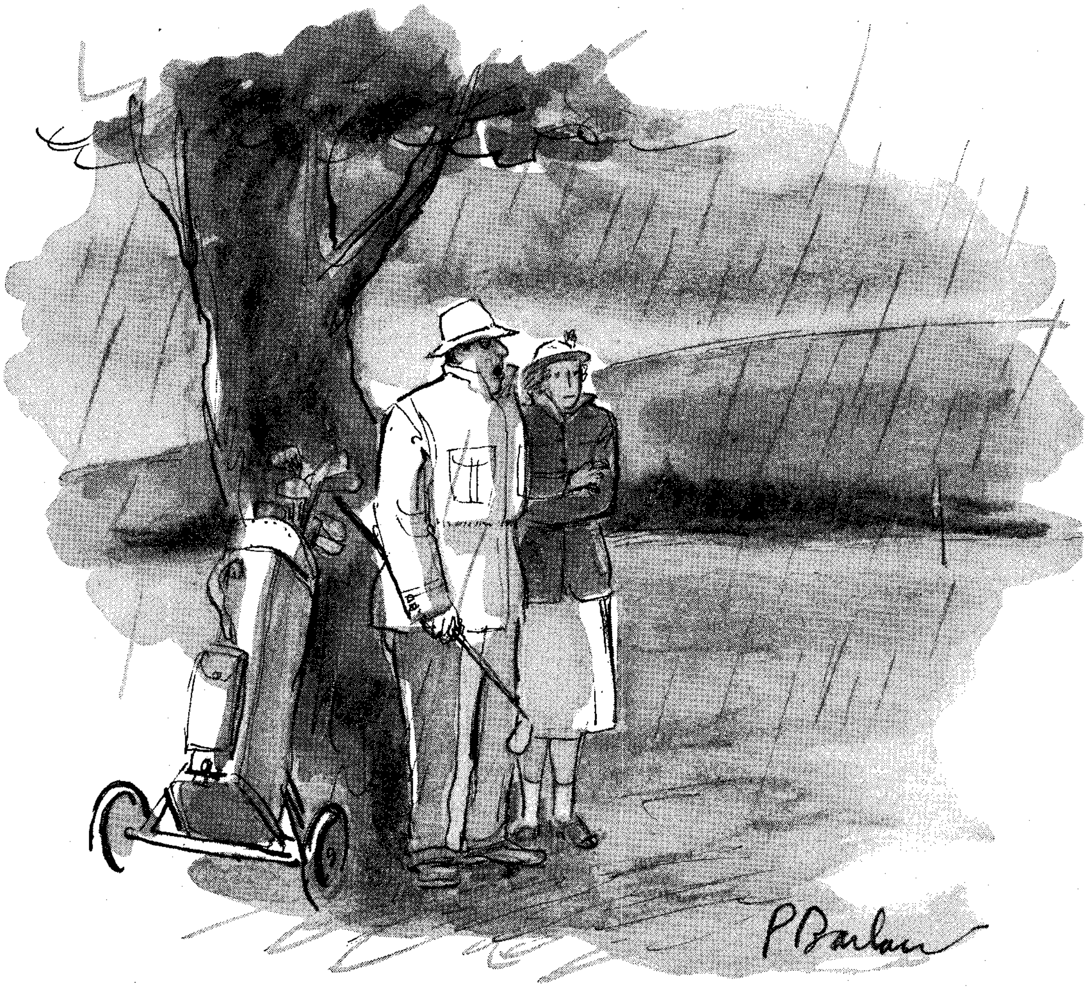
> It had been an inland port in the great days of the Massachusetts sailing fleets and now it was left with a factory that manufactured table silver and a few other small industries. The natives did not consider that it had diminished much in size or importance, but the long roster of the Civil War dead, bolted to the cannon on the green, was a reminder of how populous the village had been in the 1860's. St. Botolphs would never muster as many soldiers again.

The Wapshot men have always been sailors, masters of their own ships, but the changes in the times and a failure in the family fortunes have stranded them, and now they look for jobs inland. Leander Wapshot is the head of the family. He is old and has always been improvident, and now he is broke but still intractable. To keep him out of mischief, his rich old cousin, Honora Wapshot, has given him a retired river launch, the Topaze. Leander operates the Topaze, to which the prudent old lady has attached some strings, as a pleasure boat for sightseers. Leander loves the Topaze. He loves and respects and cherishes her:

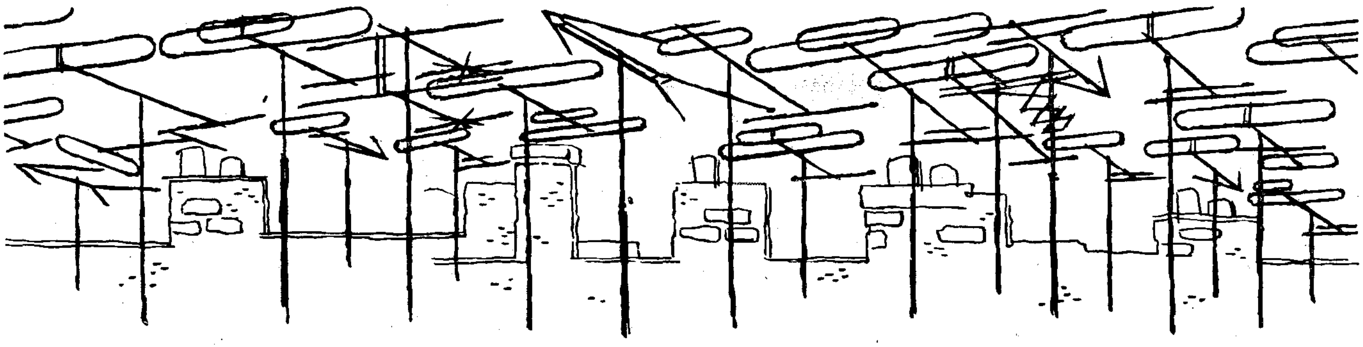
> The Topaze seemed to be his creation; she seemed to mirror his taste for romance and nonsense, his love of the seaside girls and the long, foolish, brine-smelling summer days. She had a sixty-foot water line, an old Harley engine with a single screw and enough room in her cabin and on her decks for forty passengers. She was an unseaworthy hulk that moved—Leander said so himself—like real estate.

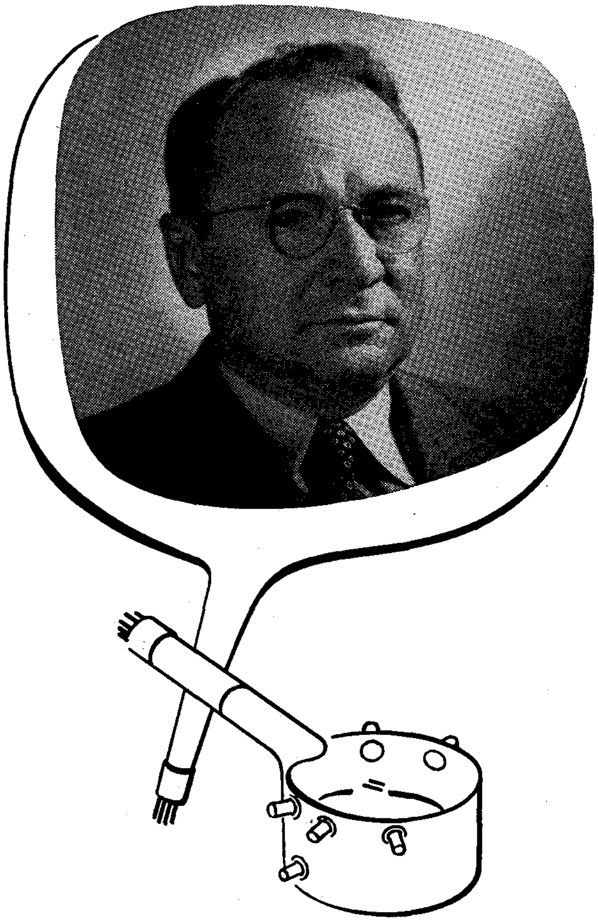
And Leander loves his home, West Farm, where he and generations of seagoing Wapshots before him have passed their lives:

> The heart of the Wapshot house had been built before the War of Independence, but many additions had been made since then, giving the house the height and breadth of that recurrent dream in which you open a closet door and find that in your absence a corridor and a staircase have bloomed there. The staircase rises and turns into a hall in which there are



"Damn Uncle Wethbee!"





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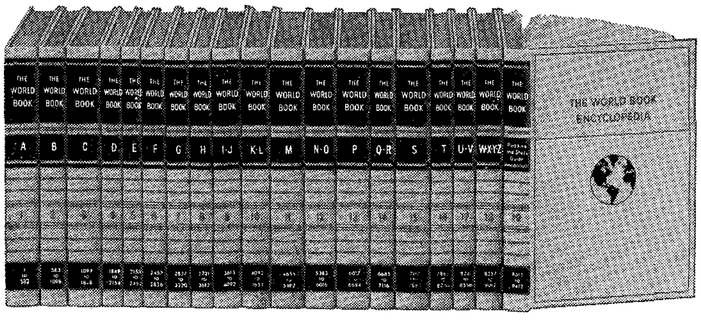

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The man who reads dictionaries

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JAMES THURBER, one of America's great stylists, whose most recent book is *Further Fables For Our Time*, says:

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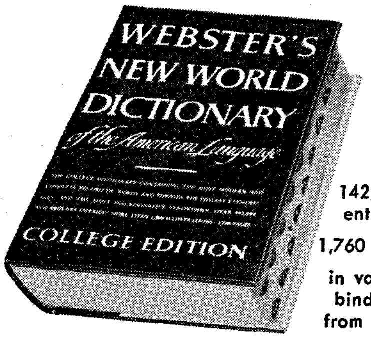

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many doors among the bookshelves, any one of which will lead you from one commodious room to another ... through a place that, even while you dream, seems not to be a house at all but a random construction put forward to answer some need of the sleeping mind.

Leander has two sons, Moses and Coverly. To Moses, his first-born, he has given his best love, and in him he invests his brightest expectations. "But where did all of this leave poor Coverly?" Coverly is obliged, by the sharp and often drafty corner he occupies in his father's heart, to look and see. There is no shelter for Coverly. Bewildered by the weight of love that fills his heart, with no one to relieve him of more than a little of it, he is from his beginning engaged with life on its cruelest terms. To Moses, Leander gives his heart, but to Coverly, in the end, he bequeaths his wisdom, "a vision of life as hearty and fleeting as laughter, and something like the terms by which he lived."

And according to the differences in their heritage, the boys, searching for wives, search differently. Moses reaches joyfully out in confidence to claim his beautiful princess, Melissa, imprisoned in the clutches of a penny-pinching millionairess, her guardian, in a grotesque castle on the Hudson. "It would be, Moses thought, a sentimental summer, for they could hear fountains in their room and she made his bed a kind of Venice."

And Coverly, in his turn, reaches joyfully down to embrace the one, born to the ashes of life, who will best satisfy his need to be needed:

> All things of the sea belong to Venus; pearls and shells and alchemists' gold and kelp and the riggish smell of neap tides, the inshore water green, and purple farther out and the joy of distances and the roar of falling masonry, all these are hers, but she doesn't come out of the sea for all of us. She came for Coverly through the swinging door of a sandwich shop in the Forties.

Her name is Betsey. An orphaned waif, she works behind the counter in the sandwich shop, and when Coverly walked her to her room that evening, he felt, "as surely as the swan recognizes its mate, that he was in love."

Mr. Cheever brings his genius to his study of men, but who can say what blew through the caverns of his brain when he turned to deal with the women? Like Leander, Moses and Coverly have heard the mermaids' song, and nothing less than that, or more, will satisfy their dream of a desire, a vision of beauty, that must be seen, even if it is only once—and that must be reached,

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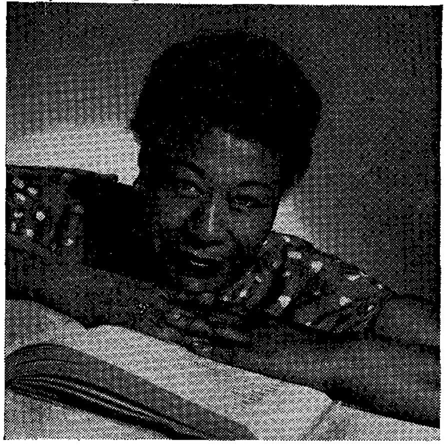

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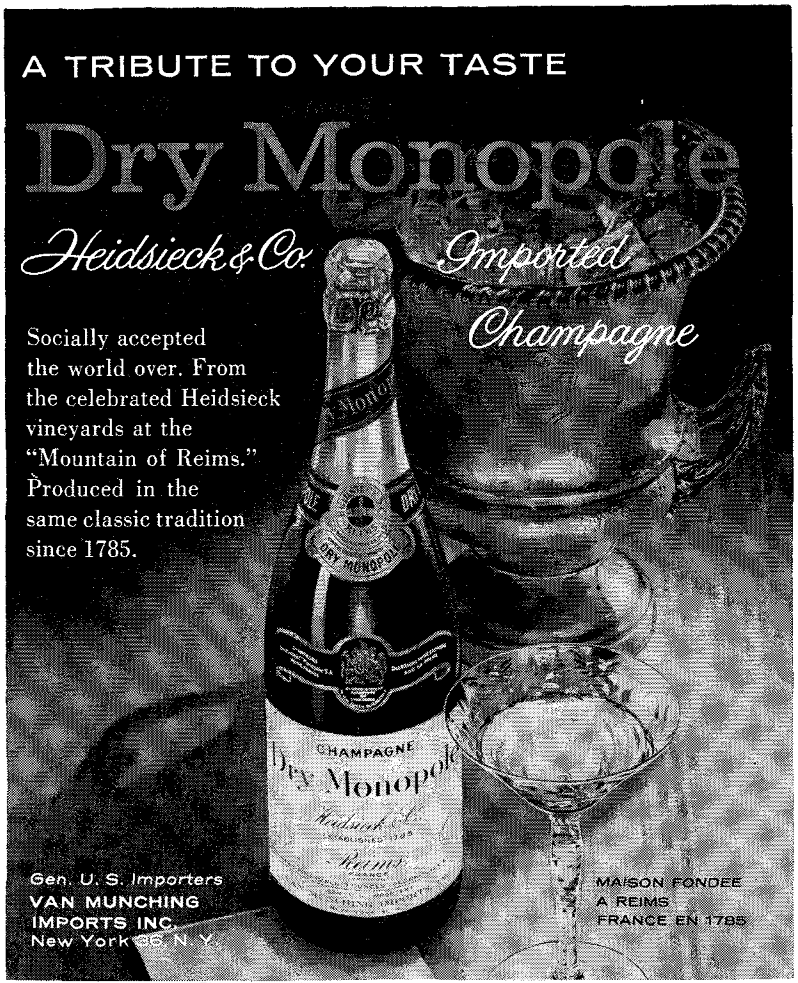
touched, seized and embraced, even once—or even if it vanishes in the morning, or turns into a hag, a shrew, or a respectable woman. It is a sailor's dream, beheld in its brilliance across immeasurable distances and dangers of mind and time and space, a sea-memory inherited by the Wapshot men from their voyaging forebears—a vision of Samoan beauties and Arabian nights and the gestures of Circe, guaranteeing delight. Beached sailors, stranded for life, Leander and Moses and Coverly stand on the dark and rocky shore of their birth, searching across the wild waves for their first glimpse of their girl where she sits alone, coiled and vulnerable and infinitely lovable in her distress. For her, they will jump into the sea they fear and adore, braving Scylla and Charybdis, night storms, whales, whirlpools, and the floating hair of drowned men.

Well, here they are, the Wapshot mermaids. Melissa, Betsey, and Leander's only love, his first wife, Clarissa, are passive, gentle, lovely, childlike, innocent, beguiling creatures, helpless in their sex and in their various misfortunes, all of them half asleep, and all of them, I might add, reluctant to wake up. We do not learn a great deal about any of them—we do not need to learn it; they are what they are—and we see poor Clarissa only through the yearning eye of Leander's memory, but the quality that is remarkable and common to Melissa and Betsey is their obtuseness.

Rosalie, the beautiful waif who appears early in the story, and plays her fateful part and goes, is unique among Mr. Cheever's younger women. She, like the others, is gentle and helpless and unfortunate, but she is also awake, and conscious, in her foolish, despairing kindness, of her own need and of all men. Rosalie is hurled onto the Wapshot scene. She is carried by Moses from the flaming wreck of the car in which her escort dies, burning to a crisp in a Wapshot field. Mrs. Wapshot, whose name is Sarah, mothers Rosalie. Sarah Wapshot loves things and creatures that are young or small or soft or sick or helpless—anything she can lay her warm, heavy, ministering hands on. She urges Moses to take Rosalie sailing, but Moses is not to be lured. Rosalie "seemed to him to be his mother's creation, to have stepped out of Sarah's brow." Then Rosalie goes to the creek to bathe, and Moses, fishing alone, spies on her as she sits naked on a rock washing her feet. The two become lovers—a short affair that ends when Moses leaves home, which is almost at



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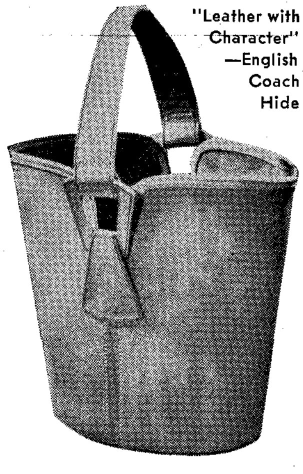

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once. However, Rosalie could never have satisfied the Wapshot dream, under any circumstances. Betsey and Melissa are patient and still in their knowledge that their helplessness will find a rescuer, but Rosalie is patient and still in her knowledge that there is no rescue for her.

Honora, Leander's ancient and wealthy cousin, has the presence of a female ancestor, and she speaks with the power and capriciousness of a notarized thirty-five-page will. Her judgment is as cruel and just—kindness has no place in a decision that must be made for the future of the family—as that of a dead matriarch. Just, but not right. When she judges Leander to be nearing the end of his days of usefulness, she treats him wretchedly, refusing him money that might have kept him alive, although she loves him.

And now we come to Sarah Wapshot, Leander's wife. In a moment of his old age, driven mad with pain by a memory of Clarissa in their day of happiness, Leander wrecks the Topaze, his pride and joy and the only treasure he has by him, now that his sons are gone. The Topaze is salvageable—four hundred dollars would put her on the water again—but no one will give the old man the money he needs. Crippled and bedraggled, but still, to Leander, full of beauty and of all the promises of life, the Topaze is moored to a wharf at the foot of the Wapshot garden:

> Mrs. Wapshot stared at the Topaze one afternoon when she was picking sage. She felt a stirring in her mind and her body that might mean that she was going to have a vision. Now in fact so many of Mrs. Wapshot's imaginings had come true that she was entitled to call them visions. Years and years ago, when she was walking by Christ Church, some force of otherness seemed to stop her by the vacant lot that adjoined the church and she had a vision of a parish house—red brick with small-paned casement windows and a neat lawn. She had begun her agitation for a parish house that afternoon and a year and a half later her vision—brick for brick—was a reality. She had dreamed up horse troughs, good works, and pleasant journeys to have them materialize oftener than not. Now, coming back from the garden with a bouquet of sage, she looked down the path to the river where the Topaze lay at her mooring. . . . The first thing that crossed her mind when she saw the dark and empty ship was that she would not sail again. She would not cross the bay again. Then Mrs. Wapshot had her vision. She saw the ship berthed at the garden wharf, her hull shining with fresh paint and her cabin full of light. She saw, by turning her head, a dozen or more cars parked in the cornfield. She even saw that some of them had out-of-state license plates. She saw a sign nailed to the elm by the path: VISIT THE S.S. TOPAZE, THE ONLY FLOATING GIFT SHOPPE IN NEW ENGLAND. In her mind she took

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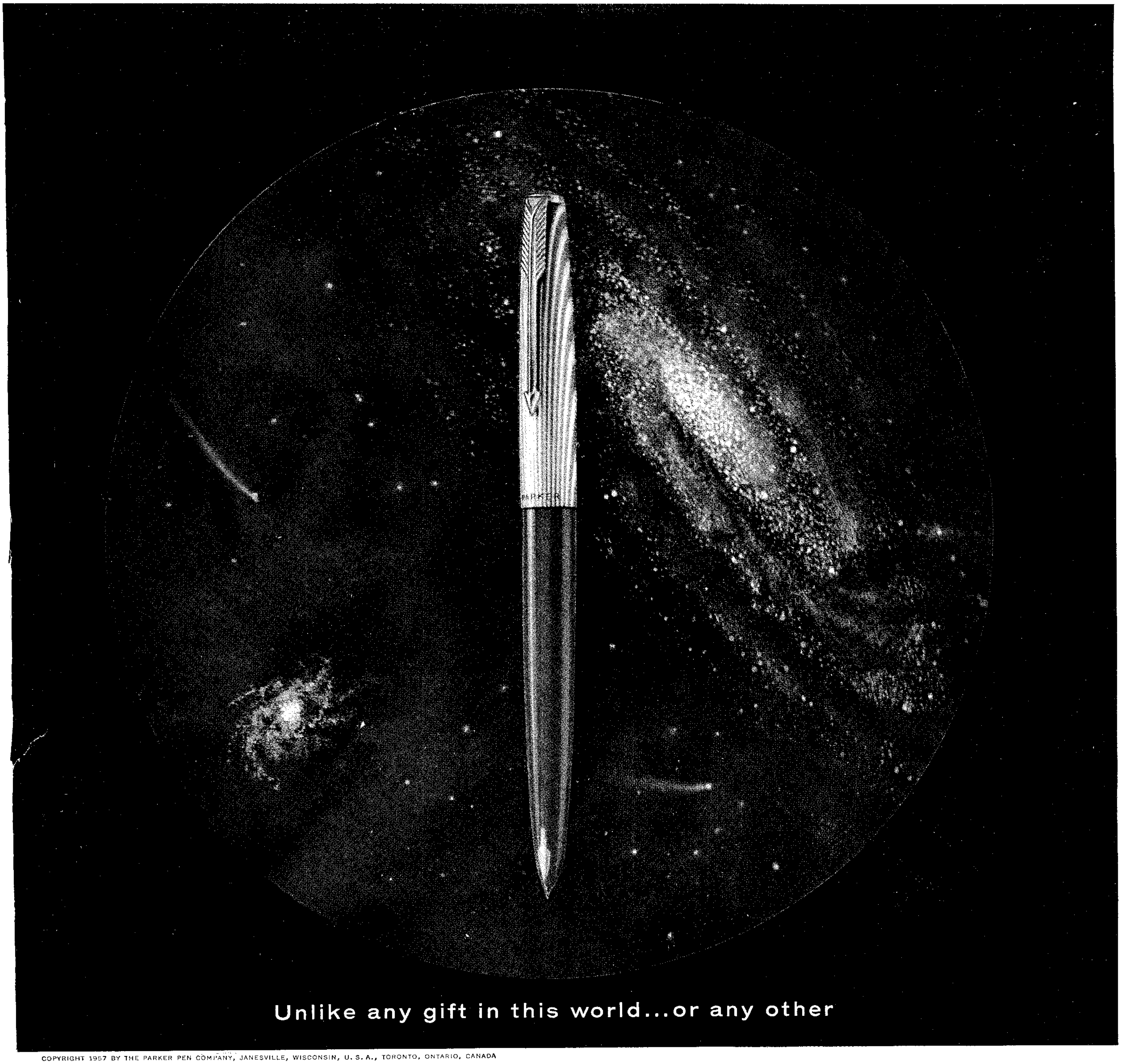

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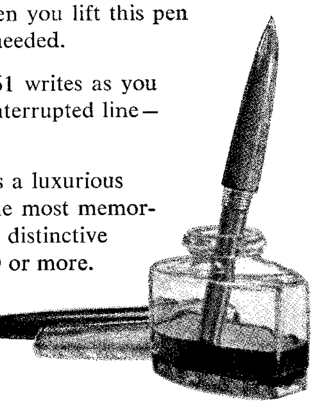

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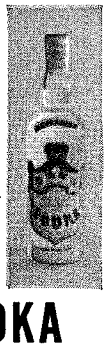

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the path down the garden and crossed the wharf to board the ship. Her cabin was all new paint (the life preservers were gone), and lamps burned on many small tables, illuminating a cargo of ashtrays, cigarette lighters, playing-card cases, wire arrangements for holding flowers, vases, embroidery, hand-painted drinking glasses, and cigarette boxes that played "Tales from Vienna Woods" when you opened them. Her vision was in detail and splendidly lighted and warm as well, for she saw a Franklin stove at one end of the cabin with a fire in the grate and the perfume of the wood smoke mingled with the smell of sachets, Japanese linen, and here and there the smell of tallow from a lighted candle. The S.S. Topaze, she thought again, The Only Floating Gift Shoppe in New England, and then she let the stormy dusk reclaim the dark ship and went very happily into the house.

Leander did not understand why Theophilus Gates would not lend him enough money to have the bow of the Topaze repaired while he would loan Sarah all the money she wanted to turn the old launch into a floating gift shop. That is what happened. The day after her vision Sarah went to the bank and the day after that the carpenters came and began to repair the wharf. The salesmen began to arrive—three and four a day—and Sarah began to stock the Topaze, spending money, as she said herself, like an inebriated sailor. Her happiness or rapture was genuine although it was hard to see why she should find such joy in a gross of china dogs with flowers painted on their backs, their paws shaped in such a way that they could hold cigarettes. There may have been some vengefulness in her enthusiasm—some deep means of expressing her feelings about the independence and sainthood of her sex. She had never been so happy. She had signs painted: VISIT THE S.S. TOPAZE, THE ONLY FLOATING GIFT SHOPPE IN NEW ENGLAND, and posted at all the roads leading to the village. She planned to open the Topaze with a gala tea and a sale of Italian pottery. Hundreds of invitations were printed and mailed.

And so the Topaze is dishonored, breaking Leander's heart in two. And there we have Sarah Wapshot, courageous, motherly, and practical, bountiful and exhibitionistic in her good works, founder and leading lady of the St. Botolphs Woman's Club, a hard-working woman whose obtuseness is her only profundity.

Hans Andersen's little mermaid has a grandmother, the mother of the Merking, who is a widower. This old merlady is devoted to her six little granddaughters and instructs them tenderly before their first long flight into the mariners' world above. She is a magnificent housekeeper and takes fine care of the palace, with its coral walls and its roof of pearl-filled mussel shells that are continually opening and shutting with the billows. Andersen writes, "She was on the whole a sensible sort of lady, although extremely proud of her

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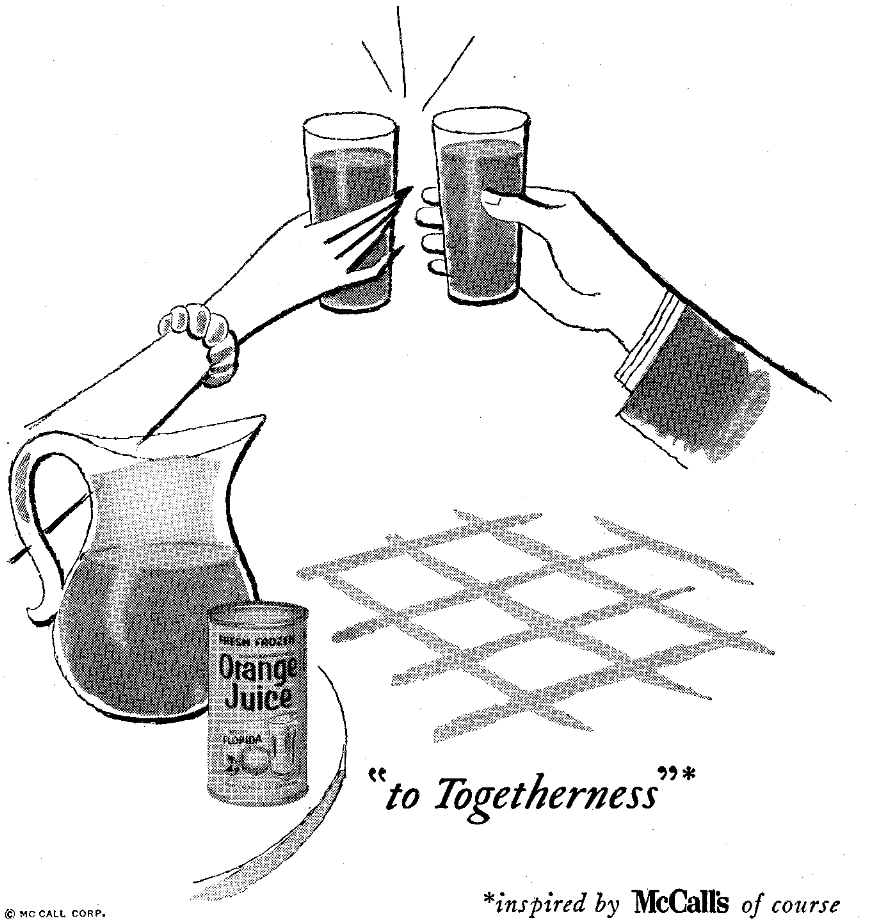

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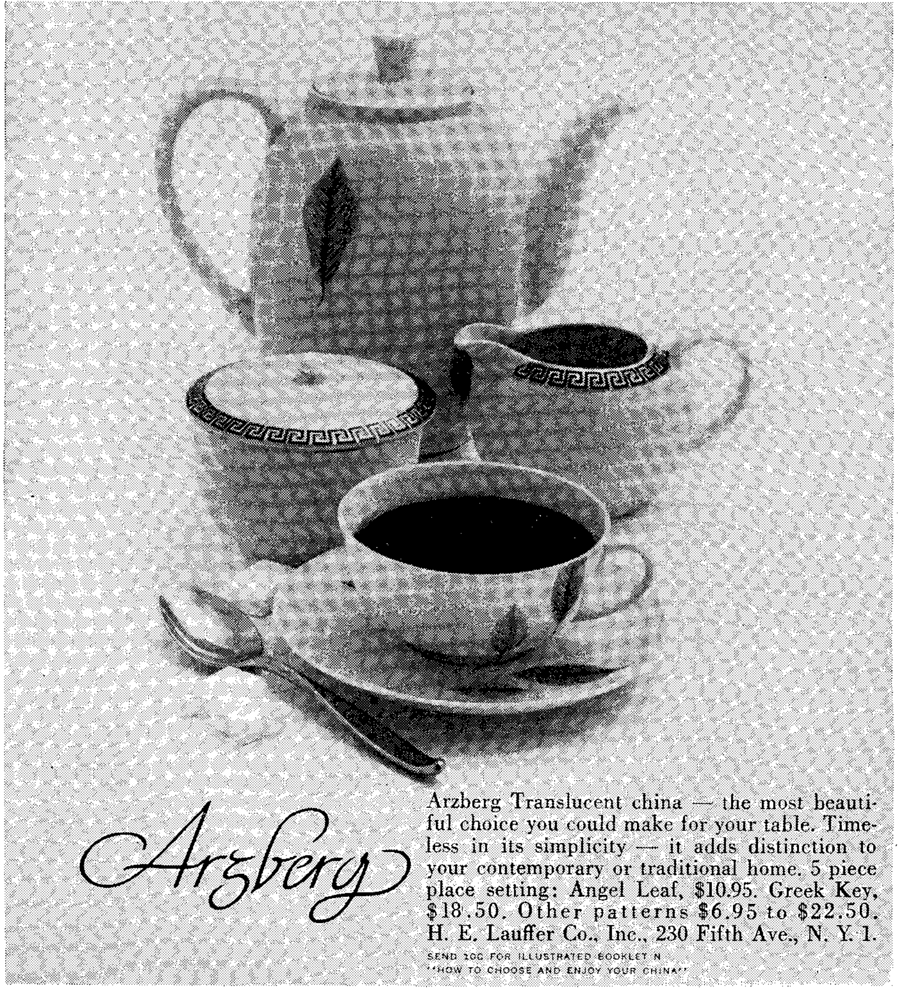

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high birth and station: on which account she wore twelve oysters on her tail, whilst the other inhabitants of the sea were allowed only six. In every other respect she merited unlimited praise."

I cannot help thinking how Sarah Wapshot would have enjoyed those twelve oysters, especially if they were hand-painted. And how she would have enjoyed life in the palace, with its coral and amber and ocean flowers, and the sorting of pretty oddments and toys from cargoes flung by storms, and, every so often, the gentle, drifting rain of sailors' bones from ships wrecked in a mortal place far above her pleased, respectable, innocent head.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

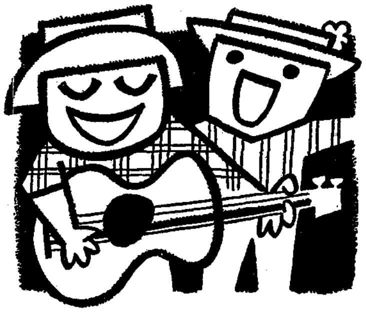
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GOBLINS OF EROS, by Warren Eyster (Random House). Mr. Eyster's clipped, direct, melancholy style is displayed at great length in this account of modern Mexico, a land whose passion, romance, and brutal poverty cause the human beings who inhabit it to dwindle into mere symbols of their various conditions—at least in this story. There are a fiery young revolutionary leader, doomed in himself and in his cause and in his followers; a philosophical village doctor; a young man seeking his identity; a few despairing remnants of the old aristocracy; and a great many people so poor and so stupid that their deaths, when they occur, seem significant only because the problem of what to do with all those hungry bodies is finally solved.

THE ROOM ON THE ROOF, by Ruskin Bond (Coward-McCann). A simple, well-written first novel, set in an Indian city, Dehra Dun, that tells about a seventeen-year-old English boy's rebellion against his English guardian, and about the new, strange life he finds among Indian boys of his own age in a poor part of the city. Mr. Bond relates his story of discovery with imagination and restraint.

THE BRAINTREE MISSION, by Nicholas E. Wyckoff (Macmillan). This novel, which is set in the time just before the American Revolution, is a long conjecture about what might have happened if the British Crown had been awake to the crisis at hand and had offered peerages to the key men in the discontented American colonies. Mr. Wyckoff's writing is



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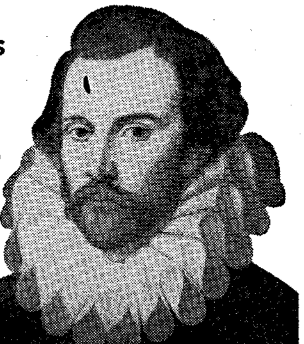

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a trifle arch, but his guesses are undoubtedly as good as guesses can be.

THE FEAST OF LUPERCAL, by Brian Moore (Little, Brown). Mr. Moore writes with deep, not to say quivering, emotion about some unfortunate Irish people. Diarmuid Devine, a schoolmaster of thirty-seven who has often wondered about sex, discovers once and for all that he is impotent. Una Clarke, a young lady of twenty who has doubts about her own worth, is confirmed in her inferiority complex—and quite properly so, since she is inferior and a dull creature as well. The atmosphere emanating from the school where Mr. Devine teaches has a seamy boyishness that is strong and credible but not conducive to tragic feeling. The scene is Belfast.

ANNE BOLEYN, by Evelyn Anthony (Crowell). Miss Anthony, whose touch is more intrusive than imaginative, makes very free with the characters and personalities of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. A Literary Guild selection.

HIS MONKEY WIFE, by John Collier (Doubleday). A reissue of Mr. Collier's story about Emily, an affectionate and cultured chimpanzee, whose destiny takes her from the African jungle to riches and a happy wifehood in London. A witty novel, beautifully written, that was first published in 1931.

GENERAL

COMMON SENSE AND THE FIFTH AMENDMENT, by Sidney Hook (Criterion). An extended appraisal of the Constitutional Amendment that says that no one "shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." Dr. Hook is a thoroughgoing liberal, but he draws the line at the proposition that invocation of the Fifth Amendment is in no way evidence of guilt. Needless to say, he does not believe it is conclusive evidence of guilt, either, but his book, which discusses the privilege of invoking the Fifth Amendment from the logical, the psychological, the ethical, and the political points of view, becomes a running argument with such legal thinkers as Dean Erwin Griswold, of Harvard, and some members of the Supreme Court, who hold that since a person's refusal to testify is not conclusive evidence of his guilt, it follows that it cannot be even presumptive evidence of his guilt. To this, Dr. Hook says, in effect, that it is against logic and contrary to our

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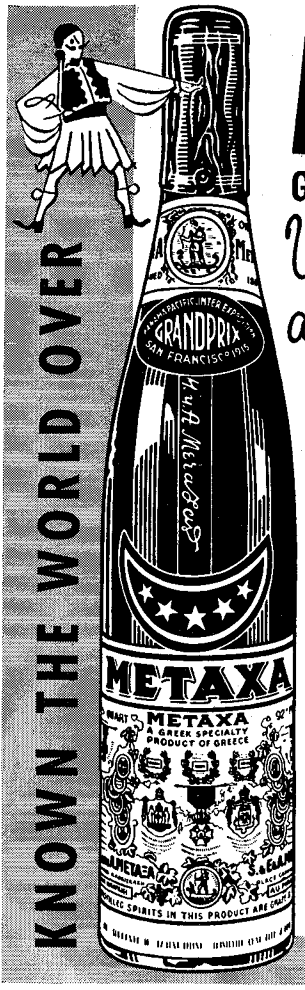

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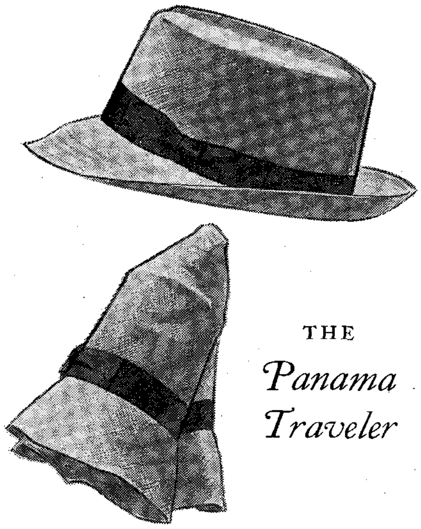

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knowledge of human behavior for an innocent person accused of a grave crime to remain silent in the face of his accusers. He also discusses the *right* to invoke the Fifth, especially in these days of the Communist conspiracy, and says, "If there is no absolute right to speech which must be upheld in all circumstances independently of its consequences on the life, liberty, and happiness of others, there can be no absolute right to silence."

THE YOKE AND THE ARROWS, by Herbert L. Matthews (Braziller). An informal report on present-day Spain, by a New York *Times* editor and correspondent who covered the Spanish Civil War from the Loyalist side. Mr. Matthews has never lost his sympathy for the Loyalists (who were not, he reiterates, in any sense Communists), but that does not blind him to reality. He gives us a fair assessment of Francisco Franco—a dictator, though not a totalitarian, who has won the grudging respect of his countrymen for having kept them out of the last war, and who stood up to the victorious Allies after the war and finally obtained both recognition and aid from them on his own terms. On the other hand, Mr. Matthews says, it is a rare Spaniard today who—in conversation, at least—is not vehemently anti-Franco. The book gives us a telling portrait of El Caudillo and a bemusing description of the gigantic granite tomb he has built for himself northwest of Madrid—a monument for which one must go back to the Pyramid of Cheops to find a parallel. There is a full discussion of the obscurantist role played by the Catholic Church in setting the clock back in Spain, and an analytical account of how the Franco regime operates.

SOLDIER IN THE WEST: THE CIVIL WAR LETTERS OF ALFRED LACEY HOUGH, edited by Robert G. Athearn (University of Pennsylvania Press). On May 8, 1861, Alfred Lacey Hough, a Philadelphia Quaker and a peacetime officer in that city's Washington Grays, enlisted as a sergeant in the Seventeenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and within two months was commissioned a captain. He was transferred to Indiana, saw action at Chickamauga (where he observed in General Rosecrans "the want of one requisite of a great military commander, firmness and self-reliance under adverse circumstances"), Lookout Mountain, and Atlanta, and ended

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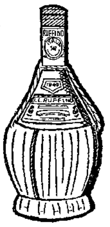

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the war as a brevet lieutenant colonel on the staff of General Thomas ("Sherman is admired and respected as an able man, but Thomas is beloved in addition"). During his long service, he wrote to his wife with almost diary regularity, and these letters, here published for the first time, provide a vigorous picture of army life intermediate between the ranks and the high command—a life of hard campaigning, interminable waiting, and unwavering dedication. John Newbold Hough, the writer's grandson, contributes a useful biographical introduction. Photographs.

THE CENTRAL BLUE, by Sir John Slessor (Praeger). An autobiography by the recently retired Chief of Air Staff of the Royal Air Force. Sir John got into the Royal Flying Corps in 1915, three years after its inception, despite the fact that his legs were badly crippled by polio; like General Hap Arnold and General Carl Spaatz, he grew up with air power, and his book is, in a way, its biography. He fought as a young pilot in what he calls "the Kaiser's war" (he was one of the first combat pilots to go after the Zeppelins during the 1915 raids on London) and was one of the leading strategists in Hitler's war, being Commander-in-Chief of the Coastal Command during the worst part of the Battle of the Atlantic, and later serving in a high-command position in the Mediterranean Theatre. Unless memoirs such as these are candid, they are no great pleasure to read, and fortunately Sir John is nothing if not candid. He took on anyone when he felt he was in the right, and his book is peppered with the lively differences of opinion he had with people like Admiral Ernest J. King, Winston Churchill, and a host of brass hats in the Army and Navy. Sir John also—and in a becomingly modest way—establishes his warm personality at the outset of his book, so that one has a feeling of identification with him throughout the momentous years and events he describes. Photographs.

THE ENGLISH WOMAN IN HISTORY, by Doris Mary Stenton (Macmillan). A quietly written, scholarly, and vastly absorbing survey, starting with Anglo-Saxon days, when, the author says, women in England were freer than they were to be for the next thousand years. It was the Norman Conquest, Lady Stenton be-

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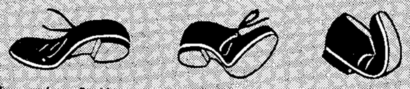

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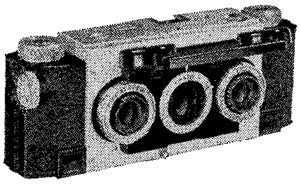

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lieves, that, by putting English society on a military basis, relegated women to second-class citizenship; the Puritans, whose ministers preached that the wife was merely a servant to her lord and master, made matters worse. Things did not improve much until about the eighteenth century, when restless spirits like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu began agitating for a more humanist attitude toward their sex. ("There is hardly a character in the world," wrote Lady Mary, with bitter sarcasm, "more despicable . . . than that of a learned woman.") In the course of this book, Lady Stenton presents a gallery of women—the first Queen Elizabeth, Lady Hester Stanhope, Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney, Mary Wollstonecraft, Catherine Macaulay, and Harriet Martineau are just a few of them—who, by their accumulated efforts, forced England to see the absurdity and injustice of arbitrary discrimination against half its population. Illustrated.

THE INNOCENT AMBASSADORS, by Philip Wylie (Rinehart). Mr. Wylie *and his wife recently flew around the* world—Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, India, Lebanon, Turkey, Greece, Italy, and home (Miami)—and, not surprisingly, he returned with a portfolio of strong opinions. Wherever he alighted, he engaged in arguments (many of them noisy), tweaked noses, and generally twitted people. In Calcutta, an Indian who had swallowed the Communist line taxed Mr. Wylie with the Autherine Lucy case, and Mr. Wylie, by his own account, not only told the man off but converted him on the spot. Visiting an Arab refugee camp in Lebanon, he got off some home truths that were no more pleasing to his listeners than they will be to the Israelis. His message is that we are facing, without having acknowledged it, a disastrous "world occasion"—a death struggle with Communism. He thinks we have the will and the way to win, if only we wake up.

LAW WEST OF FORT SMITH, by Glenn Shirley (Holt). This solid, straightforward book is an account of the extraordinary lawlessness that existed in much of Oklahoma and Arkansas in the last half of the nineteenth century, and of the equally extraordinary work of Judge Isaac C. Parker, who sat from 1875 until his death in 1896 on the bench of the United States District Court at Fort Smith, Arkansas, where he presided over, in the au-

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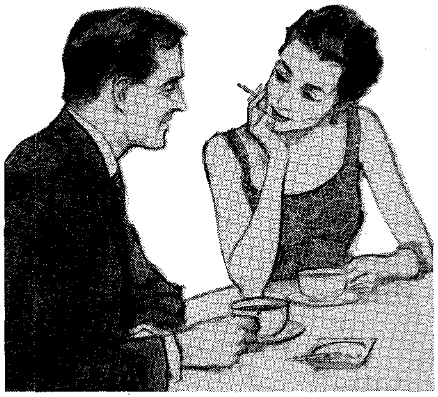

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thor's words, "the most remarkable tribunal in the annals of jurisprudence . . . the only trial court in history from the decisions of which there was, for more than fourteen years, no right of appeal." Small wonder, for in the seventies a newspaperman in the territory wrote, "The records are simply horrible. During the few weeks that the terminus and stage offices were at Muscogee and Gibson, sixteen murders were committed at those two places, and, in a very short time, five more were killed at the next terminus." Of the three hundred and forty-four people Judge Parker tried for offenses punishable by death, a hundred and sixty were sentenced to death and seventy-nine were actually hanged. Mr. Shirley, who is the chief of police in Stillwater, Oklahoma, has also included short case histories of the Dalton, Cook, and Buck gangs, as well as two of Judge Parker's superbly windy charges to juries. A startling reminder of what really went on in the Old West before the dime novel and Hollywood turned it into a kind of primrose path. Excellent photographs.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ARTISTS, by Selden Rodman (Devin-Adair). Mr. Rodman is definitely not the sort of interviewer who submerges his personality, and in these conversations he constantly introduces, Boswell-like, his own writings and opinions. Fortunately, his literary character—like Boswell's, at once gossipy, earnest, and challenging—seems ideally suited to bringing out the pontifical Johnsonesque qualities that are concealed in most artists. Though artists usually deny it, they love to talk about art—in most cases, they express themselves very well—and Mr. Rodman has here got some thirty-five of them, all contemporary Americans, talking about their own and their fellows' creative impulses and productions. The result is discursive but animated. Forty-five illustrations in halftone.

PARIS IN THE PAST, and PARIS IN OUR TIME, both by Pierre Courthion (Skira). Two more volumes in the delightful series called "Famous Places as Seen by Great Painters." The first, translated by James Emmons, starts with views of the city in the manuscript illumination of the fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries, and carries us as far as Daumier, Constantin Guys, Manet, and Renoir, pausing on the way to show

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us works by Boucher, Chardin, and Corot as well as such lesser men as Etienne Bouhot and Giuseppe Canella. Its interest is as much historical as pictorial, and as the text describes the metamorphosis of the city, we watch the Seine change from a mud-banked stream to a walled one, the city's battlements disappear, and so on. The second volume, translated by Stuart Gilbert, ranges from Jongkind and the early pre-Impressionist Monet to such moderns as Chagall, Picasso, and Gromaire, and puts more emphasis on art. The largest and most interesting part of it is given over to the Impressionists, who probably painted Paris more thoroughly and lovingly than any other group in history, and the book includes a lively selection of letters, journals, and other occasional writings by the artists themselves and their contemporaries. Each volume contains seventy plates, all in full color.

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BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING, by Evelyn Piper (Harper). A young woman leaves her three-year-old daughter at a New York nursery school, and the child disappears, just like that. The trouble is that nobody will believe that there ever was a little girl, and the mother—unmarried, as it happens—presently gets into a state where about all she wants to do is shoot somebody. Not quite as plausible or as well written as Miss Piper's excellent "A Lady and Her Doctor" but still an original and pretty exciting study of some very badly balanced people.

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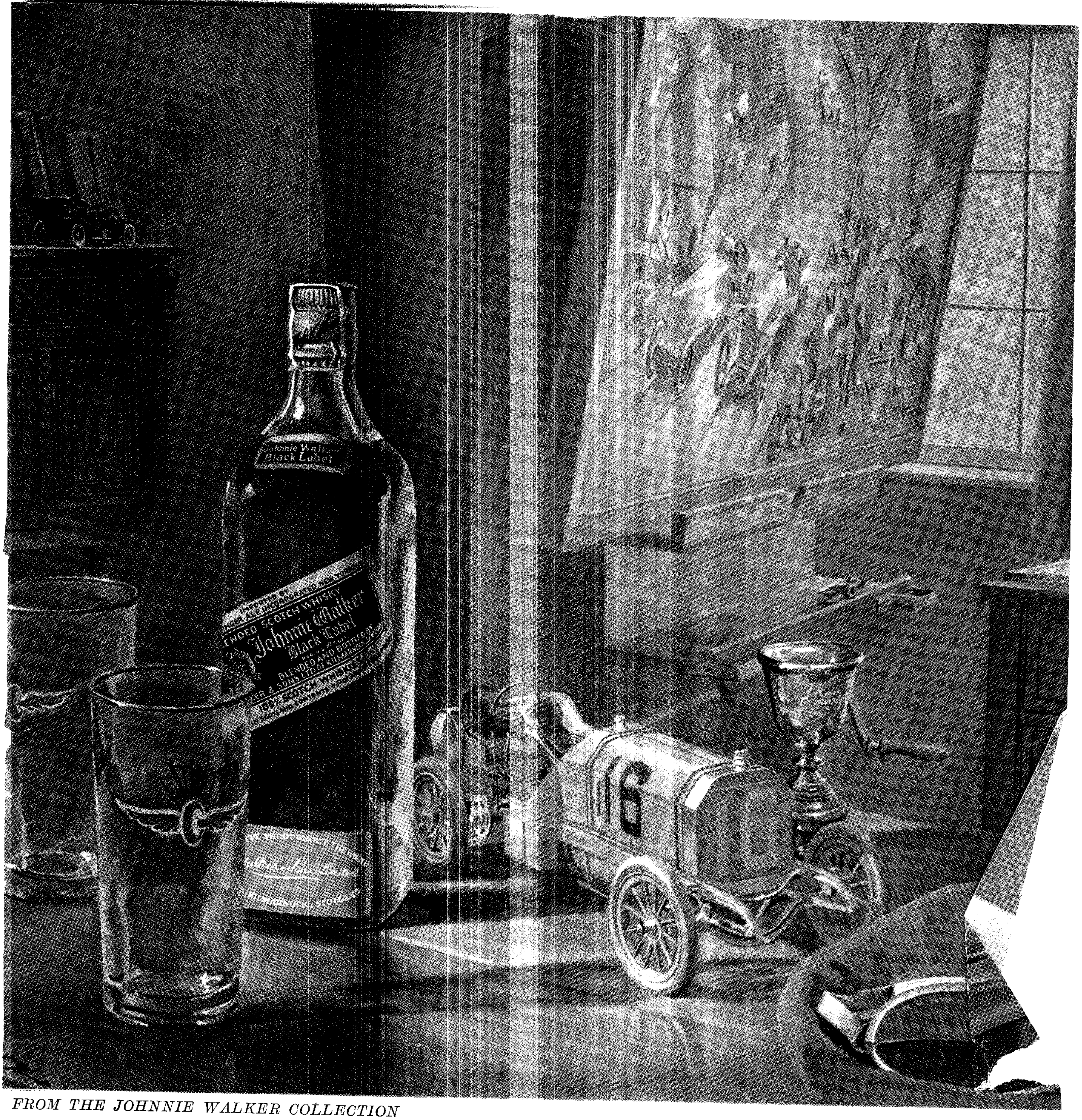
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